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THE
GRAY's-INN
JOURNAL.

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By Mr. MURPHY.

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Printed by WILLIAM SLEATER, Bookſeller,
at POPE's HEAD on CORK-HILL.

1931

THE

GRAY's-INN

JOURNAL.

VOL. II.

Non fuit conſilium ſocordiâ atque deſidiâ bonum otium
conterere. SALLUST.

Eye Nature's Walks, ſhoot Folly as it flies,
And catch the Manners living as they riſe. POPE.

LONDON,
Printed by W. FADEN, for P. VAILLANT:
AND
DUBLIN,
Re-printed; and Sold by WILLIAM SLEATER,
at POPE's HEAD on CORK-HILL.
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THE
GRAY'S-INN
JOURNAL.

NUMB. 53. GRAY'S-INN, *Saturday, Oct.* 20, 1753.

— — — *Primo avulſo non deficit alter*
Aureus; & ſimili frondeſcit virga metallo.
VIRG.

IT has for a long Time been an Objection to the Writer of periodical Eſſays, that every Subject is pre-occupied, that the *Spectator*, the *Tatler*, and the *Guardian*, have cultivated every Field of Reflection, and that there remains nothing at preſent to be gleaned by ſucceſſive Adventurers. Though I have all the Reſpect due to the Memory of the excellent Writers of the Performances juſt mentioned, I am far from paying them a blind Adoration; on the Contrary, amidſt all that ſurpriſing Emanation of Genius, Wit, and Humour, which diſtinguiſhes many of their Writings, I can ſometimes deſcry a Subject careleſly treated, without any of their uſual Turns of Sentiment, or Beauties of Diction. I have now and then gone through a Series of important Trifles, and I have occaſionally found them vague upon Subjects of Criticiſm, indeterminate in their Expreſſions, and looſe in their Definitions. If this happens to be the Caſe, would it not be an erroneous Proceeding to ſuppreſs every other Attempt, becauſe Sir *Richard Steele* planned ſo many Years before? Nay, even if they were free from any of thoſe Blemiſhes, which ariſe either from Inadvertence or the Imbecillity of human Nature, would it not be abſurd to extinguiſh the Seeds of laudable Emulation? Had the Rigour of this Sentence been carried into Execution, the World would never have been favoured with the admirable Performances of the Author of the *Rambler*. That the *Engliſh* Language has received from this Writer many additional Ornaments, it is, I believe, univerſally felt by all Men of Taſte. Every Topic is by him treated with great Erudition and ſtrong Senſe, enlivened with all the glowing Colourings of a warm Imagination, and the whole carried on with a nervous, clear, and harmonious Stile. If the Performance in general has not the Variety of the *Spectator*, it is becauſe Mr. *Johnſon* wrote ſingly and alone, whereas the former was ſupported by ſeveral of eminent Abilities, and therefore, in the preſent Age there ſeems nothing wanting but a Coalition of Men of Parts to equal our Predeceſſors in all Manner of periodical Writings.

Certain it is, there are many Topics in every Branch of Science and in all the liberal Arts, which may ſtill receive new Lights, and conduce both to the Entertainment and Inſtruction of the Public. Since Mr. *Addiſon*'s Time, a *Du Bos* has ſhone forth in *France*, and a *Spence* in *England*; and the late ingenious Editor of a Tranſlation of *Virgil* is a convincing Proof that Rules for fine Writing, and Precepts of critical Knowledge may be ſtill enforced with great Elegance and Propriety; though the Eſſays on *Milton*'s *Paradiſe Loſt*, and on the *Pleaſures of Imagination*, muſt be allowed t have all the maſterly Strokes, that can reſult from

delicat

delicate and refined Taſte. The Regions of Reflection are like a Champain Country, in which different Objects preſent themſelves in various Attitudes to the Eye, and the Imagination is frequently caught by Parts of the Proſpect, which have eſcaped another's Obſervation, each Perſon receiving different Senſations, according as the Fancy is diſpoſed for the Sublime, the Wonderful, or the Beautiful, in the natural World.

Beſides; the continual Fluctuation of Faſhions, Cuſtoms and Manners muſt always afford freſh Matter for the Satyriſt of Wit and Humour. The Tree of Folly is like the Tree mentioned by the Author of my Motto; though many have plucked a Branch from it, it is always quickly replaced by another, and the new Growth ſhoots into Day-light with undiminiſhed Fertility.

Are there thoſe who are pleaſed to indulge a delicate Vein of Raillery on the Foibles and Piccadillos of the Fair? Never was there more ample Room to diſplay a Turn of Wit, in this Way, than what the preſent Times are ſo happy as to afford. The Hoop has of late ſwelled to a wider Circumference than ever, and by the Help of a few formidable Rows of Steel, threatens Miſchief to the whole Circle of Beaux, who cannot now approach the Ladies in their Entrenchments, without manifeſt Danger of fracturing a Shin-bone, hurting the Pan of the Knee, or ſome ſuch Diſaſter. While this Faſhion prevails, the Ladies may be charged with carrying concealed Arms, and making Uſe of maſked Batteries; for which, by the Way, they have no manner of Occaſion as they ſeem at preſent to be in Poſſeſſion of more Courage than any *Amazon* mentioned in Hiſtory. For whereas thoſe Viragos uſed to encounter with ONLY ONE BREAST EXERTED, the modern Ladies are not afraid of meeting the Men with both quite naked and diſplayed to View. The Head is alſo built up many Stories higher than it uſed to be, and the Art of Painting is now arrived to ſuch Perfection, that it is abſolutely impoſſible to know a female Acquaintance for any Length of Time, each lovely Fair having as many Faces and Complexions, as Gloves, Fans or Tippets. Add to this, that you may meet a Lady To-day with an elegant Shape, fine by Degrees and delicately leſs, and To-morrow ſhe will appear as big round the Waiſt, as if within a few Days of her Time. Beſides this, *Cribbidge* has ſuppreſſed the Reign of Love, and *Cupid* minds nothing now but cogging the Dice, or procuring a Pair-royal at Brag; and indeed the preſent happy Diſpoſition for Luxury, and every Vice, Folly, Whim, Foible, Humour, and Extravagance, ſeems to promiſe a very plentiful Crop every Year, ſo that after a Survey of this Metropolis, we may ſay with Mr. *Addiſon* in his Prologue to the *Tender Huſband*, "Here's ſtill Encouragement for thoſe "that write."

On this Account, though I have now felt the Anxiety of a Writer for twelve Months paſt, I have reſolved with myſelf not to lay down my Pen, until I am warned to do it by the Laſſitude of an Author, or, what is worſe, the Laſſitude of the Reader. At preſent, however, I do not find any Symptoms of this Sort in my own Breaſt, nor can I learn that my Paper declines with my Readers. In my Rambles ſince laſt *Saturday*, I did not meet with any Thing that made againſt me. At *Sam*'s, Mr. *Wood* informed me, that his Cuſtomers hope I am not going to leave off Trade. A Stationer at the *Chapter* Coffee-houſe in St. *Paul*'s *Church-yard*, call'd with ſome Earneſtneſs for the *Gray*'s *Inn-Journal*, and having Poſſeſſion of it, he moiſtened a Corner of it with the Tip of his Tonge, and then holding it up to the Light "really, ſays he, its *a very* "*good Paper*." At moſt Places in *Fleet-ſtreet*, *Joe Clare* with a Pinch of Snuff between his Fingers and the uſual Flouriſh of his Arm declared highly in my Favour. At the *Bedford*, I could gueſs from ſome Whiſpers, which I caſually overheard, that I am as ſtriking a Character as ever. "Huſh—that's he—that's "*Ranger*"—"was you ever in Company with him"— "No,—I ſhould like to ſpend an Evening with him" *&c.*—In the ſofter Climate of St. *James*'s Air, I am told, that my Bays are likely to flouriſh, and I was particularly aſſured, by a Gentleman who frequents the

Cocoa-tree in *Pallmall*, that *Ranger* has gained Admittance there, notwithſtanding their Attachment to the ADVENTURER.

Things ſtanding thus, I am determined to perſevere in my Undertaking, and I therefore take this Opportunity to renew my Application to all the Gentlemen, Clergy, and Freeholders of *Great Britain*. In my firſt Number, I declared myſelf a Candidate for their Favour, and I beg a Continuance of their Votes and Intereſt, until cogent Reaſons ſhall incline me to withdraw myſelf from their Service.—

N. B. I was againſt the *Jew* Bill.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

From my Regiſter-office, Oct. 26.

IT is with great Pleaſure, that I begin to ſcent the Winter Air, as I am informed by a very ſenſible Bookſeller that an *R.* in the Month is not only good for Oyſters, but alſo Writers of all Denominations. The Seaſon is now opening, when all the Vices and Follies of this Metropolis will be carried on with freſh Alacrity, which will undoubtedly afford Variety of Intelligence from all Quarters, to collect which I ſhall not ſpare either Trouble or Expence, though it muſt be allowed that a One-horſe Chaiſe during the Summer Seaſon, and Two-pence to be paid at the Bar of every Coffee-houſe muſt in the End amount to a conſiderable Sum. But this I ſhall pay very willingly, and I ſhall now begin to viſit the ſeveral Academies, of which I have formerly given an Account. My Man TOM is ſomewhat like his Name-ſake in the *Conſcious Lovers*, and is perfectly acquainted with every *Phillis* in *London*, ſo that I cannot fail, through this Channel, of receiving the earlieſt Account of all Occurrences among the Ladies, ſuch as, "who keep moſt Card "Tables, who play deepeſt at Whiſt, who cheat "with the beſt Grace, who have the beſt Waſh for the "Complexion, who have the handſomeſt Chair, and "many other Points of equal Moment." A notable Speaker at the *Robin-hood* Society is to tranſmit me all the Diſcourſes upon Religion; and as to Politics, the Talkativeneſs of my Barber, while he is dabbing his Fiſt about my Face, and pulling my Noſe into a thouſand different Shapes, will abundantly qualify me in that Branch, and by theſe Means I flatter myſelf I ſhall greatly excel all my Brother Annaliſts and Hiſtoriographers, whether they appear in daily Papers or Magazines.

Covent-garden Theatre.

The Tragedy of *Romeo* and *Juliet* was performed here on the 10th Inſtant; *Romeo* by Mr. *Barry*, and *Juliet* by Miſs *Noſſiter*, being her firſt Appearance upon any Stage. At her firſt Entrance, the Delicacy of her Figure, and her graceful Diſtreſs obtained for her the warmeſt Applauſe, and, as ſhe grew more animated in the Progreſs, ſhe frequently ſurpriſed the Houſe with the moſt alarming Attitudes. The faultering of her Reſolution, when going to drink the compoſing Draught, was finely marked; the Fixture of her Eyes, and Feebleneſs of her whole Perſon, when coming forward from the Tomb, and her Manner of holding her Lover's dead Body, and looking at the Friar, when ſhe cries out "you ſhall not tear him from me," were all happily imagined, and to crown the Whole, her Action at ſtabbing herſelf, was a very fine and affecting Circumſtance. After this, it may not be improper to obſerve, that a Fondneſs for Attitudes may carry a Performer to an Extreme, as perhaps was the Caſe in her ſtanding with an uplifted Arm in act to ſtrike, when ſhe ſays "as with a Club daſh out their Brains," becauſe that Poſition denotes an Intent to knock down another. Be that as it may, if this young Actreſs ſtudies the Management of her Voice, and attains a more ſimple Elocution, ſhe muſt prove an Acquiſition to the Stage.

NUMB. 54. GRAY'S-INN, *Saturday, Oct.* 27, 1753.

Scimus inurbanum, lepido ſeponere dicto. HOR.

I HAVE in a former Paper delivered my Sentiments concerning the notable Art of Humbugging; I ſhall this Day throw together ſome curſory Reflections upon the Practice of Raillery, which, in my Opinion, it is the Intereſt of Society to explode from every Company.

I am induced into this Way of thinking from an Obſervation, that few People are properly qualified to exerciſe this Talent, there being hardly any Thing which requires ſo fine an Underſtanding, together with ſo much Delicacy in the Exertion of it. But as Matters are generally managed, there is nothing ſo coarſe as the Attempts of thoſe, who are ambitious of ſhining in Converſation, and are therefore determined to banter Mankind into an exalted Opinion of their Accompliſhments. The utmoſt that can be allowed to theſe Gentlemen, is to join in the general Laugh; and, if Mirth ſhould be going forward, they may very properly be admitted to partake of the frolic Feſtivity, without vainly pretending to take the Lead, or to engroſs the Converſation into their own Hands; in like Manner as the uninformed Country 'Squire ſhould not be ſuffered by the Maſter of the Ceremonies in a polite Aſſembly, to come forward in a Minuet, where the Graces of Movement are required, though he may be tolerated to romp in a Country-dance, and diſplay all the Gambols of his unfaſhioned Agility.

— — *Nec, cum ſis cætera foſſor,*
Tres tantum ad numeros Satyri moveare Bathylli.

Were I to define Raillery, I ſhould call it a delicate Exertion of Pleaſantry upon the Foibles or the ſlight Inadvertences, which diſcloſe themſelves in the Actions of Men. From this View of Matters, it will appear, that no Tincture of Ill-nature muſt be ſuffered to diſfigure the Surface; that only ſlight Errors muſt be the Ground on which the Colouring is laid, and that good Manners muſt give a Poliſh to the Whole. No Man has any Degree of Right to invade another's inward Peace, and therefore a well-turned Mind will always decline any Thing that comes home to the Boſom of any Perſon, with whom he is willing to enter into Society. Whatever may tend to create Diſeſteem in the Circle of our Acquaintance, or to throw a ridiculous Light upon a Character; whatever may excite uneaſy Senſations by touching upon Circumſtances, about which it is poſſible a Perſon may have a tender Feeling, though in their own Nature, they are not of any material Importance; in ſhort, all Topics, but ſuch as we are convinced the Object of our Merriment will give up, are carefully to be avoided; and it will be always highly neceſſary ſo to glide gently over the affected Part, that the Wound may appear to be probed by a ſkilful Hand. I have ſomewhere read a Story of *Jack Ketch*'s Wife, which I think throws a Light on this Matter. Any Body, ſays that elegant Lady, can tuck a Man up, and ſtop his Breath, but to do it with Dexterity, and make the Culprit die an eaſy pleaſant Death, is only the genteel Qualification of my Huſband. Thus it requires no very ſhining Abilities to inform our Neighbour of his Oddities, and point out to him his ſlight Indiſcretions; but to open his Eyes, and let in the Light without rendering it painful to him; to give a Senſe of the Foible without diſturbing the natural Complacence, with which every one is willing to behold himſelf, is a Taſk which requires more Elegance and Refinement than happens to fall to the Share of every Individual. And yet there is no going any where without meeting Pretenders in this Way; every Quarter of the Town abounds with Men of Raillery, and to all theſe it is neceſſary to render an Account of our Actions, our Friends, our Attachments, our Cloaths, our Walk, and what not? To all theſe notable Perſonages I would beg Leave to recommend the following Story. A Gentleman was one Day ſhaving himſelf in his Parlour to the great Admiration of *Otho*, his Monkey, who ſtood by him wonderfully pleaſed with the Turn of his Wriſt, and the Dexterity of every Stroke. The Operation being finiſhed, and the Gentleman gone out without laying up his Utenſils, *Otho* mounts the Table, fixes himſelf before the Glaſs and flouriſhes the Razor with mimic Skill, till unfortunately he cut his Jaw acroſs, and then too late found the Danger of playing with Edge-tools.

I have drawn up an allegorical Account of the Birth and Parentage of *Raillery*, which, I think, may ſerve to lay before the Reader its ſeveral efficient Qualities.

Good-sense and Ridicule were joined in Wedlock; the Offspring of their Marriage was Humour, who for a long Time roved about *Parnaſſus*, placing the Follies and Whims of Mankind in ſuch a Light, as never failed to excite Mirth in the Synod of *Apollo* and the Muſes. At length, happening to wander out of Bounds, Humour met, upon the Borders of *Parnaſſus*, juſt upon the Verge of worldly Commerce, a certain Lady known by the Name of Ill-nature. Drawn in by falſe Allurements and a glavering Smile, which Ill-nature always wore upon her Countenance, Humour offered Propoſals of Marriage, which were carried without Delay into Execution, and in nine Months Time Railing was uſhered into the World. With a ſmall Mixture in his Compoſition of his Father's Qualities ſtrongly blended with the complexional Habits of his Mother, Railing grew up in the Practice of expoſing the Infirmities of all who came in his Way. Without Reſtraint he took unbecoming Liberties with private Families, ſowed the Seeds of Diſcontent in every Breaſt, and in Time began to diſturb the Harmony of the ſacred Nine. Whereupon *Thalia* conceived an Averſion to him, and, in order to mend the Breed, preferred a Petition to *Apollo* to divorce Humour from his Wife Ill-nature.

After a full hearing of the Cauſe, *Apollo* iſſued out his Edict of Separation. Humour could not live ſingle, and in a ſhort Time made another Match, which, as good Luck would have it, turned out better than the former. His ſecond Wife's Name was WIT, a Lady of great Vivacity, and abounding in ſurpriſing Turns in all her Converſation. She hardly could ſee any Thing, but her Way was inſtantly to compare it to ſome other Object in Nature, and ſhe frequently would make her Auditors laugh by pointing out a latent Reſemblance in Things, which ſeemed in their own Natures abſolutely repugnant to each other. Her principal Attention was to ſet off her Huſband, and though ſhe was fond of great Variety in her Dreſs, ſhe would upon many Occaſions lend her beſt Apparel to HUMOUR, who never failed to look moſt engaging, when Wit contributed her Ornaments. HUMOUR, in his Turn, gave ſupernumerary Embelliſhments to his Wife, and they both reflected a reciprocal Luſtre upon each other. They continued in a State of mutual Fondneſs, and their faithful Love was in Time rewarded with a tender Daughter, who was immediately called, with the general Conſent, by the Name of RAILLERY. The MUSES cheriſhed her in their Boſoms, and as ſhe grew up ſhe diſcovered a Propenſity to her Father's Way of thinking, but with a conſiderable Abatement of his Severity. The Mother's Delicacy ſhe poſſeſſed entire, and whenever ſhe touched upon any Thing, like her, ſhe endeavoured to give it an agreeable Colouring. In this Habit ſhe was further confirmed by POLITENESS, a collateral Relation by the Mother's Side, who took upon her the Care of her Manners, and inſtructed her perfectly in all the ſecondary Qualities or leſſer Morals, which are commonly known by the Name of Good-breeding. Being confirmed in theſe Principles, RAILLERY was, at a mature Age, truſted abroad into the World, where ſhe had not been long before ſhe was careſſed by the courtly *Horace*, who took her Home to his own Houſe, introduced her to *Mecænas*, and found her of ſingular Service in all his Writings. As the Demiſe of that Bard, RAILLERY wandered a Vagrant up and down, till at length ſhe took it into her Head to viſit *Boileau* in *Paris*; from whence ſhe came over to *England*, and reſided for many Years at *Twickenham* with the late Mr. *Pope*, from whoſe Retreat ſhe would now and then make an Excurſion to paſs ſome Hours with Doctor *Young* and Mr. *Addiſon*. At preſent, it is ſaid, that ſhe is taken into Keeping by a certain noble Earl, of whom ſhe is ſo enamoured, that it is confidently reported, ſhe will not quit his Company, though he is now in danger of becoming deaf; and it is further ſaid, that ſhe will ſtick by him to his laſt Breath; but, at that unhappy Juncture what will become of her, no Body can pretend to determine.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Bedford Coffee-houſe, Oct. 27.

ON *Saturday* laſt the Parliament of Criticiſm met here, purſuant to their Adjournment, when Mr. *Town* made the following moſt gracious Speech.

My Friends and Critics,

It is with a very ſenſible Pleaſure, that I now call you together, as I am convinced of your Endeavours to propagate the Cauſe of *Zoiliſm*, during your late Receſs from Buſineſs, and it is to be hoped that the Effects of your Allegiance will appear before the Expiration of the Winter.

The Act for a General Naturalization of all *foreign Monſters*, at the *Theatre-royal* in *Covent-garden*, has, I find, been the Occaſion of much Murmuring; I therefore recommend that Matter to your further Conſideration; but hope you will take care to manifeſt a proper Tenderneſs for the Brute Creation.

Gentlemen of the City,

I have ordered the proper Eſtimates to be laid before you, by which you will perceive that the Boxes are 5*s.* Pit 3*s.* Middle Gallery 2*s.* Upper Gallery 1*s.* and I make no doubt of your Compliance therewith for the Service of the current Year.

My Friends and Critics,

I am only now to exhort you to a quick Diſpatch of all ſuch Buſineſs as may come before you this Seaſon, and I am perſuaded you will diſplay your uſual Alacrity of *Wrangling*, *Peeviſhneſs*, *Spleen* and *Ill-nature*, in which you will always find from me a chearful Concurrence.

* * *

NUMB. 55. GRAY'*s*-INN, *Saturday*, *Nov.* 3, 1753.

Impreſſit memorem dente labris notam. HOR.

— — — — *Oſcula, quæ Venus*
Quintâ parte ſui nectaris imbuit.
HOR.

THE following Letter came to Hand juſt as my Printer's Devil was at my Door, to call to me for ſome Copy. Upon Peruſal, it appeared to carry with it a Vein of Pleaſantry, not improper for my fair Readers. If therefore it will ſerve for one half Hour to baniſh, from their Company, a certain Concomitant of the Tea-equipage, called SCANDAL, I ſhall think this Day's Paper ſubſervient to a moral Uſe.

To CHARLES RANGER, *Eſq*;

SIR,

THE *Exerciſe of the Fan* was propoſed in the Days of the *Spectator*, as a Study highly neceſſary to the Ladies of *Great Britain*, and the Scheme, offered to their Conſideration, included all the requiſite Perfections in the Management of that pretty verſatile Machine. Though I muſt allow that Directions of this Nature were greatly conducive to a proper Diſplay of many female Charms, there is ſtill a more uſeful Syſtem of Rules for the playing off Love's Artillery, which I beg Leave, through the Channel of your Paper, to convey to the Notice of my beautiful

Countrywomen. The Syſtem of Rules which I here intend, is the *Exerciſe of the Lips*, and, after mature Conſideration, I think the whole Secret may be compriſed under the following Heads.

Moiſten your Lips,
Bite your Lips,
Open your Lips,
Cloſe your Lips,
Pout your Lips,
Reſt your Lips.

The Mouth being a leading Feature in the Countenance, and the Seat of the Graces, where all the winning Loves and each amiable Smile have planted their Allurements, there cannot be too much Care employed by the Ladies to acquire a Pair of well diſciplined Lips, readily obedient to each of the Rules above eſtabliſhed, and capable with Quickneſs and Eaſe to perform every Branch of this delectable Exerciſe.

With Regard to the firſt Word of Command; a due Degree of Moiſture gives a ſparkling Luſtre to the natural Vermillion of the Skin, like Roſes freſh beſprinkled with the Morning-dew; it contributes likewiſe to hinder them from appearing dry and rough, as is generally the Caſe with old Maids; the leaſt Suſpicion of which the Ladies ſeem willing to avoid, by the preſent Taſte of extending the Shape beyond its juſt Proportion, by a faſhionable Enormity of the Stays.

Biting the Lips is attended with more Difficulty than the premiſed Rule, becauſe it is more complicated in its Nature and includes the Operation of the Paſſions. There are always many Topics in Converſation, upon which this Practice, if well managed, has a very expreſſive Significance. When, for Inſtance, diſagreeable Thoughts obtrude, it ſerves to excite new Ideas in the Fancy; it likewiſe prevents the unſeaſonable Eruption of a conſcious Laugh, when the Libertine Wit of *Congreve* or *Vanbrugh*, provokes a betraying Simper; not to mention that it helps to heighten the natural Redneſs of the Lip, and raiſes a Degree of

Anxiety in the Men, for Fear the Delicacy of the Skin ſhould ſuffer too much from too violent a Preſſure.

I do not doubt, but it may ſeem perfectly eaſy to open the Lips, but this alſo I take to be a Matter of no ſmall Difficulty. Very few, it is obſervable, open their Lips to any Purpoſe; beſides it ſhould never be done with too great a Precipitance, but always gradually and by due Degres. Should there happen to be drawn up, within, an elegant Row of beautiful white Teeth, it will be ſure to add greatly to the natural Bloom, by exhibiting an agreeable Contraſt; like Ivory ſtained with a juſt Arrangement of Crimſon Colours. On this Head it may not be improper to caution my pretty Readers againſt an indolent Cuſtom of relaxing into a Yawn, which diſtends the Mouth beyond its proper Size, and generally occaſions the witty Saying, "*Thank you for not ſwallowing me.*"

Before the Lips are cloſed, it is eligible to confer upon them a new Refreſhment of Moiſture, and, to enliven the Colour: If they were to undergo the Operation of Biting, I ſhould not think it amiſs. Shutting the Lips I have often remarked, is extremely becoming in moſt Ladies, and, I think, cannot be too much practiſed by old Maids, Wives, and indeed the Generality of Women. In cloſing them, however, there are different Degrees of Preſſure to be obſerved, becauſe, in this alſo the Paſſions are concerned. When they gently touch each other, it gives a Variety to the Air of the Face, by giving it an unuſual Degree of Length; but in this, thoſe, who have naturally a long Viſage, are to be particularly cautious. When ſomewhat compreſſed, the Dimples in the Cheeks are diſplayed to Advantage, and the whole Face is enlivened with a pleaſing Serenity. If ſqueezed cloſe together, it throws a beautiful Penſiveneſs into the Looks, which is ſeldom acquired to any Degree of Perfection by the Generality of the Sex; but when properly attained, it carries with it an elegant Kind of dumb Eloquence, which, the Critics have obſerved, is often a great Beauty in Poetry, and certainly has its Portion of Grace among the fair Sex. I know a

Gentleman who can read the Thoughts of any Lady whatever by obſerving the Adjuſtment of the Lips. He tells me, he has obſerved a Pair of Lips ſpeak, without any Motion, for an Hour together, and he has a Liſt of Lips, which, he ſays, are abſolute Prudes; others that are Rakes; ſome that are amorous, and ſome that are ſwelled with Pride, and from a long Courſe of Enquiry he finds that they have more Electricity than any other Subſtance in Nature.

But theſe Remarks belong more immediately to the following Head of *Pouting the Lips*, which is more difficult than any Rule advanced as yet. In doing this, it will be always found expedient to moiſten and bite them firſt, that, when prominent, the Under-lip may look as if pregnant with Delight. The Paſſions of Scorn, Indignation, Contempt, and the whole Family of Pride, are finely marked by this Poſition. I have known a pouted Lip to look down upon a rival Beauty during an entire Tragedy, and I have ſeen a Lady, without uttering a ſingle Word, tell a Man, that ſhe thought him an unmannered Coxcomb, by a forcible Exertion of this expreſſive Feature. I muſt obſerve, that this Practice becomes handſome Faces only; to ſuch it gives an Air of Elevation, or a pretty Sullenneſs, which throws a kind of amiable Severity over the whole Countenance. Ugly Women ſeldom have this Art in any Perfection.

The laſt Rule is to *Reſt your Lips*, and is the moſt neglected of any, though highly eſſential in this beautiful Language. Young Girls can never be brought to pay the leaſt Attention to this Precept; but were they ſenſible, that when the Features are left to diſplay their own native Graces without Art, their Charms are irreſiſtible, I am convinced this Word of Direction would be better obſerved. This Rule is more extenſive than the foregoing, becauſe it is proper for all Ladies in general, whereas the former ſhould never be practiſed but by ſuch of the Fair, as are bleſſed with a blooming Complexion and a Delicacy of Features.

The Bounds of Mr. *Ranger*'s Paper will not permit me to expatiate further; I ſhall therefore, at Maturity, publiſh by Subſcription an entire Book, called the *Oeconomy of the Lips*; in which I ſhall explain at large the Doctrine here delivered, and I ſhall adapt each Article to the Make of the Countenance. The whole ſhall be concluded with *an Eſſay on the Paſſions of the female Lips*, and to the Honour of this Part of the Face, I ſhall prove, that in theſe Days of *Atheiſm*, all Religion is centered with them, as what few Prayers are ſaid at preſent, come from the Lips only, without the *Underſtanding* or *Heart* being at all concerned in the Matter. I have the Honour to be,

Sir,

Your moſt obſequious humble Servant,

JOHN LIPSALVE.

P. S. The Song in the *Beggars Opera*, "*Lip to Lip* "*while we are young, then our Lip to the Glaſs*," will be conſidered, with ſome Hints to prevent the *angry Mab* of *Shakeſpear* from cauſing Bliſters. I alſo teach the Ladies how to cheat at Cards, and diſcover the whole Game by the Language of the Lips.

N. B. I may poſſibly take another Opportunity to conſider the Eyes.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Drury-lane Playhouſe, Nov. 3, 1753.

ON the firſt Night of Mr. *Foote*'s Appearance upon this Stage, for this Seaſon, he ſpoke the following Prologue, written by Mr. *Garrick*, which afforded very high Entertainment to a ſplendid Audience on that Night and ſeveral Times ſince. This Performer has ſince appeared in the Character of *Fondlewife*, in which Part he diſcovered by ſeveral nice Strokes an humourous Inſight into Nature. The Reader in the Peruſal of the Prologue will admire the ingenious Turn of the Author, and the Pleaſantry of a Perſon, who could thus entertain the Public with a Piece of Raillery on himſelf.

PROLOGUE.

THE many various Objects that amuſe
Theſe buſy, curious Times, by Way of News,
Are, Plays, Elections, Murders, Lottr'ries, *Jews*;
All theſe compounded, fly throughout the Nation,
And ſet the Whole in one great Fermentation!
True *Britiſh* Hearts the ſame high Spirit ſhew,
Be they to damn a Farce, or fight a Foe.
One Day for *Liberty* the *Briton* fires,
The next he *flames*—for *Canning*, or for *Squires*.
In like Extremes your laughing Humour flows;
Have you not roar'd from Pit to upper Rows,
And all the Jeſt was,—what?—a Fidler's Noſe *.
Purſue your Mirth; each Night the Joke grows ſtronger,
For as you fret the *Man*, his Noſe looks longer,
Among the Trifles which occaſion Prate,
Even I ſometimes, am Matter for Debate.
Whene'er my Faults, or Follies are the Queſtion,
Each draws his Wit out, and begins Diſſection.
Sir *Peter Primroſe*, ſmirking o'er his Tea
Sinks from himſelf, and Politics, to me.
Papers, Boy.—*Here*, Sir! *Tam*, what News To-day?
Foote, Sir, is advertis'd—What?—run away?
No, Sir, he acts this Week at *Drury-lane*,
How's that (cries *Feeble Grub*) *Foote* come again?
I thought that Fool had done his Devil's Dance;
Was not he hang'd ſome Months ago in *France?*
Upſtarts *Machone*, and thus the Room harangu'd,
'Tis true his Friends, gave out that he was hang'd,
But to be ſure, 'twas all a *Hum*, becaſe
I have ſeen him ſince, and after ſuch Diſgrace,
No Gentleman would dare to ſhew his Face.

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* *The Perſon here intended, is Monſ.* CERVETTI, *who has been a ſtanding Joke with the Upper-gallery, for a long Time paſt, on Account of the length of his Noſe; but, as I am informed, that no Feature of his Mind is out of Proportion, unleſs it be that his good Qualities are extraordinary, I take this Opportunity to mention that it is cruel to render him uneaſy in the Buſineſs, in which he is eminent, and by which he muſt get a Livelihood.*

To him reply'd a ſneering bonny *Scot* ;
You raſin reet, my Frynd, haunged he was not
But neither you nor I can tell how ſoon he'll gang to Pot.
Thus each as Fancy drives, his Wit diſplays,
Such is the Tax each Son of Folly pays.
On this my Scheme, they many Names beſtow,
'Tis Fame, 'tis Pride, nay worſe—the Pocket's low.
I own I've Pride, Ambition, Vanity,
And what's more ſtrange, perhaps you'll ſee
(Tho' not ſo great a Portion of it)—Modeſty.
For you I'll curb each ſelf-ſufficient Thought,
And kiſs the Rod, whene'er you point the Fault.
Many my Paſſions are, though one may view,
They all concenter, in the pleaſing you.

* * *

NUMB. 56. Spring-Gardens, *Saturday, Nov.* 10, 1753.

Mane ſalutantum totis vomit ædibus undam.
VIRG.

To CHARLES RANGER, *Eſq*;

SIR,

AMIDST all the frolic Excurſions of Fancy to which you have occaſionally given vent in your *Saturday*'s Compoſitions, I have obſerved that there is not one of them but has ſome Degree of Tendency to the Inſtruction, as well as Entertainment of your Readers. On this Account, I hope you will not refuſe a Place in your Paper to a Correſpondent, who means to ſhew the Futility of a Maxim, which has gained Credit with moſt People, though extremely ill-grounded, as, I think, I can fairly evince, from an experimental Knowledge of Mankind.

You undoubtedly recollect that *Ovid* has in one of his Elegies the following Lines :

Donec eris felix multos numerabis amicos ;
Tempora ſi fuerint nubila, ſolus eris.

Now, Sir, it is ſo far from being true, that a Man is ſurrounded with Friends in Proſperity, and is left deſtitute under his Misfortunes, that I will undertake to prove the very Reverſe; in doing this I flatter myſelf I ſhall ſerve the Purpoſes of Virtue, and vindicate the Dignity of human Nature.

You muſt know then, that I came to this Town, a few Years ſince, with Intent to read the Law, having juſt Fortune enough to ſupport me in my Studies, until I might fix myſelf in a tolerable Road of Buſineſs. For this Purpoſe I lodged in one of the Inns of Court, and the Œconomy, which I was obliged to obſerve, rendering it impoſſible for me to go much into Company, I ſoon found out that I led a very muzzy Sort of a Life. I therefore ſhifted the Scene, and though, in a ſhort Time, I found Means to run out my little Fortune, I cannot ſay, that I was relinquiſhed by the World on this Account. It is true that ſome of my Acquaintance totally deſerted me, but it was the Occaſion, at the ſame Time, that others were more earneſtly attached than they would otherwiſe have been. I remember the laſt Word my Aunt in the Country ſaid to me, was "*Bob, wherever you go, be ſure to make Friends for your-*" *ſelf.*" This Advice, I will venture to ſay, I have had the Addreſs to conform to with great Succeſs, as will appear from the Sequel.

Moſt of the Friendſhips of the World are Leagues in Debauchery and Intemperance, made in the drawing of a Cork, and often ended in the ſame Manner. *Out of Sight out of Mind* is certainly true, with Regard to the Generality of Connections, but the Impreſſions I have made upon the Minds of my Friends are not ſo eaſily effaced. On the Contrary, when it happens that I am ſeldom ſeen by them, they are known to be in very great Solicitude about me, are conſtantly very earneſt in their Enquiries after me, and the Diſcourſe they uſually have with each other is, "Have you ſeen our old Friend "lately—I can't think what's become of him—I hope "he is not gone out of Town—I have not ſeen him for "a long Time,—faith I'm very uneaſy about him—I "wiſh to God he would ſee and ſettle his Affairs—He's

" a very

" a very careleſs young Fellow—a great deal too wild " —throws away his Money like Dirt—I have called " upon him Morning after Morning, but all to no " Purpoſe—I'd give a Bottle of Wine I could meet " with him—I'd rather that than my Dinner—I never " long'd ſo much to ſee any Body."

Theſe are the general Expreſſions of Anxiety which my Friends expreſs on my Account, and there are ſome of them who are not content to reſt here; Words coſt nothing; they carry the Thing to ſuch a Length as to employ a Couple of Fellows, who are daily in all Quarters of the Town hunting and prying about for me. As there are few Inſtances of ſuch earneſt Friendſhip in the World, I am ſenſible what I have ſaid, may have a romantic Appearance, and Mr. *Ranger* may ſuggeſt to himſelf, that I am entertaining him all this Time with a Novel; but, Sir, I muſt take Leave to aſſure you that every Word is literally true, and what may perhaps raiſe your Idea ſtill higher, is, not one of all theſe People has ever got a Shilling by me; and I verily believe few of them ever will. Having ſaid thus much in the Praiſe of theſe my Well-wiſhers, it will naturally be deſired of me, to inform the World who and what they are, who are in ſuch Concern about a Stranger. Not to keep you any longer in Suſpence I will now tell you, that I have experienced all this Generoſity from my CREDITORS.

By this it will appear that the Pleaſure of being in Debt, though very common in Life, is very little underſtood by the Generality of thoſe, who addict themſelves to this Gratification. The Art in all theſe Caſes is to refine upon the Occurences and Diſappointments, to which our State is liable; and, for my Part, the Pleaſure juſt mentioned is one of the moſt valuable Enjoyments of my Life. My Morning *Levee* is as great as any Nobleman's, whereas in the Days that I could ſay I was in Poſſeſſion of a Competence, I never had any Viſitor whatever, except a Laundreſs to make my Bed in the *Temple*. But now the Caſe is perfectly altered; there is a conſtant Crowd of Attendants about my Doors, and to thoſe, that are admitted, I have the Pleaſure of making as many Promiſes, as a Miniſter of State, beſides a lofty Pride in keeping them much after the ſame Faſhion. Upon theſe Occaſions it will now and then happen, that they who beſt know how to make their Court, and have the Art of taking a pliant Hour, ſometimes prevail upon me to appoint a Day for the Completion of their Wiſhes. As Things of Conſequence cannot be done in a violent Hurry, the Day agreed upon is generally very diſtant, may be from ſix to nine or twelve Months, during which Space of Time, it is obſervable that their Good-nature never ſuffers the leaſt Abatement, but they remain as ſolicitous as ever, frequently expreſſing the moſt tender Regard for my Welfare. "My dear Sir, do, take a little "Care of yourſelf—It goes to my very Heart to hear "you cough ſo hard--Why you'll not live three Months "at this Rate—Be adviſed by me, and put a Stocking "about your Neck To-night, and take ſomething to "ſweat you a little and eaſe your Cheſt—You ſhould "not drink ſo much—Conſider, it impairs both Con- "ſtitution and Purſe—You know it's for your Good I "ſpeak—You'd be a great Loſs to your Friends—Take "up a little, Fleſh and Blood can't hold it always."

Thus, Mr. *Ranger*, am I beloved, and that for no other Reaſon, but my Addreſs in making Friends for myſelf, and I am ſo cloſely watched by theſe generous Creatures, that it is totally out of my Power to take any wrong Step, that might be detrimental to my Affairs. Of this I had a convincing Proof about a Year ago, when the Interpoſition of my Taylor hindered me from committing a very inconſiderate Action. I was going with a Friend to take a Trip to *Paris*, by which Expedition I muſt certainly have been drained of all my ready Money; but the Vigilance of my Friend contrived to have me ſtopped as I was juſt ſtepping into the Poſt-chaiſe, and I was thence conducted to a generous Bailiff's Houſe in *Gray*'s-*Inn-lane*, for the Sum of Three Hundred Pounds. Here I remained confined till my Paſſion for Travel was perfectly cooled, and when I was at length reſtored to my Liberty, my abovementioned Friends took particular Care not to leave me a ſingle

Shilling, for Fear I ſhould have the ſame unhappy Turn a ſecond Time.

While I thus enjoy the Aſſiduity and Benevolence of ſuch a Number, who are kind enough to intereſt themſelves in my Affairs, I muſt own there is a Species of Creditors, who are an Exception to the general Rule; for though all thoſe of whom I have hitherto been ſpeaking, are upon every Occaſion highly pleaſed to meet me, this laſt Claſs deteſt the very Sight of me. As I am not conſcious that I have ever done any Thing to incur their Diſpleaſure to ſo great a Degree, their Averſion ſhocks me the more; and notwithſtanding all the Pains I have taken to ſoften them by Politeneſs they ſtill remain inexorable. Whenever I do not pay them what is due to them, I endeavour to put them off with the handſomeſt Apology in my Power; but all to no Purpoſe; I have run too far in Arrears, and they are not by any Means to be ſatisfied. As I ſhould be glad if you would give them a Word of Advice, I will juſt hint to you that the Perſonages, whom I mean, are no other than GENTLEMEN'S SERVANTS. The Cry among them all is, What can a poor Serving-man do, if he is robb'd of his juſt Vails by ſuch Scoundrels? They are all very unwilling to let me run further in their Debt, and therefore it is, I can hardly get any Thing out of their Hands. If I call for Beer at Table, they are ſure not to hear me, till their Maſter orders them to ſerve the Gentleman; then I receive the Leavings of the Tankard juſt out of the Hands of the moſt capacious Swallow in the Company. In ſhort, the Peeviſhneſs of theſe my Creditors is a great Diſcount upon my Happineſs, and I muſt confeſs there is no kind of Pleaſure in being in Debt to them. However I muſt endeavour to bear this Inconvenience, and if you will be pleaſed to inſert this Letter in the *Gray's-Inn Journal*, I ſhall be proud to get into your Books, and ſhall have the further Pleaſure of being indebted to Mr. *Ranger* for this Act of Civility, which will always oblige me to be,

Sir, your moſt obedient Servant,
And ſincere Well-wiſher,
ROBERT DUNS-SCOPE.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Bedford Coffee-houſe, Nov. 10.

YEſterday Evening the *Parliament of Criticiſm* being aſſembled, Mr. *Town* went in his uſual Manner, and gave his Aſſent to the following Bills.

An Act to encourage the Importation of a Litter of Puppies, Cats, Dogs and Monkeys, and Exotics of all Sorts for the Uſe of *Covent-garden* Theatre, in order to degrade as much as poſſible the human Species, and to ſhew the Town that an Audience may be brought together by the loweſt Animals of the Creation, as well as by any Actor of diſtinguiſhed Merit.

An Act againſt any Actor laying his *Emphaſis* upon the *Adjective* *.

An Act to prohibit any Perſon to imagine that Acting is now in as flouriſhing a Condition, as it was when the Imitators of well-mouthed *Booth* delivered themſelves with a lofty Diſregard of Nature, and pompous un-impaſſioned Declamation held the Place of what Men of Taſte, at preſent, call Feeling and the native Accents of the Paſſions.

An Act to determine, that all comic Pleaſantry conſiſts in Buffoonery, Squinting, Grimace, *&c* according to the Manner of ſome Admirers of the old School.

With ſeveral other public and private Bills.

Debates ariſing, like to ſit late.

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NUMB. 57. GRAY'*s*-INN, *Saturday, Nov.* 17, 1753.

Ecce iterum Criſpinus. JUV.

SOME Time ago I entertained the Public, with a Scene from a Dramatic Piece entitled the TEMPLE OF LAVERNA, which was ſo favourably received, that, I am

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* *The Word* ADJECTIVE *was wrote as it is always pronounced by the Perſon who brought in this Bill,* ADJUTANT. " *Mr.* —— *be ſure never to lay your* Empherſis " *on the* ADJUTANT."

I am inclined to think, the Readers of the *Gray's-Inn Journal* will not be diſpleaſed to ſee a Sequel to that Performance.

SCENE II.

A Number of JEWS *circumciſed and uncircumciſed, form a Cluſter in the Middle of the Temple, from whence the following confuſed Sounds iſſue,* viz.

Tickets—Tickets — Lottery-tickets — come, who buys 300 for all this Month?—I ſell 100 for next *Monday* at 15*s.* 6*d.*—What do you ſay, *Adam?*

Adam. Come I'll give you 15*s.* for 100 next *Monday.*

—— No, Maſter *Adam*, I have my Eye-teeth as well as you, or any Man in the Houſe; do you think I don't know what is a doing? Although Mr. *Slyboots* lies by, I can ſmoke his Agents.

Moſes Noiſy. I tell you what, I want 500 for *Wedneſday* Morning to complete my Commiſſion, and in a Word, I'll give 14*s.* 6*d.*

All. Hoot him, hoot him, mind *Noiſy*, mind *Moſes.*

Enter a Country Gentleman, *in Boots, with his* Friend.

Country Gent. Is it here?

Friend. Yes, Sir.

Country Gent. Woons, what a Place it is!

Friend. Come, Sir, you had better ſit down, and make your Obſervations upon this Scene, which you were ſo very deſirous to be a Spectator of.

[*As ſoon as they are both ſeated, the Waiter comes up and demands Six-pence each.*

Country Gent. Six-pence, Mon! for what? To ſee theſe Monſters, I ſuppoſe.

Waiter. Sir, it is uſual; every Gentleman pays Six-pence, who ſits down.

Country Gent. Nay, Friend, I ſhan't diſpute it with you—it is not the firſt Tax you have raiſed upon me.

Friend. Hark'e, Mr. *Trueblue*, you had better not ſpeak in that Manner; ſee how they ſtare.

Country Gent. S'blood! let'n ſtare, what care I? I expect no Place; and woons! I think a Mon, who pays

Half his Eſtate in Taxes, ſhould at leaſt be allowed to ſpeak his Mind.

Friend. Not quite ſo loud, I beg, Mr. *Trueblue*—You don't mind; but they all know me, and I would not willingly draw upon me their Ill-will.

Country Gent. Well, well, well,—to oblige you—But, which is the Mon, who does what he pleaſes with the great Mon at the other End of the Toon—Woons I cannot remember his Name—Lord, we drink Confuſion to him very often in the Country—He is richer than a *German* Prince they ſay.—

Friend. Caiphas, you mean?

Country Gent. Ay, ay, *Caiphas* is the Mon—Which is he, pray?

Friend. He is not come yet, but it is probable you will ſee him preſently.

[*Here the Jobbers grow very clamorous crying in harſh diſſonant Tones*--Tickets--India Bonds —Reſcounters—Conſolidate.

Country Gent. As I am an *Engliſhman* this is a perfect *Babel.—Reſcounters! Conſolidate!* Woons, theſe Fellows have certainly made a Compact with the Devil, and thoſe are the Words by which they call him to their Aſſiſtance.

Friend. No, Sir, no—thoſe are the Names of the ſeveral different Stocks.

Country Gent. Bleſs me, Friend *Worthy*, it is a melancholy Thing that our poor Country ſhould be drain'd of her Wealth and Power, by ſuch infernal Leeches. Ah! many a Time and oft, have my Lord *Turncoat* and I talked over theſe Things in the Country.—We have ſat together, and drank *The true Intereſt of Great Britain*, and *Old England without Taxes*, until we have been both ready to cry—But no Mon is to be depended upon I ſee —he is gone off, and as deep, I warrant in the Mire, as any of them.

Friend. I believe, Mr. *Trueblue*, you never ſaw ſo many *Jews* together before.

Country Gent. No, never to be ſure—but we ſhall ſoon have them ſwarm in all Parts of the Kingdom, now they are naturalized—Woons! if they come among us, I know what—Let them take Care of themſelves, I ſay; their Betters have been properly treated there, I can tell them—Let them look to it—But pr'ythee, Friend *Worthy*, is the Report we have in the Country true? Why, they ſay, Mon, that there will ſhortly be laid a Fine upon any one, who is convicted of going to Church. Woons! if this ſhould be the Caſe, notwithſtanding the Love I have for *Old England*, I am determined to ſell my Acres, and retire to ſome *Chriſtian Proteſtant* Country, for I would not become a *Jew*, no, not to be a Miniſter of State.

Friend. Huſh! who have we here?

Enter Lord Bowſprit *and Mr.* Servile.

L. Bow. *(Looking at his Watch.)* No, he is not come yet; it is not quite Twelve.

Servile. Pray, my Lord, how long have you been acquainted with *Caiphas?*

L. Bow. Ever ſince the Year Forty-ſix. I leave a Sum of Money in his Hands, which he jobbs for me, and furniſhes me with an Account at the Year's End: I would have you do the ſame.

Servile. I ſhould like it very well, my Lord; but it does not ſuit me to lodge a large Sum with him.

L. Bow. If that be your only Objection, he can act for you in another Shape, he can buy and ſell Stock, for your Account, without Money. This we call *Bulls* and *Bears*.

Servile. Yes, but, my Lord, I think there is an Act of Parliament againſt that, is not there?

L. Bow. Yes, there is ſomething of that Kind; Sir *John Barnard*'s *Act* they call it; Sir *John* you know is a particular Sort of Man, and conſults the Intereſt of the Public, but thoſe chimerical Projects of his do not coincide with the preſent Syſtem, by any Means—He is a very ſingular Sort of Man, what they call a Patriot;—indeed he has been always the ſame.

Servile. I wonder what he gets by that; I was myſelf a Patriot for two Seſſions, but I found there was nothing to be got by it, and ſo I entered a Volunteer under the oppoſite Banner.

Enter Caiphas, (*upon which a general Silence enſues.*)

Caiphas. Has any Body enquired for me?——Hah, my Lord! Your's!

L. Bow. Mr. *Caiphas*, I am your moſt obedient humble Servant—Give me Leave, Sir, to introduce this Gentleman to your Acquaintance, he is a particular Friend of mine, Mr. *Servile.*

Caiphas. I am glad to know any Friend of your Lordſhip's—Has this Gentleman any Inclination to do any any Thing in our Way?—You need but let me know.

Servile. Under your Direction, Mr. *Caiphas*, I ſhould like to jobb a little.

Caiphas. It's enough—Call upon me To-morrow Morning—I'll put you in the Way.

Servile. I ſhall be for ever obliged to you, Mr. *Caiphas.*

Caiphas. Say no more—You are my Lord *Bowſprit*'s Friend, that's enough.

Friend to the Country Gent. Well, Sir, what think you of the renowned *Caiphas?* that is the wonderful Perſonage whom you have heard ſo much Talk of.

Country Gent. I proteſt, I cannot conceal my Aſtoniſhment—why, I expected to ſee a Giant, Mon——. Woons! is it poſſible that *Old England* ſhould be bamboozled thus?

L. Bow. Mr. *Caiphas*, I am glad to hear that you begin to be pretty quiet in the City now. The Clamour againſt your People ſubſides, I am told, you need not be under any Apprehenſion, it will die away entirely in a little Time, I dare ſay.

Caiphas. I do not care much, my Lord, whether it dies away, or not, Money is my Religion; and if I can but bring together enough of that, I don't care a Pinch of Snuff for any Sect, or any Party whatever.

[*Several Jew-brokers ſhew great Surpriſe at over-hearing this, upon which* Caiphas *turns about, puts out his Tongue, and winks at them.*

L. Bow. Nay, I think you would be right in that, Mr. *Caiphas*, for why ſhould a Man of your Senſe lie under any Diſadvantage for Punctilios or Forms? We have done all we could to ſerve you: We are not ſo tenacious of Religion, but we can admit your's among us; and Money certainly is a very good Religion—that is the Maxim of a wiſe Man.

Caiphas. Well, well, we will talk more of this another Time—Will you dine with me at the *King's Arms?* I am obliged to go now to the *South-ſea Houſe*, but I have ordered an excellent *Ham* for Dinner, and if you and your Friend will dine with me, we will be joyous.

L. Bow. Ham, Mr. *Caiphas!* Come, come, that is a good Sign—I find you are coming over to us—you will ſoon be as good a *Chriſtian* as any of us.

Caiphas. Nay, my Lord, thoſe Things I laugh at—I tell you what, it is clear to me, that *Moſes* never was in *Weſtphalia*, or he would not have prohibited *Pork*, ha, ha, ha!

L. Bow. Ha, ha, ha!

Servile. Ha, ha, ha!

Caiphas. Well, my Lord, your Servant; Mr. *Servile*, your's. [*Exit* Caiphas.

L. Bow. Now that you know him, *Servile*, be ſure to cultivate your Acquaintance with him, depend upon it, you will find it your Intereſt.

Servile. I ſhall not neglect it, believe me, I will be at his Houſe To-morrow Morning by Eight o'Clock; —but we have no farther Buſineſs here, let us go.

L. Bow. With all my Heart.

[*Exeunt* L. Bowſprit *and* Servile.

Country Gent. Woons! this Place has ſtruck ſuch a Damp upon my Spirits, that I ſhall not be myſelf again, until I get into Company with a Set of honeſt Fellows, and drink *The Old Conſtitution*, in a Pint Bumper.

Friend. Come, come, if you grow melancholly, we muſt quit theſe Gentry.

Country Gent. Woons! I wiſh I could blow them all up, and then I ſhould have a clear Eſtate—Let me give them one hearty Curſe, and then we will go.

Friend. No, no, no, let us leave them quietly.

[*Forces the* Country Gentleman *out*, *upon which the Scene cloſes.*

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Rainbow Coffee-houſe, Nov. 17.

THIS Academy flouriſhes more and more every Day, inſomuch, that we can now boaſt as many Cut-ſcratches as any Seminary in the City. *Jerry*, the Superintendant of the Finances, ſupports his uſual Gravity, with ſuch an Air of Importance and Sagacity, that it may be truly ſaid of this great Man, "He "makes trifling Things, by his Manner of treating "them, Important; and important Things, Trifling."

Slaughter's in St. Martin's-lane.

Monſieur *Rochelle*, had he been a military Man, would certainly have made one of the greateſt Generals in *Europe*, as may be conjectured from his perfect Knowledge of the Game of *Cheſs*, and *Poliſh Draughts.* At the laſt mentioned Game he encountered, the other Night, the famous Monſieur *Languedoc*, who fled from the Cruelty of *Lewis* XIV. upon the Revocation of the Edict of *Nantz*, and has had an obſtinate Hatred to his Country ever ſince. The Game laſted about two Hours; and, Monſieur *Rochelle* gave ſignal Proofs of his Skill, and very pleaſantly called all his Men by the Titles of the different Powers of *Europe*, and he went ſo far as to point out one Man, *Who*, he ſaid, *ſhould go to Crown and by Gar be King of de Roman.* In this Manner he conveyed to the Company an Idea of the preſent State of *Europe*, and Monſieur *Languedoc*, as he was at length loſing every Thing, cried out, *Ventre-blieu, my Men are maſſacre, like de Huguenots, upon de curſed Day of St.* Bartholomew. Upon this he roſe from his Chair with a ghaſtly Smile, and all the Brother Sufferers for their Religion, who belong to this Seminary, withdrew to their Apartments.

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NUMB. 58. GRAY'S-INN, *Saturday, Nov.* 24, 1753.

In omnes ſuperbiâ (quæ crudelitate gravior eſt bonis) graſſatus—— FLORUS.

A WRITER of periodical Eſſays is like one, who goes coaſting from Place to Place, with Intent to lay down a Chart of the Courſe of the Country, the Extent of the ſeveral Parts, the Bearings, Limits and Connections. As the latter ſails along, every minute Object furniſhes him with Matter of Contemplation, and not a Hill lifts its Head, whether cloathed with Verdure and embowered with over-hanging Wood, or wild, barren and craggy, but he inſtantly treaſures it in the Storehouſe of Imagination. Each Receſs of the Land, each Creek, Rock and Harbour demands a particular Notice, and he is frequently induced to pauſe in theſe Reflections, heedleſs of the unbounded Proſpect which the Ocean preſents him. In like Manner, the Perſon who is engaged in a Courſe of Lucubrations to be publiſhed on a ſtated Day, is conſtantly traverſing about, in order to delineate a juſt Repreſentation of the different Scenes of Life, and to gratify his Readers with particular Charts, which may either ſerve to pleaſe the Fancy, or contribute to the Purpoſes of Improvement and Utility. In his Intercourſe with Men and Manners every Occurrence attracts his Eye; and in his Converſe with Books, he often meets with Paſſages, which deſerve to be minutely ſet down in the Account of his Voyage through this Sea of Troubles, and they may ſerve as Lights or Landmarks to thoſe who are bound upon the ſame Adventure.

It is thus the beſt Eſſays are ſuggeſted, and I muſt own, I never yet peruſed a good Author, but I thence deduced ſome Hint, which afterwards unfolded ſeveral latent Reflections, that might otherwiſe have eſcaped me. The Claſſics are particularly uſeful in this Way; they diſplay, upon all Occaſions, ſuch bright Traces of a manly a manly Way of Thinking, and abound with ſo many excellent and cloſe Remarks, artfully interwoven with the Thread of their Poem or Narration, that a Man, converſant with their Productions, will be always able to draw very amply from their Stores.

In peruſing, a few Nights ſince, *Florus's Compendium* of the *Roman* Hiſtory, I was greatly ſtruck with an Obſervation, in the Character of *Tarquin*, which that Writer, though no extraordinary Maſter of the Graces and Elegancies of Compoſition, has found Means to inſert with his uſual Cloſeneſs. "*Tarquin* (ſays *Florus*) "inſulted all Mankind with an overbearing Pride, "which, to an ingenuous Mind, is worſe than Cruel- "ty." This ſhort Obſervation moſt certainly carries with it a great deal of Truth, and deſerves to be enforced with all the Strength of Reaſon and Eloquence.

A witty Satiriſt has called Pride the univerſal Paſſion, and indeed its Influence on Mankind is ſo maniſeſt, that there is too much Reaſon to believe the Maxim well-founded. The general Prevalence of Politeneſs ſuppreſſes in ſome Meaſure the Appearance of it among the *French*, but any one, who has been at *Verſailles*, may remember, that after all the Attention and Deference of the embroidered Gentleman, who undertakes the Office of ſhewing the Curioſities of the Place, the Ceremony is always concluded with a Conſciouſneſs of their national Superiority, which breaks out in a briſk Queſtion, with a Shrug of the Shoulder. "*Eh bien! Monſieur, avez vous de pareille magnificence à Londres.* "Well, Sir, have you any Thing equal to this in "*London.*" In *Italy*, *Portugal* and *Spain* their Haughtineſs is manifeſted by the frequent Uſe of the Stilleto upon every trivial Occaſion; Pride is there diſplayed by killing others, and the People of *England* diſcover it by murdering themſelves.

The Notion of Independance with which a freeborn *Briton* is inflamed, renders him untractable and refractory to all Laws; *Religion* he makes a Joke of, and he wonders at the Impertinence of the Parliament in attempting to reſtrain his unqueſtionable Right to diſpoſe of his Perſon as he pleaſes.

The famous *Monteſquieu* imputes the Variety of Oddities, which prevail in this Country, to the general Infection of the Scurvy; but if he had charged it upon our national Sturdineſs, I am inclinable to think, he would have aſſigned a truer Cauſe, though, perhaps, at the ſame Time, black and ſizy Blood may not a little contribute to aggravate the Diſtemper. To ſpeak with Preciſion; Pride is to the Soul what the Scurvy is to the Body, each in their ſeparate Channels the Source of ill Humours, Maladies and Diſorders. The fatal Effects of the corporal Indiſpoſition, juſt mentioned, have been ſo ſeverely felt for a long Time paſt, that our common News-papers are filled with Advertiſements of chymical Drops, to eradicate it entirely out of the Blood. This certainly would have been a great Benefit to Society, but, I apprehend, he would deſerve ſtill more who ſhould deviſe a Cure for the Diſeaſe of the Mind. On this Account I ſhould be glad to ſee a Paragraph in the Papers to the following Effect.

To Perſons of either Sex, afflicted with any Species of PRIDE.

NEVER were *Pride*, *Arrogance*, and *Haughtineſs* ſo frequent as of late Years; nor has any Remedy been found adequate to this pernicious Habit, which occaſioned a Phyſician of the Soul, who employed his Thoughts much concerning them, to adapt a Medicine, or Moral Elixir, which is a ſovereign Remedy againſt PRIDE and all the Variety of Symptoms, by which it mimics, by Turns, almoſt all the Vices poor Mortals are afflicted with, and have their Riſe from a depraved Selfiſhneſs of Thinking, vicious Ferments of Ill-nature, and the Want of Self-knowlege; whence proceed the ſupercilious Brow, and ſurly Moroſeneſs in the Men, and Coquettry, Airs, Fidgets, Tehees and Titters in the Women, which totally deſtroy their Beauty and their Features, and by a Conſent of Parts affect their Heads, and produce direful Views and terrible Apprehenſions; at other Times, Fits, fluſhing Heats, Lowneſs and Sinking of the Spirits, Palpitation of the Heart, Twitchings of the Limbs, with many convulſive Diſorders, which affect Numbers of both Sexes.

The above Elixir is a wonderful Alterative, occaſions laudable Humility, and as ſoon as taken, makes the Patient good-humoured, chearful, and affable to Admiration, and is good for all Sorts of People to preſerve, as well as procure, an even Temper of Mind.

Whenever I meet with a proud Man, I ſhould be glad to know what he takes himſelf for; and I have often imagined that if his inward State of Mind were detected to the Eye of the World, it would afford a ridiculous Contraſt between his ſeveral Foibles and his fancied Elevation above the reſt of his Species. For my Part, it never fails to divert me in a moſt exquiſite Manner, when I obſerve a Man ſit like his Grandſire cut in Alabaſter, as *Shakeſpear* has it, in order to receive the Compliments of every one, without any real Merit to deſerve them, and without that reciprocal Complacence, which is always ſure to procure Eſteem. I would have ſuch a one made Emperor of the Moon or removed to ſome other Sphere fitted for his Reception, where Cruelty may paſs for Courage, Oſtentation for Merit, and Pride for Dignity.

Nothing can ſo ſurely demonſtrate a narrow Mind, as an Attempt to degrade our Fellow-creatures by an haughty Arrogance of Carriage. *Hamlet* reckons the *Inſolence of Office* and the *proud Man*'s *Contumely* among thoſe Inſtigations which might prompt injured Merit to a Deed of extreme Deſpair, and this further enforces the Severity, which is felt by him, who is obliged to ſubmit to it, and the Cruelty of that human Brute who can think of putting it in Practice.

I cannot diſmiſs this Paper without obſerving that there is a right Species of Pride to which every Man is entitled, and that is a Spirit above Dependance, above Flattery, above an abject Deportment, and above every Thing poor, ſordid, and little. There is a Pride, which may ſerve to invigorate Honour, to embolden Truth, and to carry Virtue to an higher Pitch of Improvement, than it might attain unaſſiſted by this ſecondary

Motive. The Pleaſures reſulting from this Principle are manly and noble. To enjoy the inward Conſciouſneſs of Honour and Honeſty, and to exult in the Conviction of a Perſon's own Integrity, Probity and upright Intentions, is juſt and laudable. Thus much of Pride every one has a Right to, and I know no external Circumſtance, that can reaſonably entitle any Man alive to more.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Jonathan's *in Change-alley, Nov.* 24.

NOtwithſtanding the Exhibition, which Mr. *Ranger* has lately given us, in his Scenes called the *Temple of Laverna*, there are ſome of us, who can boaſt a Taſte for the polite Amuſements of the Town, Mr. *Simeon Paraphimoſis* acquainted us the other Day, that he has ſeen *Garrick* in King *Lear* this Seaſon; and give it as his Opinion that he did it 5 *per Cent.* better than uſual. He informed us that tho' he was at the Houſe at Half an Hour after Four, he ſhould not have got in at all, if he had not employed one of the Orange Wenches as a *Broker*, who got him into the Pit thro' the Boxes. He added, that *Garrick* makes a *fine Job of it*, and that he ſhould be glad to have an *Intereſt* in the Houſe: " For Plays, continued he, are well enough " now and then, when it is not a Man's Club Night, " and indeed I ſhould go pretty often, only for the " Expence of being *transferred* there, which, not" withſtanding the *Caravan* is ſo great, that really " it does not turn to *Account*." We ſhall occaſionally communicate more of this Gentleman's Remarks, from which the Critics will undoubtedly receive great Inſtruction.

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NUMB. 59. GRAY'*s*-INN, *Saturday, Dec.* 1, 1753.

Reſpicere exemplar vitæ morumque jubebo
Doctum IMITATOREM, *et veras hinc ducere voces.*
HOR.

IN a former Eſſay, I threw together a few Thoughts upon the *Profeſſion* of an ACTOR; as a Sequel to that Piece, I ſhall this Day offer ſome looſe Hints upon the *Art*; and though this Subject may not be intereſting to every Reader, I yet perſuade myſelf, as the Drama is the moſt polite and rational of our Diverſions, that an Attempt to throw ſome Light upon the Matter, will be received with Candour.

The Precept, which the judicious Author of my Motto has laid down for the good Writer, is likewiſe the beſt Rule for an Actor; for as both are Profeſſors of imitative Arts, the ſame Rule is applicable to each. "I would recommend," ſays *Horace*, "to the ſkilful "Imitator a cloſe and ſteady Obſervance of Men and "Manners, and from that Source, I would have him "draw an exact Reſemblance, and the true Language "of Nature." This Advice, ſhort and ſimple as it is, contains the whole Secret of ſucceeding with the Public; and whoever artfully conforms to it, will be ſure of acquiring Applauſe from crowded Theatres. The Actor, in every Situation on the Stage, is a Copyiſt from human Life; the eaſy and genteel Deportment of Gentlemen, is to be attained by an Intercourſe and free Communication with People of that Claſs; the Drawing-room muſt be viſited for a Knowledge of the Eaſe and Dignity of Men of Rank; and by this Habitude, the Performer will faſhion himſelf into a Kind of mental Elegance, which will not fail to inform his whole Perſon, and ſet off every Action, with a graceful Facility, at the ſame Time that it will enable him to be, upon all Occaſions, a more perfect Imitator.

To theſe external Circumſtances muſt be joined, a cloſe and intimate Knowledge of the human Heart;

its moſt ſecret Movements muſt be unfolded, and the Actor muſt be thoroughly acquainted with their minuteſt Effects upon the human Body, in what Proportion they agitate the Nerves and Muſcles; how they impreſs the Features with their reſpective Signatures, elevate or contract the Brow, brace or relax the Sinews, and command the Attitude and Diſpoſition of the whole Perſon. There is not a Paſſion, in the whole Train of thoſe Feelings, to which our Nature is ſubject, but what has its own peculiar Adjuncts, its own Air, its own Look, and its own proper Tone. Sorrow unnerves the whole Syſtem, ſinks the Spirits, and depreſſes the Voice into a plaintive Melancholy; Anger, on the other Hand, contracts each Sinew, ſends the Spirits in a Blaze to the Eye, and vents itſelf in precipitate and vehement Accents. In like Manner, every Emotion of the Soul has a ſympathetic Influence on the Structure of the Body, and it is the immediate Buſineſs of the Performer, who would aſpire to Excellence in the Art, to form to himſelf an exact Definition of each Paſſion, with all its Characteriſtics; otherwiſe it will be impoſſible for him to mark the Progreſs and Workings of the Mind, awakened and excited by the Vehemence of their Impulſe, or to ſeparate the tender Deſire of a *Romeo* from the conjugal Affection of *Jaffier*.

After having thus diſtinguiſhed the Nature and Boundaries of each Affection, the next Step to be taken, is to watch the various Shiftings and Veerings of the Soul, and to obſerve how the ſeveral Paſſions riſe and fall, in quick Viciſſitude. The Mind of Man cannot dwell for any conſiderable Time upon one Object; from whence it reſults, that Love and Reſentment, Grief and Joy, Deſpair and Hope, Rage and Tenderneſs, are perpetually taking their Turns in the Breaſt. To perceive minutely the very Point where the firſt ceaſes, and the ſucceeding one begins to riſe, requires a nice Diſcernment; as in the well-wrought Piece of ſome eminent Hand, the Colours run ſo artfully into one another, that their gradual Evaneſcence from the Sight, and their growing by inſenſible Degrees into a full Glow, is only to be diſcovered by the curious Eye. If I do not miſtake, the Touch, which ſo ſkilfully blends different Colours in this delicate Confederacy, is called by the Painters the *Demi-tint*; ſhould not ſomething like this be preſerved, in the Performances of a good Actor, in order to render each Tranſition graceful and natural, to melt the Audience by regular Eſſays into Tenderneſs, or induce any other Impreſſion with Juſtneſs and Propriety? Whatever Paſſion has at any Time taken Poſſeſſion of the Heart, muſt abate by Degrees, and the Traces of it muſt be almoſt effaced, before a contrary Affection can gain Admittance; and whoever is careful to mark with Feeling, the Ebbing out of the one, and Flowing in of the other, will be always ſure to have an irreſiſtible Command over his Audience.

But the Matter does not reſt here; the Performer, who is ambitious of diſtinguiſhing himſelf for maſterly Touches in Scenes of Vehemence, will find another latent Secret, in the intellectual Syſtem, which muſt never eſcape his Notice. It muſt be remembered, that there are frequent Occaſions, in which the Breaſt is diſtracted by two different Paſſions at once, both working the Heart-ſtrings in one mixed Emotion. Theſe complicated Agitations of the Mind are often imperceptible to all but the ſkilful Obſerver; and, therefore, as the Actor's chief Difficulty lies in this Point, a feeling Expreſſion of it will always be a Proof of his Excellence, and Strokes of this Nature, well executed, will impreſs on every Breaſt the livelieſt Senſations.

It often happens in mere deſcriptive Poetry, that the Writer obſerving ſome ſurpriſing Agreement between Things, which in their Natures ſeem totally inconſiſtent with each other, from thence takes occaſion to reconcile Contrarieties in ſuch an agreeable Aſſemblage, that the taſteful Reader is entertained with a Picture, which at once amuſes his Fancy and ſatisfies his Judgment. *Virgil* has many delicate Touches of this Nature, and *Horace*, who had Art enough for every poetic Embelliſhment, has heightened his Odes with ſeveral Beauties of this Sort. In this Claſs of Elegancies may be reckoned the following Paſſages;

Urit grata protervitas. — —
Pignuſque dereptum lacertis,
Aut digito malè pertinaci.
— — *Tityuſque vultu*
Riſit invito. — — —

Milton alſo, who has every ſofter Delicacy in minute Deſcriptions, as well as every lofty Image in the ſublime, has inſerted many beautiful Colourings of this Species in his *Paradiſe Loſt*, and his *grinned horrible a ghaſtly Smile*, is an admirable Inſtance. Mr. *Addiſon* has given to Thoughts of this Nature the Title of *thwarting Ideas*; and he adds, that they are ſome of the fineſt Strokes in the whole Compaſs of Poetry. If I might be allowed to carry this Hint further, I ſhould call all Strokes of this Kind, where the Mind is worked into a Ferment, by the Name of *thwarting Paſſions*; and I will venture to ſay, that they will be univerſally acknowledged much more beautiful than that mere Claſh of Ideas, which the eminent Critic, juſt mentioned, has ſo much inſiſted upon; becauſe they not only ſurpriſe with a ſeeming Contraſt, but alſo intereſt the Heart; which is the Perfection of Poetry. The *Greek* and *Latin* Poets, and indeed the fine Writers among the Moderns, are full of thoſe pathetic Repreſentations of human Nature; but among them all, I do not remember a finer Inſtance, than a Paſſage in Mr. *Whitehead*'s *Roman Father*, when that Hero is reflecting on the Combat, which is to decide the Fate of *Rome:*

— — *Had I a thouſand Sons in ſuch a Cauſe,*
I could behold 'em bleeding at my Feet,
And thank the Gods with Tears. — —

To expreſs theſe complicated Senſations, where ſeveral Paſſions at once agitate the Soul, requires ſuch a Command of Countenance and Voice, that it is certainly the greateſt Perfection of an Actor, and with a Kind of magic Power it always leads us into the moſt pleaſing Diſtreſs.

If the Bounds of my Paper would admit it, I ſhould here indulge myſelf in examining our preſent Performers, with Regard to the three Diviſions of the Paſſions above eſtabliſhed. To one, I ſhould, perhaps, aſcribe the Merit of expreſſing with proper Enforcement the Sentiments of haughty Anger and tyrannic Cruelty; in another I ſhould chiefly admire the graceful Tranſition from Rage to Tenderneſs, and probably I ſhould not heſitate to ſay, of a third, that he is excellent in all Viciſſitudes of the Mind, and that in mixed Senſations he penetrates to the very Soul of his Hearers; and, were I to add, that, in many Situations, I have experienced the ſame from Mrs. *Cibber*, it would be but barely doing her that Juſtice, which her excellent Art deſerves.

From what has been premiſed, it will appear, that to expreſs the Emotions of the human Heart is the chief Buſineſs of an Actor, and no Account is ever to be made of Figure, Voice, or any other external Circumſtances, unleſs it be when they combine with the Performer's Feelings to make deeper Impreſſions on an Audience. I have known an Actor lengthen out the Tone of his Voice, and if it ſounded clearly, imagine his Buſineſs finely executed, when Nature and the Paſſions required that he ſhould ſpeak in another Key, and in broken, ſhort, and vehement Accents. *Quinctilian* has a juſt Remark on this Head "as Poets," ſays he, "profeſs to ſing their Works, Verſe ſhould be re-"peated in a Manner ſomewhat elevated above common "Diſcourſe, with a Sweetneſs properly tempered by "Diſcretion, and not thrilling into a wanton Luxu-"riance of Sound, as if the Throat had been gargled "for the Purpoſe." I ſhall only add, a lively Imagination is the Talent, which an Actor ſhould principally cultivate, as it is that, which excites thoſe pathetic Feelings, without which no Man will ever ſucceed on the Stage, and with which it is hardly poſſible totally to fail.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Rainbow Coffee-houſe, Dec. 1.

THE Board of *Priggiſm* met here, a few Days ſince, when the following Perſons were preſent; *Jack Oakſtick, Harry Lapelle, Bob Nankeen, Jemmy Scratch, Nat Pigtail, Billy Spindle, Jack Phaeton, Peter Littlehat,* and *Billy Lowheels. Nat Pigtail* ſignified to the *Board,* that he underſtood a New Tragedy called *Boadicia* is to be acted this Evening at *Drury-lane.* "I don't know for certain," ſays he, "that it's a "Tragedy, but I take it to be ſo by the Oddneſs of "the Name." *Jack Phaeton* and *Billy Lowheels* were of Opinion it might be a Comedy for that very Reaſon; but *Harry Lapelle* interpoſed, that he had not been long from *Merchant Taylor*'s, and that he believed the Word to be *Latin.* Upon which *Jack Oakſtick* ſaid, he did not Care about the Word, but promiſed to meet the Company in *Vinegar-yard* at Three o'Clock, and aſſured them that he would give convincing Proofs of his Valour.

Bill of Suicide for the Month of November.

Cut his Throat *Henry Lovegold,* worth 100000*l.*— the Reaſon of his committing this raſh Action, was, becauſe he was ordered by the *Court of Conſcience* to pay five and twenty Shillings to his Waſher-woman.—Found by the Inqueſt, *Lunatic.*

Stabbed himſelf *John Gloomy,* Eſq;—He was often heard to ſay he had loſt all Reliſh of Pleaſure, and that it was only the ſame Thing over and over again. *Lunatic.*

Shot himſelf Captain *Dreadnought.*—He ſpent the Evening with ſeveral Friends, went Home ſeemingly chearful, made his Will, and blew his Brains out. *Lunatic.*

Poiſoned himſelf, *Abraham Stocks,* becauſe Lottery-tickets fell after he had bought half a Dozen. *Lunatic.*

Took a Doſe of Laudanum *John Muckworm*—This raſh Action was occaſioned by his loſing ten thouſand Pounds at a Slap—by a Blank in the Lottery. *Lunatic.*

Hung himſelf in a Garret, *Thomas Hopeleſs* formerly a warm Houſe-keeper in *Holborn*, but reduced by a Series of Misfortunes to an Extremity of Miſery, with a Wife and ſeven Children. *Felo de ſe.*

Numb. 60. Gray's-Inn, *Saturday*, *Dec.* 8, 1753.

— — — — *Noxia corpora tardant,*
Terrenique hebetant artus, moribundaque membra.
Virg.

O curas hominum! O quantum eſt in rebus inane!
Persius.

HOW vain and fantaſtic are all human Purſuits? How unſettled and inconſtant are our Tempers; one Day pining for the Attainment of ſome imaginary Good, and, the next, hating ourſelves for all that Perplexity of Thought which our whimſical Deſires occaſioned in our Breaſts? How often are the ſobereſt Underſtandings diſturb'd by Agitations of Spirit about Things in themſelves of no Kind of Moment or Importance, and when once the Tumult has ſubſided, how contemptible do we appear to ourſelves; for having been ſo weak as to yield to the Impreſſion? Every Period of Life is marked with this Inconſtancy; the Child has Perplexities which the Boy laughs at; and ripened by a further Acceſſion of Years into Manhood, our previous Occupations become ridiculous, till at length, old Age thinks the whole a Series of Follies, inſenſible to its own Infirmities, and little aware that the Paſſions operate at that Juncture with leſs Celerity, not becauſe Reaſon is grown ſtrong, but on Account of the enfeebled Tone of all the mental Powers; like a Weather Cock, which being grown ruſty, is not moved with every Breath of Wind, but ſlowly veers from Point to Point. I am inclined to think that the human Soul will be always in this Progreſſion, conſtantly making each Moment a Critic on the laſt, and that as ſoon as the Spirit ſhall be unbodied, it will inſtantly ſmile at our wiſeſt Employments in this World, our deepeſt Reflections, and our moſt ſerious Speculations. I was engaged in this Train of Thought the other Night, and having an Imagination, which does not very ſoon detach itſelf from the Objects that have once poſſeſſed it, the ſame Scenes of Reflection diſcloſed themſelves to me in Sleep, and formed a Proſpect, not unentertaining to my Fancy.

I thought the Hemiſphere on a ſudden brightened with more than common Luſtre, a Flood of Glory diffuſing itſelf through all Creation, and from an Opening of the Heavens appeared, high exalted on a Throne, THE GENIUS OF HUMAN KIND. After a Trumpet had ſounded three Times, the following Sounds were awfully pronounced. "Let all thoſe "fleeting Spirits, which formerly animated corporeal "Tenements, forthwith appear from their ſeveral "Manſions of Retribution, and let thoſe who now "ſupport a feveriſh Exiſtence upon Earth, inſtantly "repair hither, diveſted of their bodily Incumbrance, "and account before our dread Preſence, for the Uſe "they have made of their Time, during their State of "Probation."

The Edict was immediately obeyed, and I fancied that I had no ſooner emerged from my Tenement of Clay, than every Thing wore another Appearance, and new Faculties of Perception were aſſigned me. Vaniſhed were the original Colours, concerning which ſo many Volumes have been written; Wit, Taſte, Learning, Philoſophy, Mathematics, and even Money itſelf appeared an abſolute Chimera; and ſeveral Perſonages beginning to addreſs the Throne, I was further confirm'd in my Opinion that all was Idleneſs, Vanity, and unavailing Vexation.

Homer declared his whole Poem to be the Rhapſody of an over-weening Imagination: He owned his celeſtial Councils and his Battle of the Gods, to be a Jumble of Abſurdities; his boldeſt Flights of Fancy appeared quite contemptible, and he wondered how he could ever employ his Faculties in ſtringing together ſuch wild enthuſiaſtic Reveries.

Plato owned that he knew nothing of the firſt *Good*, firſt *Perfect*, and firſt *Fair*; and Lord *Shaftſbury* wiſhed that, inſtead of being guided by that Pagan Philoſopher, he had made uſe of the LIGHT OF REVELATION, which might have afforded him ſome faint dawning Ideas of that TRUTH of which he is now perfectly convinced. He added, that he did not know what he was about when he wrote his Rhapſody and many other Parts of his Performance, and that he now looked back at them with Contempt.

Ariſtotle declared his Syſtem of Logic to be nothing but an idle Scheme of laboured Perplexities, calculated to puzzle and bewilder Mankind. *Pindar* ſmil'd at his Olympics, and did not heſitate to ſay, that he really believed he was mad when he wrote them; and old *Euclid*, who, I believe never once laughed on Earth, burſt into a loud Expreſſion of Mirth, when he reflected upon his Endeavours to ſquare the Circle, and his ſeveral Triangles and Quadrangles, which he owned do not contribute in any Degree to the Advancement of Virtue.

Alexander frankly confeſſed himſelf a Child for weeping for more Worlds. *Cæſar* declared he would as contentedly be the laſt in a Village, as the firſt in *Rome*; and *Pompey* had no longer an Averſion to an Equal; *Cicero*, without elaborating a Period of a Mile, condemned his Purſuit of Fame as no more than the chaſing an empty Bubble; and he added, that he never thought himſelf properly employed but when expatiating againſt the MINUTE PHILOSOPHERS. *Virgil* ſtill perſiſted that his whole *Æneid* ſhould be burned. *Horace* and *Ovid* both laughed at the Duration of their Works which in their Days of Nature, they flattered themſelves would be indelible Monuments of their Fame.

In ſhort, among all the celebrated Perſonages of Antiquity, every one accuſed himſelf of Miſapplication, and even *Titus* complained that he had loſt many Days.

There were thoſe who acknowledged that they never knew Uneaſineſs in Life, but what was occaſioned by the Succeſs of others, and that they were always completely happy, or completely miſerable by Compariſon.

riſon. *Poets* laugh'd at all their Pains to tag a Rhyme and their Solicitude for Works which now appeared to them in a proper Light; and *Critics* acknowledged that they took too much unneceſſary Trouble to deſtroy Productions of ſo periſhable a Nature. The Miſer railed at *inſolvent Gold*, as it is finely called by the witty Doctor *Young*, and his Heart expanded with Generoſity and ſocial Affection.

The ſofter Sex preſented themſelves among the reſt on this Occaſion; but the Simper of Self-admiration no longer diſplayed itſelf. They were not anxious about the Gloſs of their Skin, the Arrangement of a Curl, or the Diſpoſition of a Patch. The ſnowy Breaſt ceaſed to heave with ſtudied Careleſſneſs, and the Shape was not tortured a thouſand Ways, in order to look attractive in the Eye of Man. The Labours of the Toilet were now deſpiſed, and each Fair-one wondered how Dreſs could make ſo great a Part of the Buſineſs of Life; and how they could ever take ſo much Pride in periſhable Clay, however neatly moulded, and however tinctured with a pleaſing Hue. They were now perſuaded that true Beauty dwells in the Mind; Drums, Routs and Cards, were held in Contempt, and as Mr. *Pope* has it, They viewed with Scorn two Pages and a Chair. They were all aſhamed of the Falſhood of their Friendſhips, their Tehees and Titters at a ruined Character, their ſeveral Turns of Coquettry, Diſſimulation, and all the Variety of female Artifice. In ſhort, Mankind in general owned themſelves diſtracted with Cares beneath a rational Creature; and Envy, Pride, Selfiſhneſs, Perfidy and Ambition ſwell'd the vaſt Account.

From theſe Diſturbers of our Happineſs, I was rejoiced to ſee my Fellow Creatures relieved; and to perceive Love, Joy and Benevolence effacing gradually all Traces of former Guilt, gave me an inexpreſſible Delight. But I ſoon found I was not in Reality launched into Eternity, and therefore my Joy, like all Things ſubject to Time and mortal Chance, ſoon came to an End. The Fumes of Sleep were diſſipated, and I awaked from my Dream. Looſe as it is, the Reader may derive this Moral from it, that there is nothing in human Life worth the Anxiety it creates, and that it ſhould be our Buſineſs at preſent to fix thoſe Propenſities and Habits in our Souls, which we ſhall not have Occaſion hereafter to wiſh totally effaced, and which it is probable we ſhall be carrying to an higher Degree of Purity in thoſe Manſions, which are prepared for our future Exiſtence.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Drury-lane, Play-houſe, Dec. 8, 1753.

ON *Saturday* laſt was preſented, at this Theatre, for the firſt Time, the Tragedy of *Boadicia*, with all the Advantages of Exibition, which new Scenery, new Dreſſes, and the excellent Performance of Mr. *Garrick*, Mrs. *Cibber*, and Mrs. *Pritchard*, could give it. It was certainly a bold Enterprize in Mr. *Glover*, after *Shakeſpear* has given us ſuch a Taſte for wild and ſavage Liberty, to attempt a Piece conformable to the Rules and Simplicity of the *Stagyrite*, and hence it aroſe, that ſome Scenes were not found buſy enough. However the Fire of the Author glows intenſely through the whole, and all his Deſcriptions of the diſtant Battle, and his Alluſions to the hallowed Groves of the Druids, are finely interwoven. As this Compoſition is remarkable for an elegant Purity of Diction, which inſtead of overcharging Nature, ſets her off in all the Graces and Embelliſhments of Poetry, I am perſuaded it will prove a good Cloſet Companion, and I ſhall only add, that if *Voltaire* were to criticiſe this Production, he would in Juſtice wave his favourite Phraſes, *barbarous, monſtrous Farces, &c.* and would allow this Piece to be the Work of a very elegant finiſhed Taſte.

NUMB. 61. GRAY'*s*-INN, *Saturday, Dec.* 15, 1753.

——*Pictis bellantur Amazones armis.*

VIRG.

I Paid a Viſit, a few Days ſince, to a Lady, for whom I always entertained a very high Eſteem, on Account of a pleaſing Turn of Converſation, and many other good and agreeable Qualities, which ſhe is poſſeſſed of.

Mrs. *Millefont* (for that is her Name) was never known to have the leaſt Propenſity to Scandal or Detraction: She does not concern herſelf with the impertinent Knowledge of, who and who were together at the Maſquerade, who were ſeen to interchange a few fond Regards at the Theatre, or who has lately had an Ill-run at Play. Politeneſs, Good-nature and Affability are her characteriſtic Perfections, and ſhe is ready to allow Wit and Beauty in others, as well as in her own Daughters; though in my Opinion, it is a rare Thing to ſee them equalled by any of their Sex. Both the young Ladies are tall and graceful; elegant in Shape and delicate in their Features; extremely like each other in the Turn of the Face, and ſtill each of them forming, if I may be allowed to uſe the Phraſe, a different School of Beauty.

Harriet, being two Years elder, is rather more formed and higher in Bloom than her Siſter, but ſeems to be ſenſible of the approaching Eclipſe which her Beauty muſt ſuffer very ſhortly, when all the Charms, which are at preſent budding forth in the Perſon of *Charlot*, have attained their full Perfection. Tho' *Harriet* is ſenſible of this, ſhe yet perceives it without any Proneneſs to Envy. On the Contrary, ſhe rallies herſelf with great Vivacity, and will fairly own that ſhe is upon the Look-out for a Man for herſelf, before *Charlot* becomes ſo miſchievous a Beauty, as to engroſs the Attention of every Beholder; and then, ſays ſhe, "I ſhall loſe all my Ad-

"mirers, and ſo I'm reſolved to get married out of the "Way."

On this Account ſhe at preſent throws the Dart like a Tyrant, as the Poet phraſes it, though I am convinced when ſhe reſigns her Perſon, her good Senſe will then lead her to imitate the Gentleneſs and amiable Diſpoſition of *Charlot*, who does not aim at being ſo fierce a Beauty as *Harriet*, but is chiefly deſirous to be Miſtreſs of willing Hearts. She does not endeavour to kindle her Eyes into that Glare of Fire, for which many others are remarkable, but unambitiouſly ſhe lets them ſhine in their own native Mildneſs; and if ſhe captivates every Heart it is without any premeditated Deſign. In ſhort, the Difference between theſe two young Ladies is this; *Charlot*'s Charms have a conſtant Emanation, and *Harriet*'s Beauties are in a perpetual Exertion.

I ſpent an Hour in the moſt agreeable Manner with this Family, when *Harriet*, in her giddy Manner, gave a new Turn to the Converſation by aſking me, "Pray, "Mr. *Ranger*, can you tell me ſomething about *Mack-*"*lin*'s new Scheme; pray what is the Man about?" —To this I replied, that I really was not ſufficiently in the Secret; that he has built two magnificent Rooms, and intends to furniſh them in an elegant Manner; the Apartment on the Ground-floor to be a public Coffee-room, and the other for the Reception of Gentlemen of Rank and Education; but that, however, I was afraid he would ſhare the common Fate of Projectors.

"Well, I vow and proteſt, ſays *Harriet*, it's a vexa-"tious Thing to ſee how theſe Men are always contriv-"ing Places for their own Accommodation, without "Troubling their Heads about the Women. The "odious Things are always herding with one another, "and the Ladies are ſequeſtred from all the Joys of "theſe convenient Meetings. Does not one hear them "eternally ſaying, with an Air of Indifference, Ma'am I "muſt go to the Coffee-houſe, and ſo ſaunter away with "that janty careleſs Air, that never fails to provoke "me?—Well, I wiſh the Women would agree to "have a Coffee-houſe of their own, to be revenged of "the Fellows—Lord, Mr. *Ranger*, it would do charm-

"ingly; don't you think ſo, Siſter?—It would ſo tantalize the Creatures, to ſee us going into a Place, "where none of them can gain Admittance—they "would be ſo proud to wait at the Door to hand us "to our Chairs; and it would be ſuch a Pleaſure to "go and meet one's Acquaintance without going conſtantly in a ſtiff Dreſs to Routs and Drums; dear "*Ranger*, you muſt give us an helping Hand; you muſt "give us an Eſſay upon it, you wild Devil." With this ſhe tapped me on the Shoulder, in her lively agreeable Manner, and inſiſted with all the Rhetoric of a Romp, that I ſhould propoſe her a Scheme to the Public, which I aſſured her I ſhould take the firſt Opportunity to perform.

I have ever been of Opinion, that, in the general, Coffee-houſes, are not of ſuch Advantage as is generally imagined, moſt of theſe Places being frequented entirely by Bucks, Bloods, and Rakes, of all Denominations, from whom there is nothing to be acquired except a Swagger in the Gait, a drunken Totter, a noiſy riotous Deportment, a Volley of Oaths, and a total Want of what is called Good-breeding. Perhaps this Opportunity of detaching themſelves from the Ladies in Coffee-houſe Clubs is the Cauſe of that Aukwardneſs, which is frequently remarkable in Perſons, who from their Fortunes and Situation in Life ſhould be better accompliſhed, and on this Account I am apprehenſive, that a Rendezvous of this Nature might have ſome ill Effect upon the Deportment of the Fair; but ſhould this Scheme be carried into Execution, I muſt acknowledge, that it will in many Reſpects ſet the Ladies upon a *Par* with the Men, and the Convenience of meeting People of Faſhion, without the neceſſary Parade of going to their Houſes, will certainly be very great; alſo Appointments with each other may be fixed with Eaſe by the Means of this Inſtitution; and a Memorandum-book, placed at the Bar, as at the *Bedford* and other Places, may ſerve for the following Purpoſes.

"Lady *Laſt-ſtakes*, came according to Appointment, "to meet Lady *Betty Modiſh*; is gone to hear *Shuter* "give the *London Cries*; will be here again after the

" Play, when ſhe will be glad to have a Party of *Pic-* " *quet* with Lady *Betty*, and ſpend the Remainder of " the Evening."

" Miſs *Madcap* call'd here about Six o'Clock in " Hopes to ſee Miſs *Limbertongue*, is gone to conſult " Mrs. *Sermon*, in *Naked Boy-alley*, after which ſhe in- " tends to ſee *Harlequin Ranger*, and will call here " again, and begs Miſs *Limbertongue* will leave Word " where ſhe may be heard of."

" Miſs *Tattleaid* begs to ſee Miſs *Graveairs*; has a " Million of Things to ſay to her, and particularly " ſomething ſhe heard laſt Night at Lady *Hurlyburly*'s."

Such Proceedings as theſe will inevitably do Honour to the amiable Sex, and as they may judge it neceſſary to *claim an equal Empire o'er the World*, I beg Leave to offer them a few Rules, which may ſerve to conduct a female Coffee-houſe with proper Regularity.

A SYSTEM *of* RULES, *&c.*

I. That each Lady ſhall pay *Six-pence*, at the Bar, whether ſhe drink *Tea*, *Coffee*, *Chocolate*, *Capillaire*, *Citron-water*, or *Ratafia*, &c.

II. That the Actreſſes ſhall be admitted to this Coffee-houſe, by which Means the Ladies may become full as good Critics as the Men.

III. If a Quarrel ſhould ariſe between any of the Ladies, they ſhall not fall to pulling Caps in Company, but take another Opportunity to vindicate their Honour.

IV. If any Lady is diſcovered with a Pair-royal of Aces in her Pocket, or endeavours to uſe any ſiniſter Artifice at Cards, ſhe ſhall be expelled the Club, with as much Strictneſs as if it happened at *White*'s.

V. If any young Lady offers herſelf to be choſen into the Club by Ballot, a ſingle white Ball ſhall be ſufficient to admit her, it being improbable that a real Beauty will obtain that Favour from above one of her Sex.

VI. and Laſtly. It ſhall be deemed meritorious in any Lady to brag of her Intrigues, or Amours, by which means the Ladies, may in Imitation of the laudable Practice among the oppoſite Sex,

——*Talk of Beauties, whom they never ſaw,*
And fancy Raptures, which they never knew.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

From my Regiſter-office, Dec. 15.

BY Letters from a Correſpondent abroad, we are informed, that when Monſieur *Voltaire* was arreſted by order of the King of *Pruſſia*; there were found, among his Papers, ſeveral Tranſlations of different Paſſages in *Shakeſpear*, done ſo extremely ill, that it is conjectured, he purpoſely made Uſe of a frigid Languor of Expreſſion, in order to leſſen the Poet's Reputation abroad, in Hopes that then himſelf might be ſet down as the greateſt dramatic Poet in the World. But to quiet this reſtleſs Ambition, we muſt inform him, that *Apollo* has long ſince iſſued out his Prohibition, ſo that he may ſwell, like the Frog in the Fable, without ever coming near him. *Non ſi te ruperis, inquit, par eris.* The ſame Advices mention, that, there were alſo ſeveral abuſive Paragraphs on the ſame immortal Bard, very improper from the Pen of a Scholar and a Gentleman. The following Libel was particularly remarkable. *L'Action * de la piece Chinoiſe dure vingt-cinq ans, comme dans les farces monſtreuſes de Shakeſpear & Lopez de Vega, qu'on a nommé tragedies.* "The Action of the *Chineſe* "Play includes five and twenty Years, as in the mon"ſtrous Farces of *Shakeſpear*, and *Lopez de Vega*, which "have obtained the Name of Tragedies." Is it not invidious in Monſieur *Voltaire* to mention *Lopez de Vega*, in Conjunction with a Poet, whom, in his Soul, he cannot but reverence as a Genius, ſuperior to all the dramatic Writers in the World, and of whom he has frequently availed himſelf? As Mr. *Voltaire* is ſo rigid a Critic we ſhall one Day hold an Enquiry into his poetical Merit, and therefore we think proper to publiſh the following

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* Vide *the Letter prefixed to his* Orphan *of* China.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Preparing for the Preſs, a critical Enquiry into the poetical Merit of the celebrated *Voltaire*, in which the Beauties and Defects of his Fables will be conſidered, and the great Superiority which *Shakeſpear* boaſts over him and all other Poets whatever, in Point of Sentiment, Paſſion, Character and Diction, will be ſet forth in the cleareſt Light, to conclude with an Account Current between *Voltaire* and the *Engliſh* Nation, in which will appear, on one Side, the Abuſe he has occaſionally thrown out againſt our Poets, and on the other Side, the clandeſtine Uſe he has made of them in almoſt all his Plays.

* * *

Numb. 62. Gray's-Inn, *Saturday, Dec.* 22, 1753.

Haud facilè emergunt, quorum virtutibus obſtat
Res anguſta domi. — — — Juv.

Maxima debetur puero reverentia. Ibid.

IT was the Anſwer of a certain eminent *Jew*, when aſked by what Means he accumulated the very large Fortune, which he is ſuppoſed to be poſſeſſed of, that he had more Difficulty in acquiring the firſt three thouſand Pounds, than all the reſt of his immoderate Wealth. This Apothegm may be ſaid to compriſe the whole Arcanum of riſing in the World, but as not one of the Adepts in the Science has thought proper to diſcover the ſecret Art of putting this Rule in Practice, it is to be apprehended, the Indigent will find as many Difficulties as ever to retard their Progreſs, and hinder them from emerging out of their Embarraſſments. The Author of my Motto has obſerved, many Ages ſince, that the moſt exalted Virtues, and the rareſt Accompliſhments do not find it eaſy to extricate themſelves out of Difficulties; and the Courſe of human Contingencies has proved the Maxim true to this Day.

There is perhaps hardly any Man, but can point in the Circle of his Acquaintance certain Perſonages of very extenſive Capacities, ſtrong and quick Parts, and a delicate Senſe of Honour, who are not however able to raiſe themſelves to any conſpicuous Point of Eminence, merely becauſe their Talents have not been called forth by Opportunity, or animated by Succeſs. Genius wherever it ſubſiſts, muſt be warmed and cheriſhed, otherwiſe it is apt to languiſh and decay; the fine Senſations, which are attendant on an enlightened Underſtanding, occaſion a certain Delicacy in the Poſſeſſor's Way of thinking, which renders him liable to a Dejection of Spirits upon many Occaſions in Life. Refined Parts ſhould be tenderly preſerved, or they are liable to be chilled by the Blaſts of Adverſity; like thoſe Fruits, which would wither unripened in our cold northern Clime, were they not carefully aſſiſted in their Vegetation by the adventitious Uſe of hot Beds.

The Circumſtance, which in my Opinion reflects the greateſt Luſtre upon the Character of Lord *Sommers*, is the Encouragement he afforded to ſuch a Genius as Mr. *Addiſon*, who might have remained in a leſs conſpicuous Point of View without the Aſſiſtance of ſuch a Patron. His Vein of Humour, which is now the genteeleſt in the World, might have taken a Tincture from low Life; his delicate Raillery might have ſubſided into coarſe and vulgar Railing; his Taſte, which was finiſhed by Travel and every other Advantage, might have grown quite callous and indelicate: For his Sentiments of Morality might have been ſubſtituted a Strain of Ribaldry, to awaken the Bluſh of Confuſion in that female Face, which, as Matters happened, he took ſo much Pains to ſet off in the Smiles of native Innocence and unaffected Beauty; and that Pen, which entertained the Town with ſome of the moſt elegant Productions of human Wit, might have been employed in Politics, perſonal Invective, and Party-rage. But the kindly Protection of the Lord *Sommers* hindered him from ſinking into Obſcurity, and from being compelled by Neceſſity to ſully that fair Fame, which is now the Reward of his excellent Performances. The

Aſſiſtance of ſo eminent a Perſon was a Kind of Demand upon him, for all that elaborate Elegance, which now diſtinguiſhes itſelf in his Writings.

He from the Taſte obſcene reclaims our Youth,
And ſets the Paſſions on the Side of Truth. POPE.

It has been the Fate of many, endowed perhaps with Parts not very inferior to *Addiſon*, to droop in Indigence, their poetic Fires totally extinguiſhed, and I make no Manner of Doubt, but in the preſent Age, there are thoſe who might become ſhining Ornaments of the Republic of Letters, were there any Incitement to ſpur the Muſe's Steed. But a Treatiſe on *Cribbage*, or a Calculation of the Chances at Whiſt, is ſure of being better received at preſent, than the Odes of a *Collins*, or any Performance of diſtinguiſhed Genius. While a *Smart* ſubſiſts among us, I cannot help thinking it an indelible Reproach to the Age, that he has not any where found a *Mecænas*, and that he is ſuffered to draw his Pen in the Praiſes of his Maker, without receiving any other Reward, than a ſmall Premium at *Cambridge*, and that Portion of Fame, which, in Spite of Malice and Envy, he will be always ſure to enjoy.

Wit is generally conſidered as an Object of Ridicule rather than an Accompliſhment deſerving Encouragement and Eſteem, and the Narrowneſs of Fortune, in which moſt of the literary Tribe are ſituated, is a ſtanding Topic of Pleaſantry, and to call a Man a Poet, is, in moſt Companies, a Stroke of irreſiſtible Humour. The witty Doctor *Young* has ridiculed this with his uſual Delicacy:

Theſe, when their utmoſt Venom they would ſpit,
Moſt barbarouſly tell you—" he's a Wit."
Poor Negroes thus to ſhew their burning Spite,
To Cacodæmons ſay, they're Dev'liſh White.

There is hardly any Thing more affecting to a Man of real Merit, than to find himſelf ſcorned by the Inſolence of Purſe-pride. People of Affluence ſhould conſider, when they attempt to depreciate Men of ſuperior Parts, that they betray an unmanly Triumph over thoſe, who have ſtill their Fortunes to make. But, as Mr. *Pope* finely obſerves, the World in general is apt to form an Idea of a Man, at the Time he is leaſt able to make a proper Judgment for himſelf; and from thence it reſults, that we find many utterly ruined by ſlight Errors, trivial Indiſcretions, and petty Inadvertencies, while others owe their Elevation to Vices, to headſtrong Paſſions, and a Series of ſelfiſh Views, which are, for the greater Part, more ſucceſsful, than Modeſty, a ſober Underſtanding, and a Spirit above abject Flattery and mean Submiſſion.

They who ſit ſmiling at the Goal of Fortune, while others are running the hardy Courſe, ſhould reflect, that it is poſſible for Perſeverance and unremitted Application, to reach the very Point, in which they take ſo much Pride; and then it is evident on which Side the Superiority will be found. A well turned Spirit, with the Advantages of a genteel Education and a competent Knowledge of the World, muſt certainly receive additional Luſtre from an Acceſſion of Wealth, and the Accompliſhments of ſuch a one, will, in their Turn, adorn and embelliſh Affluence. On this Account, *Juvenal*'s Maxim is, without Diſpute, highly juſt; a great Reſpect, ſays he, is due to Youth. The Practice of this Obſervation I would recommend to all Parents, Uncles, Guardians, and all Ranks of People, who have any Concern in the Education of the riſing Generation; and it is to be apprehended that they frequently, by too much Precipitance in their Conduct, drive them to Extremes, which a little Indulgence might prevent, and by which they might become valuable Members of Society.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

George's *Coffee-houſe*, *Temple-bar*, *Dec.* 22.

THE whole Stock in Trade of a very eminent Critic is to be ſold upon very reaſonable Terms, the ſaid Critic having left off Buſineſs. This Collection

tion is reckoned very valuable, as by this ſole Aſſiſtance the Proprietor became highly eminent in his Profeſſion.

Among ſeveral curious Articles are the following valuable Particulars.

A complete Liſt of all the technical Terms uſed by *Rymer*, *Dennis*, Sir *Richard Blackmore*, *Oldmixon*, &c.

Colley Cibber's Life.

Chetwood's Account of the Players.

A Treatiſe on acting in the original *French*, with a Tranſlation of the ſame, called the Actor, by the *Inſpector*, who gave ſingular Proofs of his Abilities, Taſte and Judgment in this Buſineſs, by his Performances at *Bartholomew-fair*, *Tottenham-court*, &c.

An exact Account of what Money both the Playhouſes hold, when full and without Orders.

A ſhrill-toned Catcall, very proper to be uſed at the next new Tragedy, as it is ſaid to be a Work of Genius.

A ſure and infallible Method of damning any Play, being a proper *Vade Mecum* for a Critic.

Directions how to appear wiſer than a Perſon really is, by the Uſe of "Hums and Haws!—and Shakes "of the Head,—and ſaying,—if preſſed to an Ex-"planation,"—"I don't chuſe to throw away the "Knowledge I've gained by twenty Years Experience "in a Moment, *&c.*—by a Mystic Philosopher.

The Whole to be ſold in the Lump to any young Gentleman who has a Mind to ſet up for himſelf; for further Particulars, enquire at the Bar, where Catalogues are given *gratis.*

⁂

NUMB. 63. GRAY'ſ-INN, *Saturday, Dec.* 29, 1753.

— — Quem dudum non ulla injecta movebant
Tela, neque adverſo glomerati ex agmine Graii;
Nunc omnes terrent auræ, ſonus excitat omnis
Suſpenſum. — — — —

VIRG.

THERE is not, in my Opinion, a more exquiſite Pleaſure in the Power of Man, than what ariſes from an internal View of his own mental Conſtitution. To obſerve the various Aſſociation of Ideas, combined with a Rapidity, which ſcarcely leaves a Trace behind it, to watch the ſubtile Movements of the Paſſions, and thence to deduce the ſecret Source of many of our Senſations, which are in Appearance extremely complicated and ſurpriſing, is a Taſk requiring the fineſt Perception in the Reſearch, and alſo productive of the moſt uſeful Knowledge we can boaſt, and the higheſt Delight our Faculties are ſuſceptible of.

The Solution of a mathematical Problem may be agreeable to that Curioſity, which is implanted in us; and the *Newtonian Philoſophy* may expand the Imagination with ſtupendous Ideas of the Diſtances of heavenly Bodies; but in theſe Occupations, like *Swift*'s Taylor, it is poſſible, we may miſtake one Figure, and then all our ingenious Labour evaporates into Air; whereas in the Purſuit of Self-knowledge our Reaſonings are from Feeling, and all our Diſcoveries, beſides the Advantage of being as ſurpriſing as in any other Science, carry with them a further Acceſſion of Pleaſure, as we are ourſelves more immediately concerned in them. In travelling through an open champain Country the Proſpect on every Side may adminiſter to the Pleaſures of Imagination; but a Man will certainly feel more lively Senſations when riding upon Land belonging to himſelf; the Landſkip of his own Eſtate will look more beautiful to the Eye, the Lawn ſhall ſpread a more pleaſing Verdure, and the Diſcovery of a Mine, or the ſecret Spring of a little Rill running through his Meadows, afford him a Delight not to be equalled by the gayeſt Scenes that can be preſented to him.

The Study of the human Mind is, therefore, the moſt rational and pleaſing Employment we are capable of; for my Part, I am always highly delighted when any accidental Circumſtance throws me into this Tract of Thinking, and whether reading *Rabelais*'s frolic Ravings, or the ſublime Enthuſiaſm of *Homer*, I am ſure ever and anon to lay aſide the Volume, in Order to trace the Pleaſure, which I have received, to its hidden Source, and to account for the Appearance upon ſome Principle in our Conſtitution. An Opportunity of gratifying this Turn occurred to me the other Day, when caſually turning over ſome of the moſt beautiful Paſſages in epic Poetry, I could not help taking Notice, that I peruſed the Deſcription of Thouſands ſtretched upon the Field of Battle, weltering in Blood, agonizing with their Wounds, and trampled under Horſes Hoofs, without feeling any of thoſe Propenſities to Compaſſion, which were frequently awakened in me by the Death of a ſingle Perſon. I could read with the greateſt Compoſure and Serenity, Lines, which mention dying Groans of Numbers falling in one promiſcuous Carnage, broken Limbs of Warriors, Men and Horſes, all mixed in one general Scene of Deſtruction.

Tum vero & gemitus morientum, & ſanguine in alto
Armaque, corporaque, & permiſti cæde virorum
Semianimes volvuntur equi.————

A Muſter-roll of Heroes, who in one Line embraced their Fate, did not move me to the leaſt tender Senſation.

Chloreaque, Sybarimque, Daretaque, Therſilocumque.
Alcandrumque, Haliumque, Noëmonaque, Prytanimque.

The Mind is totally impaſſive in all theſe general Accounts of the Calamities of War; but, when the Poet thinks proper to diſtinguiſh a ſingle Perſon from the Throng, we melt in Pity of his Fate, heedleſs of the general Devaſtation, which is ſpread around him. That this is the Caſe every Body that has read the *Æneid* will be ready to acknowledge; and yet it might be imagined that our Hearts ſhould be more intenſely agitated, when Deſolation ſweeps whole Ranks of our Fellow-creatures from the Face of the Earth, than when we read the Fate of an Individual; but ſuch is our Diſpoſition, that we can go through all theſe Narratives without Emotion, and when the epic Writer throws out but a ſhort Reflection upon the Fall of one Man, we are inſtantly fixed in Attention, and our Hearts throb with Compaſſion for his untimely End.

The Reaſon of this I take to be, that in the former Caſe, we are only told, that ſo many embraced their Fate in Battle, in which Circumſtance there is nothing to excite Commiſeration in a reaſonable Being. Death is one of the Conditions of human Life, and we all hold our Exiſtence in this World upon the ſame precarious Tenure. We therefore conſider the Deſcriptions of *Homer* and *Virgil* as no more than a mere Bill of Mortality, and when they inform us that ſuch a Number periſhed upon the Spot, we peruſe it with as much Calmneſs as the Paragraph which tells us, "Encreaſed in the Burials this Week five hundred." And further, when they tell us, that, one receives an Arrow in the jugular Vein; another has a Spear run through his Shoulder, and is rivetted with his Body double to the Ground; a third is wounded in the Mouth and has his Head ſplit in two, it may ſerve, as the Critics obſerve, to give Variety to the Battle, but in Fact, amounts to no more than what we read in a common News-paper, "Yeſterday a Labourer fell "from the Top of an Houſe, by which Accident he "broke his Collar-bone and inſtantly expired." An Account of bodily Pain has but a very ſlight Influence upon our Paſſions; it is mental Diſtreſs that principally operates upon our Hearts, and our Pity riſes in Proportion

portion to the Agitations of Mind, which we perceive in the Perſon afflicted. Beſides this, the Poet frequently finds collateral Avenues to our Souls, by a Mention of Family-connections, and to heighten our Sorrow, he addreſſes himſelf to the moral Senſe of his Reader, and intereſts him ſtill more in the Fate of his Hero, by repreſenting his amiable Qualities, and the elegant Accompliſhments, which would have rendered him a deſerving Member of Society. By theſe Means our tendereſt Feelings are awakened, and the Effect is not unlike what a Man may experience in a Church-yard, where he ſees a Multitude of different Graves in which the Good, the Bad, the Old and Young lie in promiſcuous Silence, and he therefore beholds the Scene without Emotion; but as ſoon as the Tomb-ſtone preſents a Character of one diſtinguiſhed from the reſt, he then laments the generous Friend, the tender Huſband, the indulgent Father, and mourns for him who acted agreeably to the Relations in which he ſtood to his Fellow-creatures. Thus when we read of a dying Perſon, that he was a Friend of the Muſes, and that Harmony was the Delight of his Soul, we conſider him in a different Light from thoſe, who as Mr. *Addiſon* expreſſes it, are celebrated for nothing but being knocked in the Head.

— — — *Amicum Cretea Muſis:*
Cretea Muſarum Comitem; cui carmina ſemper
Et citharæ cordi, numeroſque intendere nervis.

When we are told of another, that his Death was lamented by his Friends in ſundry Parts of his Country, we cannot help joining in the general Grief.

Te Nemus Agnitiæ, vitreâ te Fucinus undâ,
Te liquidi flevêre lacus. ———

The Number of Sufferers is encreaſed, and our Paſſions encreaſe in Proportion to the Knowledge conveyed to us of their Affections, their tender Friendſhips, and their Schemes for future Happineſs. One falls in the Midſt of his half-finiſhed Projects; him his blooming Miſtreſs mourns with frantic Sorrow, and all his

Relations bewail his Loſs. Another receives his mortal Wound through the very Garment which his Mother worked for him with her own Hands.

Tarſiit & parmam mucro, levia arma minacis,
Et tunicam, molli mater quam neverat auro,
Implevitque ſinum ſanguis———

Beſides theſe little Touches, which the epic Writer occaſionally makes Uſe of to awaken and engage the Paſſions, they are further obliged to diverſify their Battles with Epiſodes, or ſhort Accounts of particular Adventures, in order to ſecure our Attention, and relieve us from that general Scene of Slaughter, which, they are conſcious we peruſe without any of thoſe Senſations, which it is the primary Excellence of Poetry to excite. Thus the Story of *Nyſus* and *Euryalus* will always ſoften the Reader into Compaſſion, when other Paſſages, in one Line of which there is infinitely more Miſchief done, will be paſſed over with Indifference. I ſhould not think the worſe of him that ſhould calmly go thro' moſt of the Battles in epic Poetry, but I hope there is not one of my Readers who would not yield to the tendereſt Impreſſions at the Fall of *Pallas*, and the Lamentation of *Æneas* over his dead Body.

The Uſe I would make of what has been premiſed is, that, as our Paſſions are worked up in Proportion to the many amiable Qualities of the Character in Diſtreſs, and the Keenneſs of mental Senſation, which we ſuppoſe it ſuffers, our modern Writers of Tragedy ſhould attach themſelves to this Circumſtance, and conſider that it is not the theatrical Apparatus, the Bowl, the Dagger, the Dungeon or the Clink of Chains, that can affect an Audience, but a faithful Portrait of a Mind ſtruggling with various Senſations. If the Players would alſo conſider the ſame, Noiſe and Rant would be effectually baniſhed, and inſtead of aiming at Applauſe by the mere Effect of ſonorous Voices, they would endeavour by every Look, every Tone, and every Attitude, to mark the infelt Anguiſh of their Minds.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Bedford Coffee-houſe, Dec. 29.

THE following is a Copy of Mr. *Macklin*'s farewell Epilogue, which has been handed about here this Day. The Reader will perceive in it manifeſt Traces of a Writer, who has often diverted the Town upon ſimilar Occaſions. In ſome Lines the Author has jocoſely made the Speaker exhibit a Caricature of himſelf and his own peculiar Manner, but theſe Strokes will be obvious, without pointing them out.

EPILOGUE.

POOR I, toſs'd up and down from Shore to Shore,
Sick, wet and weary, will to Sea no more;
Yet 'tis ſome Comfort, tho' I quit the Trade,
That this laſt Voyage with Succeſs is made,
The Ship full laden, and the Freight all paid.
Since then for Reaſons I the Stage give o'er,
And for your Sakes—write Tragedies no more:
Some other Schemes, of Courſe, poſſeſs my Brain,
For he who once has eat,—muſt eat again.
And leſt this lank, this melancholy Phiz,
Should grow more lank, more diſmal than it is;
A Scheme I have in Hand will make you ſtare!
Tho' off the Stage I ſtill muſt be the Play'r:
Still muſt I follow the Theatric Plan,
Exert my Comic Pow'rs, draw all I can,
And to each Gueſt appear a diff'rent Man.
I (like my Liquors) muſt each Palate hit,
Rake with the Wild, be ſober with the Cit,
Nay ſometimes act my leaſt becoming Part—the Wit.
With Politicians I muſt nod—ſeem full—
And act my beſt becoming Part—the *Dull.*
My Plan is this—Man's form'd a ſocial Creature,
Requiring Converſe by the Laws of Nature;
And as the Moon can raiſe the ſwelling Flood,
Or as the Mind is influenc'd by the Blood,
So—do I make myſelf well underſtood?

I'm puzzled, faith—let us like *Bayes* agree it,
You'll know my Plot much better when you ſee it.
But Truce with jeſting, let me now impart,
The warm O'erflowings of a grateful Heart;
Come Good, come Bad, while Life or Mem'ry laſt,
My Mind ſhall treaſure up your Favours paſt:
And might one added Boon encreaſe the Store,
With much leſs Sorrow ſhould I quit this Shore:
To mine, as you have been to me, prove kind,
Protect the Pledge, my Fondneſs leaves behind;
To you, her Guardians, I reſign my Care,
Let her, with others, your Indulgence ſhare;
Whate'er *my* Fate, if this my Wiſh prevails,
'Twill glad the *Father*, tho' the *Schemiſt* fails.

* * *

NUMB. 64. GRAY'*s*-INN, *Saturday, Jan.* 5, 1754.

> *Falſus honor juvat, & mendax infamia terret,*
> *Quem, niſi mendoſum & mendacem?*
>
> HOR.

MY Readers will obſerve, that I frequently ſelect Mottos, for my Papers, from the Author, whoſe Name I have prefixed to this Day's Eſſay; the Reaſon of it is, his Senſe is ſo refined, and the Turn of his Expreſſion ſo peculiarly delicate, that his Remarks are intermixed with my own ordinary Ideas, in ſuch a Manner, that they recur to me, upon almoſt every Occaſion. *Horace* is ſo ſenſibly and elegantly ſententious, not only in his Epiſtles and Satires, which are profeſſedly moral Diſcourſes, but alſo in his lighter Odes, and his gayeſt Excurſions of Fancy, that I have often thought, an excellent Syſtem of Morality might be extracted out of his Writings; I have even carried this Hint ſo far, as to think ſeriouſly of publiſhing a Tranſlation of all his excellent ethic Obſervations, which would, in my Opinion, be the beſt Collection of Thoughts on various Subjects, that has ever been offered to the Public.

The Paſſage, which I have placed at the Head of this Paper contains a very beautiful Moral. "Who "is there," ſays the Bard, "that can deſire an Ac-"ceſſion of falſe Honour, who is not ſenſible of ſome "inherent Defect? and who can be alarmed at the "Blaſts of Calumny and Detraction, who bears in his "own Heart a Regard to Truth?"—This Sentence contains ſuch indelible Marks of a virtuous Diſpoſition, that it ſhould be written in Letters of Gold, and impreſſed in deep Characters on the Heart of every Man, who would paſs through Life with an honeſt and fair Fame, as it ſuggeſts a juſt Contempt for all ill-grounded Applauſe, and furniſhes the Man of upright Heart with the proper Weapons of a noble Diſregard for the mean Deſigns of Slander and Malevolence.

Hypocriſy is conſidered, by all Moraliſts, as the moſt deſpicable and infamous Diſeaſe of the Soul; it diſcovers a Senſe of the Grace and Beauty of a fair Character, but generally carries with it a total Abſence of all good Qualities. It aims at Eſteem, by artfully concealing the latent Imperfections, and exhibiting to the public Eye a gloſſy Appearance of ſomething amiable and honeſt. But unleſs the Mind is thoroughly weeded, in Spite of every artful Diſguiſe, the lurking Miſchief will, one Time or other, break out, and, as *Perſeus* expreſſes it, like a wild *Fig-tree,* force its Way through the very Liver;

> — — — — *Quæ ſemel intus*
> *Innata eſt, rupto jecore exierit* Caprificus.

Since I have mentioned this Satiriſt, it coincides with my preſent Scope, to obſerve, that there is not in any Author, ancient or modern, a nobler Deſcription of a Man of real Honour, than what is found in two Lines of his Writing; I ſhall tranſcribe his Words, becauſe the Paſſage is highly beautiful, and for the Sake of the mere *Engliſh* Reader, I ſhall add Mr. *Dryden's* excellent Tranſlation.

> *Compoſitum jus faſque animi, ſanctoſque receſſus*
> *Mentis, & incoctum generoſo pectus honeſto.*

A Soul, where Laws both human and divine
In Practice more than Speculation ſhine;
A genuine Honour, of a vigorous Kind,
Pure in the laſt Receſſes of the Mind.

Certain it is, that for the Formation of a juſt Character, it is requiſite to have a perfect Knowledge of Right and Wrong ſettled in the Mind, Virtue ſhould be lodged in the Soul, and the Heart ſhould glow with generous Truth; but as the World now goes, there is more Art to acquire the popular Opinion than Merit to deſerve it; and the general Method, by which People graſp at Fame, conſiſts in depreciating ſome Neighbour's Character. Thus the female Beauty aims at being a general Toaſt, by detracting from ſome other Fair-one. The Merchant endeavours to extend his own Credit and Correſpondence by an artful Propagation of Suſpicions to another's Diſadvantage; and the Quack, after ſetting forth the unerring Efficacy of his Noſtrum, cloſes his Advertiſement with, "Beware of Counterfeits, for "ſuch are abroad."

Cicero obſerves, that for one Man to detract from another, and to think of aggrandizing himſelf at the Expence of his Neighbour, is more againſt Nature, than Death, than Grief, or any other Calamity incident to human Life. The Realms of Fame are not to be explored by *Doublings* and *Shiftings*, and, whenever any one would arrive at thoſe Regions, Honour, Truth, and Generoſity muſt freight the Veſſel; the Breath of voluntary, impartial Applauſe muſt ſwell the Sail, and the Courſe muſt be direct, bold, and open to the Eye of the World.

A Reputation otherwiſe obtained muſt certainly afford very little Satisfaction, and it will ſtill adminiſter leſs, when we conſider, that it is only, as *Shakeſpear* calls it, MOUTH HONOUR, gained from the Ignorant, from the Self-intereſted, the Mean, and the Contemptible; *Tollat ſua munera cerdo*, ſays a Writer already quoted; let the Underlings of Mankind keep their Commendations to themſelves; for the Praiſe of ſuch is beneath the Ambition of an honeſt Man, and by

Parity of Reaſon, their Cenſure, their Diſapprobation, their Cabals, their Intrigues, their Tattles, their daily Compotations, and their Midnight Clubs, are to be deſpiſed by every one, whoſe Breaſt is impregnated with a Love of Truth and Virtue.

To draw to a Concluſion; the uncertain Tide of illuſive Popularity is ever known to fluctuate, to ebb, and to ſubſide, and then the *Shallows* are diſcovered, the *treacherous Quickſands* are revealed, and the *Bottom* lies betrayed to Sight. In like Manner, giddy Detraction ſpends and exhauſts itſelf; the Storm howls for a Time, and then decays into the Murmur of Obloquy, which at length dies totally away; the Scene clears up; the Luſtre of Integrity ſpreads a Day around it, and Infamy, inſtead of adhering where it was directed, returns to its native Spring.

I have met in ſome *French* Writer a ſhort *Chineſe* Story, with which I ſhall diſmiſs this Paper. "The "celebrated *Ming* was accuſed of entertaining diſre"ſpectful Ides of *Tien* and *Li*, and of being diſſaffected "to the Emperor *Vang*. When the Executioners went "to ſeize the old Man, they found him compoſing a "Panegyric upon *Vang*, and an Hymn to *Tien* and "*Li*." — —

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Tilt-yard Coffee-houſe, Jan. 5, 1754.

WE are not a little ſurpriſed, that Mr. *Ranger*, in his Rambles, never drops into this military Academy; perhaps he may imagine that among the Gentlemen of the Sword nothing can offer worthy the Notice of a Man of Letters. But we can aſſure him we have ſome Perſonages of profound Erudition; Capt. *Halfpay* acquainted the Corps, the other Day, that he had lately taken up a Book, which lay on the Window at his Lodging, called THE BIBLE. He ſaid, he had never met with the Work before, and that he read a pretty Story enough in it, of one *Joſeph* and his Brethren. He obſerved, that the Stile was ſomewhat uncouth, but that really there was ſomething well enough in it for a Book of the Kind. Upon this Lieutenant *Strut* ſaid, that he had heard of the Book, but never looked into it.—He believed he had it in his Hand once, when he took the Oaths, but he did not well recollect. He added, however, that he would, upon Captain *Halfpay*'s Recommendation, carry it with him, when he went next into Country Quarters. We mention this only as a Specimen of what *Ranger* may pick up if he will but favour us with a Viſit.

Covent-garden Theatre.

The *Italian Burletta*, which was performed here for the firſt Time about the Middle of laſt Month, has continued to draw ſplendid Audiences three times a Week ever ſince. *A Burletta*, is a mock Performance intended to burleſque the Incidents and Muſic of the *Italian* Opera; but whatever Humour it may contain is certainly loſt to an *Engliſh* Audience; however, notwithſtanding theſe Diſadvantages one of this Exotic *Troupe*, who in the Piece is called *Spiletta*, has ſuch a quick Expreſſion of Humour in her Countenance, ſuch a Vivacity of Action, joined to ſuch Variety, that ſhe is allowed, in this fantaſtic Part of Acting, to be an excellent Performer; though the Manager has obſerved, that ſhe does not know how to lay her *Emphaſis*. "I "aſſure you, Mr.—, the *Italians*, as well as the *Engliſh*, "lay their EMPHERSIS on the ADJUTANT."

ADVERTISEMENT.

Any Perſon inclined to go to *Drury-lane* Play-houſe this Evening in a Hackney-coach, may hear of three agreeable Companions at the *Rainbow Coffee-houſe* in *Cornhill*.

N. B. As *Harlequin Fortunatus* is to be performed, it will be neceſſary to ſet out early.

◆

NUMB.

Numb. 65. Gray's-Inn, *Saturday, Jan.* 12, 1754.

Manet altâ mente repoſtum. Virg.
Hinc illæ lacrymæ. Teren.

AT the laſt Meeting of our Club, my Friend, Mr. *Candid*, informed us, that he had lately ſeen the Character of King *Lear* admirably performed by Mr. *Garrick*, and that he had ſince thrown together ſome Remarks upon that excellent Tragedy, which he deſired I would this Day communicate to the Readers of the *Gray's-Inn Journal.*

To be able to criticiſe a Poet with any Degree of Perſpicuity, it is requiſite to conſider the Nature of his Fable; and the moral Uſe of the Work. This being ſketched, we may then proceed to obſerve how he lays on his Colouring, the Diſpoſition of each Perſonage, the Expreſſion of the Paſſions, and which is the capital Figure in the Piece. *Lear* being examined in this Manner, it will appear that the Author intended to exhibit, in the moſt ſtriking Colours, the horrid Crime of Filial Ingratitude. To enforce this he repreſents an old Monarch tired with the Cares of State, and willing to diſtribute his Poſſeſſions among his Daughters, in Proportion to their Affections towards his Perſon. Accordingly, the two that flatter him obtain all, the third Siſter being diſinherited for her Sincerity, and the King is at length driven by the Ingratitude of his two eldeſt Daughters, to an Extreme of Madneſs, which produces the fineſt Tragic Diſtreſs ever ſeen on any Stage.

As this is the Ground-work of the Play, I am ſurpriſed that any Critic ſhould impute the Madneſs of *Lear* to the Loſs of Royalty. The Behaviour of his Children is always uppermoſt in his Thoughts, and we perceive it working upon his Paſſions, till at length his Mind ſettles into a fixed Attention to that ſingle Object. This, I think, will appear in a critical Examination of the Play.

Lear, in his firſt Scene, ſhews himſelf ſuſceptible of the moſt violent Emotions. The Poet has drawn him impetuous to the greateſt Degree, proud, haughty, revengeful, and tender-hearted. In ſuch a Mind it is not to be wondered that Ill-treatment ſhould excite the moſt uneaſy Senſations. He takes Fire at an imaginary Appearance of Diſaffection in *Cordelia.*

But goes thy Heart with this?
So young and ſo untender!

He is ſoon after alarmed with Suſpicions of Diſreſpect from *Gonerill*, "I will look further into't."—He then is convinced of her contemptuous Diſregard, and the Effect it has upon him, indicates a Mind, impotent and liable to the worſt Perturbations.

Does Lear *walk thus? ſpeak thus? where are his Eyes?*
Either his Notion weakens, his Diſcernings
Are lethargy'd. — — —

His Reflections after this ſhew what is neareſt to his Heart.

Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted Fiend,
More hideous, when thou ſhew'ſt thee in a Child,
Than the Sea-monſter. — — —

He obſerves that *Cordelia*'s Fault was ſmall; and when even that made ſuch an Impreſſion on him, what are we to expect from his fiery Diſpoſition, when rejected by thoſe to whom he had given all? His Imprecation, though big with Horror, is the natural Reſult of his Indignation; and the Tenderneſs and Overflowings of Softneſs, which melt him in the Midſt of his Vehemence, produce a fine Conflict of Paſſions.

Th' untented Woundings of a Father's Curſe,
Pierce ev'ry Senſe about thee!—Old fond Eyes,
Beweep this Cauſe again, I'll pluck ye out,
And caſt ye, with the Waters that you loſe,
To temper Clay.—

His Haughtineſs then breaks out in a Menace to his Daughter.

— — — — Thou ſhalt find
That I'll reſume the Shape, which thou doſt think
I have caſt off for ever.

His Addreſs to *Regan* is extremely tender and pathetic.

Thy tender-hefted Nature ſhall not give
Thee o'er to Harſhneſs.

And a little after

— — — — Thou better know'ſt
The Offices of Nature, Bond of Childhood,
Effects of Courteſy, Dues of Gratitude ;
Thy Half o' th' Kingdom thou haſt not forgot,
Wherein I thee endow'd—

There have been many Poets who were acquainted in general with the Paſſions of human Nature, and accordingly we find them conſtantly deſcribing their Effects; but *Shakeſpear*'s Art ſhews their Impulſe and their Workings, without the Aid of Definition or flowery Deſcription. Beſides the general Survey of the Heart, he was more intimately verſed in the various Tempers of Mankind than any Poet whatever. We always find that he makes the Paſſions of each Perſonage in his Drama operate according to his peculiar Habit and Frame of Mind ; and, in the Tragedy in Queſtion, there are ſo many Strokes of this Nature, that in my Opinion, it is his Maſter-piece. In every Speech in *Lear*'s Mouth, there is ſuch an artful Mixture of thwarting Paſſions, that the Heart-ſtrings of an Audience are torn on every Side. The frequent Tranſition and Shifting of Emotions is natural to every Breaſt, but in *Lear* they are characteriſtical Marks of his Temper.

I pr'ythee, Daughter, do not make me mad.
I will not trouble thee, my Child. Farewel.
We'll meet no more—no more ſee one another.

But yet thou art my Fleſh, my Blood, my Daughter;
Or rather a Diſeaſe that's in my Fleſh, &c.
— — — — *But I'll not chide thee;*
Let Shame come when it will, I do not call it;
I do not bid the Thunder-bearer ſhoot,
Nor tell Tales of thee to high judging Jove.

In this Speech every Maſter-paſſion in his Temper riſes in Conflict; his Pride, his Revenge, his quick Reſentment, and his Tenderneſs. *Shakeſpear* hath beautifully repeated Inſtances of this Nature, in almoſt every Line, and the following Paſſage has ſome of the fineſt Turns in the World.

O let not Woman's Weapons, Water-drops,
Stain my Man's Cheeks—no, ye unnat'ral Hags—
I will have ſuch Revenges on ye both—I'll do ſuch Things.
What they are I know not—But they ſhall be
The Terrors of the Earth—you think I'll weep—
No—I'll not weep—I have full Cauſe of weeping—
This Heart ſhall break into a thouſand Flaws—
Or e'er I'll weep—O Fool, I ſhall go mad.

Here the diſtreſſed Monarch leaves his Daughter's Roof, and the next Time we ſee him, he is on a wild Heath in a violent Storm, where all his Reflections take a Tincture from the gloomy Colour of a Mind diſeaſed with Anguiſh, and we ſoon ſee what is the principal Object of his Attention.

— — — — *Thou all-ſhaking Thunder,*
Crack Nature's Mould; all Germins ſpill at once
That make UNGRATEFUL MAN.

And again;

— — — — *The Tempeſt in my Mind*
Doth from my Senſes take all Feeling elſe
Save what beats there—Filial Ingratitude!

His ſudden Apoſtrophe to his Daughters muſt draw Tears from every Eye.

— — — O Regan! Gonerill!
Your old kind Father, whoſe frank Heart gave all.

The breaking off has a fine Effect.

O! that Way Madneſs lies—let me ſhun that—
No more of that — —

As yet the Perturbation of his Mind does not ſeem fixed to a Point; he begins to moralize, but ſtill with a View to his own Afflictions, until *Edgar* enters, diſguiſed like a Madman. *Lear*'s firſt Queſtion is, "have "his Daughters brought him to this Paſs? couldſt thou "ſave nothing? didſt thou give them all?"—And this I take to be the firſt Touch of fixed Madneſs in the Play, and might point out to any Man the Cauſe of his Diſtraction, without thinking of the Reſignation of his Sceptre, or the mere Loſs of regal Power.

As our Hero is now out of his Senſes, a new Field opens itſelf to the Poet. He had before diſplay'd every Movement of the Heart, and the human Underſtanding now becomes his Province, in which, we ſhall find, he acquits himſelf with the moſt maſterly Skill. Mr. *Locke* obſerves, that *Madmen do not ſeem to have loſt the Faculty of Reaſoning; but having joined together ſome Ideas very wrongly, they miſtake them for Truths; and they err as Men do that argue right from wrong Principles. For by the Violence of their Imaginations, having miſtaken their Fancies for Realities, they make right Deductions from them.*

Agreeable to this Account, *Lear*, upon the Appearance of a Madman, takes it for granted that it is owing to his Daughters Ill-treatment, and when contradicted, he replies, "Death! Traitor! nothing could have ſub-"dued Nature to ſuch a Lowneſs, but his unkind "Daughters."—He next takes him for a Philoſopher, and agreeably to that Notion enquires "what is the "Cauſe of Thunder?"

In his next Scene a Deſire of revenging his Grievances actuates his Mind;

To have a thouſand with red burning Spits
Come hizzing in upon 'em!

He then proceeds to arraign his Daughters in a Court of Juſtice. "Arraign her firſt, 'tis *Gonerill.* I here "take Oath before this honourable Aſſembly—ſhe "kicked the poor King her Father—Here is another "too, whoſe warpt Looks proclaim what Store her "Heart is made of."—He ſtill continues to dwell in Imagination upon the Crime of Ingratitude, which appears to him ſo ſhocking, that he exclaims, "Let them "anatomize *Regan*;—ſee what breeds about her Heart "--Is there any Cauſe in Nature for theſe hard Hearts?" This laſt Stroke cannot fail to draw Tears from every Eye. The Reader will pleaſe to obſerve, that all this Time there is not a Word ſaid of his Royalty; on the Contrary, he ſays to *Edgar*, "You, Sir, I entertain for "one of my Hundred; only I do not like the Faſhion "of your Garment, *&c.*" which Hundred was appointed after his Abdication.

After this how was *Shakeſpear* to repreſent *Lear* again ſo as to keep up the Paſſions, and heighten the Diſtreſs? By taking Advantage of every Circumſtance in *Lear*'s Temper. He had ſaid, that he would reaſſume the Shape he had caſt off: This then remained untouched, and accordingly, in the next Scene, we perceive him actually putting it in Execution, and his Fancy ſuggeſts to him, that he is a King; from which he reaſons as from every other Principle, and always with an Eye to his Children. "No, they cannot touch me for "coining; I am the King himſelf." "There's my "Gauntlet—I'll prove it on a Giant." From this, his Imagination wanders. "Bring up the brown Bills— "O well flown Barb! i'th' Clout! i'th' Clout—Hewgh, "give the Word."—From this Rambling he ſoon returns, and the habitual Ideas again take Poſſeſſion of him. "Ha *Regan! Gonerill!* they flattered me like a "Dog," *&c.* After this, *Glo'ſter* enquiring if it is not the King, he catches at the Word and anſwers, "Ay, every Inch a King." And then he draws ſome more Inferences from that Notion, till he reflects that *Glo'ſter*'s Baſtard Son was kinder to his Father than his own Daughters, got in lawful Sheets. From this he digreſſes into an Invective againſt Women, and continues raving, till at length his Spirit of Revenge returns upon him. "And when I've ſtolen upon theſe SONS- "IN-LAW, then kill, kill, kill, kill."

It was *Shakeſpear*'s Art to reſerve his being crowned with Straw for the laſt Scene of his Madneſs, as it is a Repreſentation of human Nature reduced to the loweſt Ebb. Had he loſt his Reaſon on Account of his abdicated Throne, the Emotions of Pity would not be ſo intenſe, as they now are when we ſee him drove to that Extreme by the Cruelty of his own Children. Every Topic of parental Diſtreſs being exhauſted, and all the King's Maſter-paſſions diſplayed in his Madneſs, the Poet judiciouſly ſhews him gradually coming to himſelf in the next Scene; and we ſee the Ideas dawning ſlowly on his Soul:

Where have I been?—where am I?—fair Day-light!

In this Recollection of his Reaſon, he never once mentions the Loſs of Royalty, but again touches upon the Cauſe of his Diſtreſs in his Speech to *Cordelia:*

I know you do not love me; for your Siſters
Have, as I do remember, done me Wrong;
You have ſome Cauſe; they have not. —

So that before his Madneſs, in it, and after it, *Lear* never loſes Sight of the Ideas which had worn ſuch Traces on his Brain; and he muſt be unfeeling to the great Art of our Poet, who can look for any other Cauſe of Diſtreſs, in Scenes which are drawn ſo forcibly and ſtrong, and kept up with the moſt exquiſite Skill to the very dying Words of the unhappy Monarch.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Court of Cenſorial Enquiry, Jan. 9.

THIS Day *Jacob Reſcounter*, of St. *Mary-ax*, Broker, was indicted, for that he, not being a Subſcriber, did, on the firſt Inſtant, at *Sam*'s *Coffee-houſe*, in *Exchange-alley*, call for one Book or Pamphlet, entitled, A SURE GUIDE TO HELL, and the ſame did peruſe, contrary to the Rules and Orders in that Caſe made and provided.

Samuel Wood, ſworn.

I am the Maſter of *Sam*'s *Coffee-houſe*, and as I was ſtirring the Fire (this was on the firſt Day of the Month) the Priſoner called with a very audible Voice—" A " SURE GUIDE TO HELL,"—whereupon I anſwered, —" A SURE GUIDE TO HELL," *Sir, you ſhall have,* And immediately put the Book in his Hand; but *Major* took me aſide, and told me, he was not a Subſcriber. Upon this I examined the Liſt, and found that his Name was not there.

Major, the Waiter, ſworn.

As ſoon as I heard the Priſoner call for the Pamphlet, ſmoke him, ſays I to myſelf, he is no Subſcriber, and accordingly cocks I my Eye at Maſter, who underſtood me very well; and when he had delivered the Book to the Priſoner, we went over the Liſt of Subſcribers together, and he was not in it.

Priſoner's Defence.

I had been in the Alley that Morning, to ſell ſome Navy Bills for Mr. *Iſcariot*, and I dropped in at the Coffee-houſe, with an Intention to ſubſcribe; but, it being a Holiday, I did not think the Books were open, as they never are at the *South-ſea* or *India-houſes*, on thoſe Days.

Court.—Have you any one to call to your Character?

Priſoner. I have—Let Mr. *Iſaac Belſhazzar* be called.

Iſaac Belſhazzar, Stock-jobber, ſworn on an *India-bond.*

I have known the Priſoner ſeveral Years; I have often employed him to buy Blanks for me; and he always behaved very honeſtly; I could not ſuſpect him of ſuch an Action.

William Doe, ſworn.

I have known the Priſoner about nine Months; I always thought him a Man of good Character; I made a Pair of Leather Breeches for him, and he paid me very honeſtly.

Abraham Shylock, ſworn.

I am a Barber in *Duke*'s-*place.* I know the Priſoner's Father very well; he ſells Cane-ſtrings, and really I always thought his Son *Jacob* a very honeſt Man; I never heard any Thing amiſs of him, before this Affair of his reading the Pamphlet, and really I could not think him capable of ſuch an Action. *Guilty* 10*d.*

NUMB. 66. GRAY'*s*-INN, *Saturday, Jan.* 19, 1754.

— — *Locus eſt & pluribus umbris.* HOR.

THE following Letter is wrote with ſuch a Vein of Candor and Taſte, that I cannot with-hold it from the Public this Day. I am highly obliged to the Author for ſo ingenious a Piece, and ſhall be glad to know, by a Line to the Printer hereof, where I may direct to him, as ſhould be proud to cultivate a Correſpondence with ſo elegant a Critic. The Reader will judge of the Matter for himſelf, and, upon a future Occaſion, I ſhall offer ſome further Conſiderations on this Subject, and will only hint for the preſent, that I hope it will not be any Detriment to me, that I publiſh a genteel Performance, which is, in ſome Meaſure, againſt what I have advanced. I flatter myſelf I ſhall not have Reaſon to be ſorry for admitting him into my Province, and to ſay with the Poet,

— *Et regni demens in parte locavi.* VIRG.

To CHARLES RANGER, *Eſq;*

S I R,

TO addreſs a Letter to you under the Character of Mr. *Ranger*, I am perſuaded needs little Apology; eſpecially when it goes from one, who, though a Stranger to you, has a real Regard to your Reputation as an Author, and having often received great Pleaſure from your Weekly Eſſays, takes this Liberty of throwing out his Thoughts to you on a Piece of Criticiſm in which he differs with you in Opinion.

In your Paper of laſt *Saturday*, an Examen of King *Lear*, you think many Critics have miſtaken the principal Idea, in the old King's Mind, during his State of Madneſs: After citing *Lear*'s Exclamation on the Ingratitude of his Daughters, you add, " This might lead "any Man to the Cauſe of *Lear's* Madneſs, without "thinking of the Reſignation of his Scepter." But certainly, whoever conſiders *Lear's* Character with Attention, will, from the very Paſſage you quote, beſide an hundred others, think there is much to be ſaid on the other Side of the Queſtion.

I have read with great Pleaſure ſeveral of the Remarks you make on the Speeches in *Lear*, which are ſuch as can ariſe only in the Mind of a Reader of Taſte; but I cannot agree, that "*He muſt be unfeeling to the great* "*Art of our Poet, who can look for any other Cauſe of* "*Diſtreſs*," in the Madneſs of the King, than the Ingratitude of his Daughters.

I know not in what Manner you may treat the Remarks I am about to make, but I can ſincerely aſſure you, they are only intended as Hints to yourſelf, on a Subject which I think of ſome Conſequence to the Admirers of *Shakeſpear.*

The Critic in the *Adventurer* was ſomewhat wanting in Juſtice to the Poet, by mentioning the Loſs of Royalty as the ſole Cauſe of *Lear's* Madneſs, without taking Notice, at the ſame Time, of the forcible Idea he muſt have of the Ingratitude of his two Daughters; and I think Mr. *Ranger* alſo wrong, in excluding intirely his Opinion. What I purpoſe here, is, to point out *both the Ideas* working ſtrongly in his Mind, and what the Author intended as conducive to the Moral of his Play.

No Critic on *Shakeſpear* can better explain the Characters he draws, than the Poet himſelf does in every Speech; we not only ſee what his Perſons are during the Scene repreſented, but we are alſo made acquainted, by ſome nice Touches in each Play, with their former Mode of thinking and acting; and as no Poet ever underſtood Nature better in the Operation of the Paſſions, ſo he always makes them ſpeak and act in the higheſt Conformity to their Characters: In this Reſpect his Genius and Judgment is every where equal to *Horace's* Precept,

Ætatis cujuſque notandi ſunt tibi mores.

Lear's Deportment and Sentiments in regard to his Daughters in the firſt Act, and what *Gonerill* ſays of him to *Regan*, mark very plainly his Character; which is that of *a haughty, paſſionate, inconſtant, weak old Man*. He does not reſign his Authority to his Daughters ſo much out of Love to them, as to rid himſelf of the Cares of Government—He retains the Name of King with a ſuitable Train of Attendants—He ſtill commands with his former Impetuoſity of Temper, and is jealous even of Trifles. This the ill-natured Character of the Daughters will not ſuffer, and they are in Conſultation in the moſt undutiful and unbecoming Manner to deprive him of his remaining Shew of Power: Their Behaviour and Ingratitude ſoon appear in the moſt glaring Inſtances, and make the old King ſorely ſenſible, that he had *given them* ALL.—

Nature was *Shakeſpear*'s Guide, he deſcribes the Imagination affected by concurring Cauſes to pave the Way for a Scene of the higheſt Diſtreſs—*Lear*, as a King and Father, feels with great Senſibility the Shocks of his Daughters Ingratitude and unnatural Treatment, and exhibits a moving Picture of the Feelings of the Heart, and the various Conflicts of Paſſions very expreſſive of his Character and Circumſtances; if the Poet had nothing more in View, he might have been well content with the maſterly Picture he has drawn of his Diſtreſs, Grief, and Rage in every Scene before the Loſs of his Senſes; but he has crowned the Diſtreſs by making him at laſt fix his Imagination on his own Raſhneſs and Folly in giving away his ALL, and putting it out of his Power to avenge himſelf. And 'tis this Reflection chiefly drives him to Madneſs.

The jeſting of his Fool wholly turns upon his *unkinging himſelf* and retaining *nothing*, which *Lear* minutely attends to, and ſays, " A bitter Fool!"—After *Gonerill*'s Propoſal to reduce his Train, he breaks out, " *Woe! that too late repents.*"—Then the Ingratitude of his Daughters and his own Folly deeply ſtrike him.

— — — O Lear, Lear, Lear!
Beat at this Gate that let thy Folly in,
And thy dear Judgment out.

After-

Afterwards he ſays to *Generill*,

— — *Thou ſhalt find,*
That I'll reſume the Shape which thou didſt think
I have caſt off for ever. Gon. *do you mark that?*

In the next Scene, wrapt up in Thought, he ſays,

TO TAKE'T AGAIN PERFORCE!—*Monſter Ingratitude!*

In this Line the two Ideas are ſtrongly blended, and the *Loſs of Power* foremoſt, for ſurely that was the obvious Reaſon of the Inſults he had received; if he had ſtill been in Poſſeſſion, they would have continued to ſprinkle him with *Court Holy-water:* The Fool, whoſe Phraſe the laſt is, ſays,

Fathers that wear Rags,
Do make their Children blind;
But Fathers that bear Bags,
Shall ſee their Children kind, &c.

I muſt here take Notice of the different Colouring uſed by our Poet, and all good Writers, in diſtinguiſhing the Characters of Men ſeemingly agitated by the ſame Paſſions. *Lear*'s Idea of his Folly, in diveſting himſelf of his Authority, is nicely and artfully diſtinguiſhed by *Shakeſpear,* from that Kind of Regret, which an imperious Man of a different Character would feel from the Deprivation of Power.—He is full of the Loſs of his Dignity, only as it was the Occaſion of the ill Treatment he met with, and not from a Thirſt of Rule.—This Idea, and that of the Ingratitude of his Daughters, which he feels as the Conſequence of it, I cannot help thinking are as cloſely united in his Madneſs, as two Twigs, twiſted together and growing out of the ſame Stem.

When he exclaims and reproaches his Daughters in that heart-piercing Scene of Diſtreſs on the Heath, he ſays,

— — O Regan! O Generill!
Your old kind Father! whoſe frank Heart gave all—
O, *that Way Madneſs lies—Let me ſhun* THAT—
No more of THAT—

On his Recollection that he *gave all*, he breaks ſhort and immediately ſubjoins, "O that Way Madneſs lies; "let me ſhun *that*; no more of *that*;"—*i. e.* Let me not think that I have been guilty of ſo much Folly, as to have given *all* to ſuch ungrateful Wretches—the Reflection will make me mad.

I know it may be inſiſted on by you, and perhaps by many others, that *Lear* makes Uſe of the Sentiment of *giving all*, only to tax the Ingratitude of his Daughters in a higher Degree; but, 'tis poſſible, you may be of a contrary Opinion, if you can allow, that the Moral of this Play, does not expoſe the Ingratitude of Children, more than the Folly of Parents. *This ſame Folly of Parents* is alſo touched with great Judgment in the Under-plot of *Glo'ſter*; and the Characters of *Lear*'s two Daughters are finely contraſted with thoſe of *Cordelia* and *Edgar*; and the Poet's Deſign in marking out ſo ſtrongly the Folly and ill-judged Partiality of Parents is confirmed by the Behaviour of *Edmund*—

When *Lear* ſees the Wretchedneſs of *Edgar*, he purſues the ſame Train of Reaſoning which before poſſeſt him, and aſks, "*Didſt thou* GIVE ALL *to thy Daughters!—And art thou come to this?*" And immediately after,

> *What! Have his Daughters brought him to this Paſs?*
> *Could'ſt thou* ſave nothing?—*didſt thou* give them all?

This is agreeable to his Character—And from all that we hear in common Life (for there are many Stories) of old weak Parents, who have acted much in the Manner of *Lear*, and to the Reproach of human Nature, have met with Ingratitude and Diſobedience; theſe, I ſay, in their Feeling-hours of Diſtreſs, are reported to have reproached themſelves with their Folly in GIVING ALL, as well as exclaimed againſt the Ingratitude of their Children.

There are many Characters, I doubt not, now in the World, who retain a Heap of Treaſure, uſeleſs to themſelves, from their Children, on no better Motives, than to inſure their Duty and Attention; and ſome who carry the Moral of this Play to a ridiculous Height, by denying their Children an Independance, merely on the ſame Parity of Reaſoning, without conſidering the Difference between the Prudence of Parents and their Folly.

I forbear making any Quotations from *Lear's* Speeches in his Madneſs. I think the Whole obvious enough, and that our immortal Poet, who had a perfect Knowledge of the Workings of the human Mind, has drawn *both the Ideas* in *Lear's* Madneſs, agreeable to the Repreſentation he has made of him in the firſt Act.

What I have hitherto ſaid, is entirely confined to the different Opinions of Mr. *Ranger* and the *Adventurer*; nor do I expect that you ſhall alter your's in Conformity to my Judgment.—Let a diligent Examination of the Play determine you in the future Criticiſms you intend to give the Public on this Subject.

What has often occurr'd to me, in reading over the ſeveral Editions of our Poet, and what has been ſaid by you, and many great Geniuſſes, only ſerve to convince me of the Difficulty of any one Man's ſucceeding in a perfect Criticiſm on *Shakeſpear*; at leaſt, I have Reaſon to think ſo, from what I have ſeen of the ſeveral Attempts that have been made by different Commentators from the Time of Mr. *Rowe*, to the mutilated Condition our Poet was thrown into by ſubſequent Editors.

Several Perſons have ſucceeded in illuſtrating many of the Characters he draws, and have pointed out to public Notice, many of his latent Beauties; but, I believe, "*there is ſcarce one Man alive* (to ſpeak in the
" Stile of a very extraordinary Addreſs to a great Man,
" in laſt *Saturday's Inſpector*) *who is even capable of call-*
" *ing all his Beauties by their proper Names*, much leſs
" of *exhibiting them all with Advantage to the Public*;
" whoſe Property *they now are, if they will acquire a*
" *Taſte to enjoy 'em*."

I can't forbear mentioning the Obligation which e Public owe to the Genius of Mr. *Garrick*, who h ex-hibited with great Luſtre many of the moſt ning Strokes of *Shakeſpear's* amazing Art; and may juſtly ſtiled (as he once was called by you) his beſt mmen-tator: For 'tis certain, he has done our Poet re Juſtice by his Manner of playing his principal Characters, than any Editor has yet done by a Publication.

I ſhall conclude with the ſame Freedom as I began, by deſiring you will conſider my Manner of treating this Subject, as the mere Hints of a friendly Letter, and not as an Eſſay on the Subject in Diſpute.

I am, Sir,
Your moſt obedient Servant,

Lincoln's-inn, Jan. 15, 1754. G.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

To Miſtur Squire CHARLES RANGER.

SIR,

THIS comes fith hur harty Sarfice to hur, and thanks hur for the Onour hur tuz hur in ſpeking ſo fel of hur in hur Paper, ant hur can tell hur, hur young Miſtreſs, Cot pleſs hur, tuz likewiſe te ſame. Te Occaſion of hur preſent Writing to hur, look ye, is in Pehalfe of hur Fellow Sarfants, ant hurſelf, ant it is hur Teſirs and hur Requeſts, that hur would take hur Creſes ant hur Trupples into Conſiteration. Hur muſt know then, *Miſtur Squire Charles Ranger*, tat fen te Carafan is ariſed at hur Houſe, te all, as if tey were afraid te Lion ſhould pite off teir Pates ant teir Nottles, tirectly co to te upper Ent of te Room, ant pulling up te Flappits of teir Coats, run teir Packſites ſo far into te Fire, tat, as Cot is hur Shudge, hur has often tink tey foot purn teir Preeches ſo tat *Ropert* ant hurſelf have peen obliget (though Heafen knows acainſt hur Conſciences) to ſcalt teir Lecks, as if py Chance, for which look ye, hur is often in Tanger of her Life. ow, *Miſtur Squire Charles Ranger*, if hur fill pe pleaſt ne ſo coot as to give hur a little of hur coot Adfice, hu ll not only ſafe hur Miſtreſs a huge teal of hot Wa put hurſelf ant *Ropert* from hafing a Sord run into h Powells.

Hur is hur's,
Charles Price, *Porter.*

From hur Pench py te Pret and Putter Cupport, at the *Petford Coffee-houſe*, *Coſent-garten*, the 15*th* Day of *Janifry*, *Anno Tomini* one touſant ſeſen huntret, and fifty-four, per te *New-ſtile.*

Court of Cenſorial-enquiry, *Jan.* 19.

Charles Price is hereby empowered to apprehend, and in ſafe Cuſtody to hold all Offenders in this Shape, ſo that he or they ſhall be brought to the Bar of this Court, and for ſo doing this ſhall be his ſufficient Warrant.

By Order of the Court.

CHARLES RANGER.

* * *

NUMB. 67. GRAY'*s*-INN, *Saturday*, *Jan.* 26, 1754.

Non obtuſa adeò geſtamus pectora Pœni :
Nec tam averſus equos Tyriâ Sol jungit ab urbe.

VIRG.

THOUGH I have in my two laſt Papers entirely confined the Attention of my Readers to critical Enquiries, I ſhall make no Apology for offering another Eſſay this Day upon a Subject nearly connected with thoſe Matters, the more eſpecially as the Honour of our Country is in ſome Sort concerned in the preſent Lucubration againſt a *French* Writer, upon whom I have formerly animadverted, and who has taken, in ſome Paſſages of his Works, unbecoming Liberties with the *Engliſh* Nation.

Prefixed to *Voltaire*'s *Meropé*, we find a Letter to *Maffei* (the Author of an *Italian* Tragedy on the ſame Subject) in which that Writer, after mentioning a faulty Piece which was performed on the *Engliſh* Stage, delivers himſelf in the following Words. *Elle fut ſans doute mal reçue ; mais n'eſt il pas bien etrange qu'on l'ait repreſentée ? N'eſt ce pas une preuve que le Theatre* Angloiſe *n'eſt pas encore epure ? Il ſemble que la même cauſe qui prive*

prive les Angloiſe *du Genie de la Peinture & de la Muſique, leur ôte auſſi celui de la Tragedie. Cette Iſle, qui a produit les plus grand Philoſophes de la Terre, n'eſt pas auſſi fertile pour les beaux Arts; & ſi les* Anglois *ne s'appliquent ſerieuſement a ſuivre les Preceptes de leurs excellens Citoyens* Addiſon & Pope, *ils n'approcheront pas des autres Peuples en fait de Gout & de Literature.* "The *Engliſh Meropé,* (ſays *Voltaire*) acted in the Year 1751, was not well received; but is it not ſurpriſing that it was exhibited at all! May we not infer from thence, that the *Engliſh* Stage has not as yet attained a due Degree of Refinement? It looks as if the ſame Cauſe, which has deprived the *Engliſh* of a Genius for Painting and Muſic, has alſo with-held from them the Spirit of Dramatic Poetry. That Iſland which has produced the greateſt Philoſophers in the World, is not ſo happy with Regard to the polite Arts, and unleſs they ſeriouſly attach themſelves to the Precepts of their excellent Countrymen, *Addiſon* and *Pope,* they will be thrown at a Diſtance by other Nations in Point of Literature and Productions of Taſte."

Becauſe the Managers of a Theatre ſuffered a bad Piece to be repreſented, is it not unfair to derive from thence a Charge of Indelicacy upon a whole Nation, more particularly when the Reception this Piece met with from the Public is rather an Indication of a correct and juſt Taſte?—

What the Cauſe is, which has deprived the *Engliſh* of a Genius for Painting and Muſic, I am at a Loſs to determine. Certain it is, thoſe Arts flouriſhed for a long Time in *Italy,* before they came over the *Alps* to our northern Regions; and it is certain that a Taſte for them has prevailed many Years ſince in this Kingdom. They have been cultivated here with the greateſt Delicacy by ſeveral eminent Maſters, though we cannot boaſt as many exalted Geniuſſes as have adorned the ſofter Clime of *Italy.* The Transfiguration by *Raphael,* the Nativity by *Corregio,* and the laſt Judgment by *Michael Angelo,* will perhaps never be matched any where elſe; but it is unfair to deduce a Concluſion from thence, that we have no Genius for this excellent imitative Art in *England.* Portrait-painting has been in as great a Degree of Perfection in this Country as in any other Part of the World. Sir *Godfrey Kneller* found ſo much Taſte among us, that he made this his own Country; and here—

Lely *on animated Canvas ſtole*
The ſleepy Eye, which ſpoke the melting Soul.

But not to ſneak from living Worth to dead, as Mr. *Pope* finely expreſſes it, whoever, has obſerved with Attention the Performances of *Hayman*, muſt be convinced that *Voltaire*'s Charge of a Want of Taſte is perfectly groundleſs. Every Thing is put out of Hand by this excellent Artiſt with the utmoſt Grace and Delicacy, and his Hiſtory-pieces have, beſides their beautiful Colouring, the moſt lively Expreſſion of Character. *Hutſon*'s Rooms teem with mimic Life; and *Hogarth*, like a true Genius, has formed a new School of Painting for himſelf. He may be truly ſtiled the *Cervantes* of his Art, as he has exhibited the ridiculous Follies of human Nature with the moſt exquiſite Humour, and he may be ſaid to be the firſt, who has wrote Comedy with his Pencil. His *Harlot's Progreſs*, and *Marriage A-la-mode* are, in my Opinion, as well drawn as any Thing in *Moliere*, and the Unity of Character, which is the Perfection of Dramatic Poetry, is ſo ſkilfully preſerved, that we are ſurpriſed to ſee the ſame Perſonage thinking agreeably to his complexional Habits in the many different Situations, in which we afterwards perceive him. The Fribble, the Bully, the Politician, the Lawyer, the Miſer, and, in ſhort, all the ſtriking Characters in Life are, by this Gentleman, ſo admirably depicted upon Canvas, that I am convinced *Voltaire* would be at a Loſs to ſhew where he has been equalled by any of his Countrymen.—

We may alſo boaſt an equal Excellence in Muſic; for though Mr. *Handel* is not an *Engliſhman*, it is however a convincing Proof of our national Taſte, that we have made it worth his while to fix his Reſidence among us, and that we have ſhewn a due Senſibility to manly Melody, where the Sound is expreſſive of the Senſe, and where no unnatural Diviſions, nor idle inſignificant Quirks miſlead the Ear in a thrilling Maze of wild and random Notes. It is owing to the Encouragement we have afforded this Gentleman, that we can now boaſt the nobleſt and moſt rational Muſic in the World. Beſides, ſuch a Genius as Doctor *Boyce* will be always ſufficient to vindicate us from *Voltaire*'s national Opprobrium, and the Admirers of *Arne* have conſtantly celebrated him for his peculiar Talent, at finding the moſt emphatic Expreſſion in a Compoſition, and diſcovering where the Paſſions are placed in every Piece of Poetry. To theſe Paſſages he never fails to give their full Energy, and like a raviſhing Commentator he brings new Beauties into Light with ſuch a Sweetneſs of Harmony, that every Breaſt yields irreſiſtibly to the melting Impreſſion. I am proud to have an Opportunity of ſaying that we are likely to have an *Engliſh* Opera ſet to Muſic by the laſt mentioned Gentleman, which, I perſuade myſelf, will do Honour to him and his Country.*

With Regard to Dramatic Poetry, our Advantage over every Nation in the known World is, I think, very apparent. The beſt Critics have laid it down as a Rule, that a Performance is to be judged by its Number of ſtriking Beauties, and not by ſome Inaccuracies, and the Inſtances of occaſional Conformity to the vicious Taſte of the Times. If *Shakeſpear* is viewed in this Light he will certainly appear to any unprejudiced Reader infinitely ſuperior to *Corneille*, *Racine*, and all the poliſhed Writers of *France* and *Italy*. I remember a Paſſage in *Voltaire*'s Writings, where he is at infinite Pains to bring together a String of Quotations from the beſt

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* *Since the Time, when the above Eſſay was wrote, Mr.* Smith, *a Pupil of Mr.* Handell's, *has diſplayed a noble Genius for muſical Compoſition, and the Succeſs, which his Opera, called the* Fairies, *met with on* Drury-lane *Stage, at once gives Luſtre to his Merit, and is a Proof of the public Taſte.*

beſt *French* Tragedies to evince their great Talents for the Sublime; in all he makes up about twenty or thirty at moſt; and the Beauties of *Shakeſpear* have of late been publiſhed in ſeveral Volumes. Beſides, *Otway* has found Acceſs to the Heart better than any *French Writer* whatever, and the domeſtic Paſſions are touched by him with the greateſt Elegance and Simplicity. It is very common on the *French* Stage to hear a Perſonage of the Drama exclaiming perpetually *Helas*, and *mon Dieu!* and then formally acquainting the Audience that he feels ſuch and ſuch Senſations; but our great Maſters of the Paſſions make their Hearers feel by Sympathy the Agitations of their Hero's Breaſt, without running into cold languid Declamation.

The Dramatic Poetry of this Country is like our Conſtitution, built upon the bold Baſis of Liberty; and though the latter has brought our King to the Block, and the former admits Blood to be ſhed on the Stage, theſe are Corruptions which have intruded, and are, as the Poets ſays,

Effects unhappy from a noble Cauſe.

Upon the Whole, we may apply, what *Horace* has ſaid to the *Engliſh* Nation,

—Spirat Tragicum ſatis, & feliciter audet:
Sed turpem putat in ſcriptis metuitque lituram.

Our Poets are ſufficiently poſſeſſed of the Spirit of Tragedy, but they are not attentive to the minute Rules of correct Taſte, and the Trouble of blotting. It may be added, that they have more real Fire, ſublimer Sentiments, and Characters better marked than any Nation whatever; and with Regard to Painting and Muſic, we can boaſt ſo many Maſters in both as might have prevented the *French* Author from charging us with a Want of Genius, and Taſte for the fine Arts.

I cannot diſmiſs this Paper, without obſerving, that it is a very particular Pleaſure to me, to find the Subject, on which I have been hitherto offering ſome ſcattered Reflections, touched upon with great Spirit by a Writer of acknowledged Genius.* In a Preface to a Novel called the FRIENDS, he has expreſſed himſelf with great Warmth, and a noble national Jealouſy. After mentioning that *Voltaire* calls his Countrymen, THE ABSOLUTE LEGISLATORS OF ALL THE FINE ARTS IN EUROPE, " how ſhameleſs," ſays he, " is this Aſſertion " in the Face of a Country, that gave Bread to *Holben*, " Dignities to *Reubens*, and Encouragement to *Vandyke*; " and that for Years before (even by this Writer's " own Acknowledgment) the national Taſte of *France* " was formed! While that Taſte was barbarous, *Johnſon* " enriched his native Tongue with Comedies, wrought " up to more than *Terentian* Regularity and Propriety, " in Point of Conduct; and while *France* was ignorant " of almoſt every Order of Architecture, *Inigo Jones*, " in *England*, was rearing Houſes, and projecting " Palaces, which all the boaſted Improvements of " *France*, in that Art, have not yet equalled. I ſhall " forbear to urge the Examples of *Spencer* or *Shakeſpear*, " becauſe I am firmly and ſeriouſly of Opinion, that " no *Frenchman* ever yet was able (ſuppoſing him to " underſtand *Engliſh* equally as *French*) to taſte the " Beauties of either of theſe Poets. For the Truth of " this, I appeal to every *Engliſhman*'s Senſe, who has " had the Misfortune to read the unwilling, ſcanty, " ſtarved and miſtaken Encomiums, that *Voltaire* has " beſtowed on *Shakeſpear*."

Is it not rather too charitable in the Author of the foregoing Paſſage to ſuppoſe Monſieur *Voltaire*'s reſerved Praiſes of *Shakeſpear* could ariſe only from an Inability of reliſhing his Beauties? For my Part, I muſt avow it, the *French* Writer appears to me capable of feeling every Stroke of our great Poet, but Envy, and a vain Ambition of erecting himſelf into an imagined Superiority, have rendered him open and explicit in his Abuſes, and heſitating and frigid in his Commendations. But to conclude; what *Virgil* has given away from his Countrymen, we claim for our's. None better ſhall inform the breathing Braſs, or ſoften Marble

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* *Mr.* Guthrie.

into mimic Features; none ſhall better plead, or with equal Sagacity deſcribe the Motions of the planetary Syſtem, and the Laws of Nature; and beſides, it ſhall be our further Praiſe to ſpare a vanquiſhed Foe, and to check the Encroachments of an intriguing, faithleſs, perfidious Enemy, ever reſtleſs and aiming at an univerſal Monarchy, which, it is to be hoped, the Councils and Arms of *Great Britain* will for ever hold from them.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Drury-lane, Jan. 26, 1754.

THE Tragedy of *Richard the Third* was performed here lately, and as there were many Circumſtances in the Battle, which was fought in the fifth Act, quite unknown to the Audience, it may not be improper to give ſome Account of that Engagement. The Theatrical Cock had done Salutation to the Morn, and *Richard* had animated the Soldiery, when the Attack was begun on the Left-wing, under the Command of the Lord High Conſtable *Grey*. This Impreſſion was received by General *Raſtor*, who ordered the Woods to be ſcowered, but the Enemy ſetting up the War-hoop, he was repulſed into the Green-room, where he rallied his Spirits and his Forces, and again returned to the Charge. Upon this the Fight was renewed with great Alacrity, and continued very obſtinate, until a general Deſolation ſtretched the greateſt Part of the Combatants upon the Scene of Action. Upon this Occaſion General *Raſtor* fell greatly lamented, and (if we may be allowed to imitate *Salluſt*) the ſame Abſence of Paſſion, for which he was remarkable while living, was legible in his Countenance. Lord High Conſtable *Grey* was overpowered by Numbers, and his Body was taken up, far from his Friends, among fallen Heaps of the Enemy, ſtill breathing ſhort, and clinching his Staff with the ſame Eagerneſs he had done all his Life. Lieutenant General *Mar* fell much lamented. We cannot at preſent furniſh an exact Account of the

Loſs on either Side, but the Muſter-roll, which has been handed to us, ſtands as follows,

Wounded Carpenters	15
Scene Drawers	11
Dreſſers	14
Thunderers	3
Lightening-makers	5
Barbers	11
Women ſcalped, *i. e.* loſt their Caps,	13

This is all we can offer at preſent; but it is expected that a perfect Liſt will be publiſhed by the *Managers* in a *Gazette* Extraordinary this Evening.

Numb. 68. Gray's-Inn, *Saturday, Feb.* 2, 1754.

O rus, quando ego te aſpiciam? quandoque licebit,
Nunc veterum libris, nunc ſomno & inertibus horis,
Ducere ſolicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ?

Hor.

I Lately met with a Fable, in a *French* Writer, which I thought, carried with it a great deal of Propriety, and, though it was rather eked out, as is ſometimes the Caſe among the livelieſt Geniuſſes of that Country, beyond the juſt Limits preſcribed by the Matter contained in it, it was however conducted with ſuch a Prettineſs of Fancy and Expreſſion, that I was very much entertained with the Peruſal of it. Poetry, (ſays my Author) is the Son of the God of *Eaſe* and the Goddeſs of *Meditation*. He bears in his Appearance ſuch a ſtrong Reſemblance to theſe his Parents, that it is impoſſible, to miſtake the Marks of his Legitimacy, and therefore, whenever theſe Proofs of his Birth are deficient, we may with Reaſon conclude him to be of a ſpurious Breed.

From his Father, he derives his apparent Indolence, his Serenity, his graceful Elocution, and his unlaboured Turn of Thought, together with his elegant Felicity in all his Compoſitions; a remarkable Neglect of the ordinary Uſes of Life, a Diſregard for Riches, and a total Abſence of all worldly Ambition, ſave what is inſpired by Virtue and honeſt Fame, are his diſtinguiſhing Characteriſtics. From his Mother, he poſſeſſes his Modeſty, which makes him not very fond of obtruding himſelf into Company; his penſive Air, which inclines him to be always enforcing ſome Precept of Morality, or ſome Topic which may be ſubſervient to the Uſe or Enjoyment of Life; his Love of Solitude, which induces him to ſhun Crowds and great Cities, and leads him into rural Scenes, where he may give free Scope to his Imagination, undiſturbed by the Cares and Anxieties of Life. The ſame Diſpoſition in his Temper renders him not very fond of being known by the Bulk of Mankind, that he may prevent the Inconveniencies attendant on him when his Affairs require that he ſhould make his Appearance in Public. If he puts any Thing abroad into the World, and thinks proper to publiſh the Reſult of his contemplative Moments, he does not like to be pointed at by the Multitude, but chuſes to receive the Tribute of Applauſe, obtained by his Writings, without being liable to the Sarcaſms, the Taunts, and malevolent Jeſts, which are always the ſure Concomitants of Praiſe, and which are generally a very great Diſcount upon his Happineſs.

From theſe Motives he is enamoured with Retirement, and he is further confirmed in his ſequeſtered State by a Conſideration, that the more he keeps himſelf at a Diſtance from the reſt of Mankind, the more Beauties they are willing to deſcry in his Productions; in like Manner as the Hills, and the remote Parts of a Proſpect preſent a more vivid Green, than when our Advances to them have brought the Scene more cloſe to our Inſpection, and the Heath, the craggy Rock, and ploughed Land, are familiariſed to the naked Eye.

This is the Subſtance of the Fable; the Meaning that it inculcates is certainly very juſt and obvious. The beſt Writers in all Ages have ſubſcribed to it, and the moſt applauded of the antient Poets are conſtantly offering warm Pictures of rural Imagery to our Imaginations; they ſeem to be ſtifled with Duſt and Smoke, when they mention a City-life, and we frequently find them expatiating with Rapture upon the Pleaſures of a Country-life, which they look upon to be the Nurſe of Thought, and the only Sphere in which their Studies can be proſecuted with any Degree of Succeſs.

The ſame Obſervation will hold good with Regard to all Kinds of Writing, unleſs it be thoſe excellent Productions of the Preſs which make their Appearance under the various Shapes of *Newgate* Memoirs, News-papers, and political Pamphlets. In Works that call for a long Train of Reaſoning, ſubtile Diſquiſitions, and unwearied Application, undoubtedly the proper Place to accompliſh them, is in thoſe Regions, where Riot and Debauchery are Strangers; where Gaming, Drinking, and idle Amuſements of all Sorts are unknown, and where, above all, Health and Chearfulneſs add new Luſtre to the Face of Things.

It may perhaps ſeem a Paradox, if I ſhould aſſert, that, among all the Gentlemen of the Quill, there is not one, to whom Solitude and Eaſe are more neceſſary than the periodical Writer; but though his Compoſitions are generally compriſed in a narrow Compaſs, and though he does not, for the moſt Part, pretend to ſearch every Subject to the Bottom; though it is not expected of him to lay before the Reader deep philoſophical Speculations, abſtracted Reaſonings, and new Syſtems of Morality and Religion; yet, in my Apprehenſion, it will be found, upon an attentive Survey of his Situation, that it is particularly incumbent on the Adventurer in this Way, to withdraw himſelf from the Buſtle of Mankind, and to appear, as ſeldom as poſſible, in little Circles at Coffee-houſes, convivial Clubs at Taverns, and the long Train of public Places, which ſerve no other Purpoſe in this Metropolis than merely to kill Time, as the Phraſe is, and to hurry a Perſon into a Courſe of Vanity and Diſſipation.

There is a Paſſage in Mr. *Pope*, which I have ever peruſed with Admiration, becauſe it ſhews him to have been a Man of the moſt prudent Underſtanding, as well as the moſt finiſhed Poet; two Adjuncts which are ſeldom found to coexiſt.

I ne'er with Wits and Witlings paſs'd my Days,
To ſpread about the Itch of vulgar Praiſe.
Nor, like a Puppy, daggl'd thro' the Town,
To fetch and carry Sing-ſong up and down.
Nor at Rehearſals mouth'd, and ſweat, and cry'd,
With Handkerchief and Orange at my Side.
I aſk'd no Homage from the Race that write,
But kept, like Eaſtern Monarchs, from their Sight;
And, ſick of Fops and Poetry and Prate,
To Bufo *left the whole* Caſtalian *State.*

Perhaps too great a Tincture of Pride runs through theſe Lines, for any one elſe to make Application of them to himſelf. *Pope* had Talents ſuperior to almoſt all Mankind, but if a more humble Writer cannot withdraw himſelf from our preſent Town-ſmarts and Critics, like an Eaſtern Monarch, he may at leaſt accompliſh it, like *Juvenal*'s Friend in his third Satire, who retired from *Rome*, to avoid its Plagues and Inconveniencies.

——*Atque unum civem donare Sibyllæ.*

It is poſſible, my Readers may think theſe Tenets inconſiſtent with the Character of *Ranger*; but, airy and gay as *Ranger* may appear, he is now perfectly averſe to the wild Sallies of his Nameſake in the Play: He would not chuſe to ſtagger home from a Box and Dice in the Morning, nor to get through a Window into an honeſt Gentleman's Houſe at Night; he cannot run after every white Apron he ſees, nor keep Company with a Set of Fellows whom he deſpiſes. And yet there are Diſſipations to which a Reſident in Town is for ever liable; add to theſe, the Danger attendant on a Writer's making himſelf known in too many Quarters of the Town. Prejudices are ever apt to ariſe againſt an Author, who does not take Care to conceal himſelf. The Tranſition is ſo quick from the Performance to the Perſon who produced it, that from the Moment a Man begins to publiſh, he is inliſted into a State of Warfare with almoſt all the Critics and *Malevoli* of the Age.

Some Readers have no Criterion, by which to judge of a Production, except the Rules of Phyſiognomy; and if an Author appears younger than themſelves, they hold it abſolutely impoſſible to receive any Inſtruction from him. It is, by the Way, ſomewhat ſtrange that this experienced Claſs will not allow a Man to be fit to entertain them, until his Imagination begins to flag, his Invention to cloſe, like Flowers at the Setting of the Sun, his Memory to decay, and his Wit, if he have any Share of it, to become ſlow and tardy. This, however, is what is deſired by the Man who would look an Author in the Teeth to know his Age, and from thence make an Eſtimate of his Merit.

Qui redit ad faſtos, & virtutem eſtimat annis.

There is another Set of People who make it their Buſineſs to pry into a Writer's Connections, and thoroughly inform themſelves of his Attachments, his Friendſhips, and his Reſentments. According as theſe coincide with their own Way of Thinking, they blame or approve; even though the Author is abſolutely impartial in his Animadverſions, "There, ſays one, "*Ranger* is right—*O, d—n* the Fellow! was ever "ſuch a Poſition as this?—my dear *Ranger*, that "won't paſs upon us—We know you are prejudiced "in this Affair—and there again;—You praiſe this "Man becauſe you are intimate with him.—Did I not "ſee you walk Arm in Arm with him, the other "Night, at the Coffee-houſe?"

In this Manner is the Perſon judged, who attempts to run the dangerous Career of Wit, as *Boileau* expreſſes it, *du bel Eſprit la Carriere epineuſe*; and upon the Whole, I think it may be laid down as a Maxim, that no periodical Writer ſhould ever reſide in this Metropolis, that he may effectually evade the Cenſures of Prejudice, the Blaſts of Detraction, the Envy of rival Wit, and the ſeveral Avocations of a Town-life. It may be added, that it is abſolutely neceſſary, that an Author ſhould never ſuffer himſelf to be known, on Account of the Antipathy which will ariſe to his Perſon. *Patroclus* conquered for a long Time in the Armour of *Achilles*; but had he let the Secret eſcape abroad, with double his Strength and Valour, he would not been able to atchieve any Thing remarkable againſt the *Trojans*, who would have inſtantly conceived an utter Contempt of the Man, whom they dreaded in a feigned Appearance.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Slaughter's in St. Martin's-lane.

THE repeated Advices from *France* of the noble Struggle made by the Parliament againſt the arbitrary Meaſures of the' Clergy, occaſion inexpreſſible Joy in this little Aſylum of the Refugees. Yeſterday, indeed, an unlucky Diſpute aroſe between Monſieur *d'Onion* and Monſieur *d'Echalotte*, which had like to have been attended with bad Conſequences. The Occaſion of it was as follows: Monſieur *d'Onion*, after peruſing the *Paris à la Main*, for about five and thirty Minutes, broke out into an Exclamation. —"Parblieu! "(ſays he) de Ting go ver vel in *France*, de Parliment "make noble Effort, & ma fois, it is not impoſſeeble, "dat de Huginots may be reſtore—Ventreblieu! if I "zee dat Day, I die vid Pleazure, for I have ſacrifize my Eſtate of many honderd Livre de Rente "for my Relizion——Ventreblieu! it is true." Monſieur *d'Echalotte*, looking upon this Boaſt to be a Reflection upon the other Gentlemen of the Religion, took him up ſhort. "Monſieur *d'Onion*, (anſwered he) "fat Right have you to make the Man of Conſequence "more dan oder Peeple?—Dere are doſe that have de "Zele as eclattante as Monſieur *d'Onion*:—my Fader "too gave up his Eſtate of five honderd Livres a "Year, avec Droit de Chaſſe too, becauſe he would "not be Papiſte, and myſelf, Monſieur *d'Onion*, I "myſelf, if I had a touſand Livres de Rente, I vood "abandone it, rader dan ſubmit to de Whore of *Babylon*, Corblieu! damn it." To this replied Monſieur *d'Onion*, "I would have you know, Monſieur, "dat my Eſtate was full as good as your's, if not better." "Parblieu, (ſays Monſieur *d'Echalotte)* dat "may be, Monſieur *d'Onion*, but not avec de Droit "de Chaſſe." "Sir, (ſays the other) it was more "dan five honderd Livres." "Mais, Monſieur, (interrupted Monſieur *d'Echalotte)* avec Droit de "Chaſſe, tink of dat, avec Droit de Chaſſe." This Matter growing ſerious, Monſieur *Charenton*, who is of a very friendly Diſpoſition, thought proper to interpoſe. "Meſſieurs (ſays he) pourquoi querellez "vous? Why you quarrell? You have bote ſuffer "ver much in the Perſecution, and I too, aldo' I "never talk of it, loſe my *Charge* of two honderd "Livres a Year, but I do not make Merit of dat— "no, no, cela me chappe jamais—for all dat every "Body know it.—Derefore, Meſſieurs, as we are "perſecute all for de zame Cauſe, let us be good "Vriends, je vous en prie." This pathetic Speech had ſo good an Effect upon the two Gentlemen abovementioned, that they immediately embraced each other, and ſpent the Remainder of the Evening, in a very affectionate Manner, at a Game of Cheſs.

ADVERTISEMENT.

LATELY arrived in this Town, *Lewis Groteſque*, Stay-maker, who engages to ſhew more of the female Perſon than has yet been attempted; he alſo makes the Ladies appear ſo large round the Waiſt, that they have all the Pleaſure of appearing big with Child, without the Burden of being ſo.

N. B. He lives at the Sign of the *Naked Venus* in *Pall-mall.*

NUMB. 69. GRAY'ſ-INN, *Saturday, Feb.* 9, 1754.

— — — Nec te tua plurima, Pantheu,
Labentem PIETAS, *nec Apollinis infula texit.*
VIRG.

AS the late Lord *Bolingbroke*'s Works have come abroad into the World with all the Pomp of a ſuperb Edition, and as Part of them, by being addreſſed to Mr. *Pope*, may be thought to coincide with his religious Tenets, I have judged it not improper to lay before my Readers, ſome Particulars relating to this Matter, which I lately met with in a Volume of the ingenious *Racine*. That excellent *French* Author had, it ſeems, given vent to ſome Animadverſions on Mr. *Pope*'s *Eſſay on Man*, and the Conſequence was, that our great Poet, uneaſy at the Reflection, reſolved to aſſert his Syſtem, in a Letter to the *French* Writer, which he incloſed to the celebrated Chevalier *Ramſay*. This Correſpondence will throw a Light on *Pope*'s Way of Thinking in religious Matters, and will evidently ſhew that he was far from embracing *Bolingbroke*'s Principles. As the Sanction of ſo great a Genius would, in all Probability, greatly ſerve the Purpoſes of that Writer, it will in ſome Meaſure defeat his End, and convince Mankind that Mr. *Pope* thought the Imputation of DEISM would blemiſh that fair Fame of which he was enamoured; and it may prove entertaining to the mere *Engliſh* Reader to ſee what a polite Intercourſe was carried on between two Geniuſſes of different Nations, Strangers to each other, and only connected by their Wit and Parts.

A Letter from the Chevalier RAMSAY *to M.* RACINE.

SIR,

I WAS highly pleaſed, and do not doubt but you will be pleaſed alſo, at the Receipt of a Letter which Mr. *Pope* has ſent me to be forwarded to you.

You will perceive by the Contents, that it was not without juſt Grounds, I undertook, in a former Letter, to juſtify the Principles of my illuſtrious Countryman. My Vindication of him might poſſibly be ſuſpected to have its Source in Friendſhip; and therefore loſe greatly of its Strength. But here, Sir, he pleads his own Defence; his Letter will demonſtrate to you his *Zeal for Religion*, and it is to be hoped, will ſilence his Accuſers. You will find it accompanied by a Defence of his Syſtem, written by Mr. *Warburton*, a celebrated Clergyman of the Church of *England.* Mr. *Pope*, by diſtributing this Performance amongſt his Friends, adopts the Doctrine, approves the Sentiments, and thereby gives to the Whole an additional Value.

The Opinion, which you conceived of Mr *Pope*, is on your Side very excuſable. You received the Impreſſion from the Miſrepreſentations of his Enemies, for many Enemies he has. *Urit enim Fulgore ſuo*, &c. His ſuperior Talents have excited a great deal of Envy towards his Perſon, and his Connections with ſeveral eminent Perſonages, all engaged in oppoſite Intereſts, or attached to the Court, have further ſerved to inflame the Minds of Men againſt him. But there are many evincing Proofs of his Probity, and the Incorruptibility of his *Principles.*

I have been informed, that he was in Intimacy with ſeveral ſucceſſive Miniſters, and often with many at the ſame Time. Thus circumſtanced, it would have been eaſy for him to create a large Fortune, had he availed himſelf of the Diſgrace of one Party, in order to recommend himſelf to the other. But he poſſeſſed a Soul ſuperior to ſuch mean Artifices.

My Intelligence adds further, that the Queen, who was an Admirer of his Genius, expreſſed an Inclination to employ him, without requiring any Thing further of him than a diſſembled Conformity to the eſtabliſhed Religion of his Country, promiſing, at the ſame Time, to diſpenſe with the Strictneſs of the Oath uſually adminiſtered upon ſuch Occaſions. But Mr. *Pope* was inacceſſible to Temptation, which may ſerve to prove he was directed by other Principles than thoſe of a *Sceptic* or a *Deiſt.*

I muſt aſſure you, Sir, that I am not induced to this Taſk by ſupererogatory Friendſhip to Mr. *Pope*, nor am I willing to offer him the Incenſe of Adulation. I mean ſolely to ſerve the Cauſe of Truth and Juſtice, and am,

Sir, &c.

Letter from Mr. POPE *to M.* RACINE.

London, September 1, 1742.

SIR,

THE Expectation, in which I have been for ſome Time paſt, of receiving the Preſent you have honoured me with, was the Occaſion of my delaying ſo long to anſwer your Letter. I am at length favoured with your Poem on Religion, and ſhould have received, from the Peruſal of it, a Pleaſure unmixed with Pain, had I not the Mortification to find, that you impute ſeveral *Principles* to me which I *abhor* and *deteſt.* My Uneaſineſs met ſome Alleviation, from a Paſſage in your Preface, where you declare your Inability, from a Want of Knowledge of the *Engliſh* Language, to give your own Judgment on the *Eſſay on Man*; you add, that you do not controvert my Tenets, but the evil Conſequences deducible from them, and the Drift of ſome Paſſages in my Poem, which Perſons of notable Sagacity imagine they have diſcovered. This Declaration is a ſhining Proof of your Candor, your Diſcretion and your Charity. I muſt take Leave to aſſure you, Sir, that your Unacquaintance with the Original has not proved more fatal to me, than the imperfect Conceptions of my Tranſlators, who have not ſufficiently informed themſelves of my real Sentiments. Though the many additional Embelliſhments, which my Piece has received from the elegant Verſion of *M. D. R*——, have done an Honour to the *Eſſay on Man*; yet it has, on the other Hand, ſuffered a greater Injury from his frequent Miſapprehenſion of the *Principles* it inculcates. Theſe

Miſtakes you will perceive are totally refuted in the *Engliſh* Piece, which I have tranſmitted to you. It is a critical and philoſophic Commentary written by the learned Author of the *divine Legation of Moſes.* I flatter myſelf that the Chevalier *Ramſay* will, from his Zeal for Truth, take the Trouble to explain the Contents of it. I ſhall then perſuade myſelf that your Suſpicions will be effaced, and I ſhall have no Appeal from your Candor and Juſtice.

In the mean Time I ſhall not heſitate to declare myſelf very cordially in Regard to ſome Particulars about which you have deſired an Anſwer.

I muſt avow then openly and ſincerely, that my Principles are diametrically *oppoſite* to the Sentiments of *Spinoza* and *Leibnitz*; they are perfectly *coincident* with the Tenets of *M. Paſchal*, and the Archbiſhop of *Cambray*, and I ſhall always eſteem it an Honour to me, to imitate the Moderation, with which the latter ſubmitted his private Opinions to the Deciſions of the Church, of which he profeſſed himſelf to be a Menber. I have the Honour to be,

Sir, &c.

M. RACINE'*s* *Anſwer to Mr.* POPE.

Paris, Oct. 25, 1742.

SIR,

THE Mildneſs and Humility, with which you juſtify yourſelf, is a convincing Proof of your *Religion*; the more ſo, as you have done it to one, on whom it is incumbent to make his own Apology for his raſh Attack upon your Character. Your Manner of pardoning me is the more delicate, as it is done without any Mixture of Reproach; but though you acquit me with ſo much Politeneſs, I ſhall not ſo eaſily forgive myſelf.

Certain it is, a Precipitance of Zeal hurried me away. As I had often heard Poſitions ſaid to be your's, or at leaſt Conſequences reſulting from your Eſſay, cited againſt certain *Truths* (which I now find you reſpect as much as myſelf) I thought, I had a Right to enter the Liſts with you. The Paſſage, in my Preface, was extorted from me by a Degree of Remorſe, which I felt in writing againſt you. This Remorſe, Sir, was awakened in me by the Conſideration, that THE GREATEST MEN ARE ALWAYS THE MOST SUSCEPTIBLE OF THE TRUTHS OF REVELATION. I was really grieved to think that Mr. *Pope* ſhould oppoſe a *Religion*, whoſe Enemies have ever been *contemptible*, and it appeared ſtrange, that in a Work which points out the Road to Happineſs, you ſhould furniſh Arms to thoſe, who are induſtrious to miſguide us in the Reſearch.

Your Letter, at the ſame Time that it does Honour to your Character, muſt bring a Bluſh in my Face, for having entertained unjuſt Suſpicions; but, notwithſtanding this, I think myſelf obliged to make it public; the Injury which I have done you was ſo, the Reparation ſhould be the ſame. I owe this to you; I owe it to myſelf; I owe it to Juſtice.

Whatever may be urged in your Favour in the Commentary you have ſent me, it is now rendered unneceſſary by your own *Declaration*. The Reſpect, which you avow for Religion, is a ſufficient Vindication of your Doctrine; I will add, that for the Future, thoſe among us, who ſhall feel the laudable Ambition of making their Poetry ſubſervient to Religion, ought to take you for their Model, and it ſhould ever be remembered, that the greateſt Poet, in *England*, is one of the humbleſt Sons of the Church. I am,

Sir, &c.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

To CHARLES RANGER, *Eſq*;

SIR,

I Found your Eſſay upon Female Beauty upon a Lady's Toilet, but muſt tell you, I'm not a Pinch of Snuff the better for it. A Fiddleſtick for your being good-humoured for a Complexion; I can't be good-humoured; all my Acquaintance are getting Huſbands before me, and ſo you muſt preſcribe ſome other Method for me, and you'll oblige,

PENELOPE PALEFACE.

I cannot adviſe this Lady better than by bidding her "*Marry for a Complexion*".

To CHARLES RANGER, *Eſq*;

Dear RANGER,

ARE you any Relation to *Ranger* in the Play; He's a dear Man, and I ſhall love you the better for his Sake.—Anſwer me this, you wild Devil, if you have a Mind to be in the good Graces of

CHARLOTTE RAMBLE.

To Miſs RAMBLE.

MADAM,

IF you will pleaſe to refer to my Paper, No. 3. you will find I am related to that Gentleman, and ſo, Madam, as my Couſin ſays, "*My Service to your* "*Monkey*."

CHARLES RANGER.

Covent-garden Theatre.

On *Thurſday* laſt, the Audience here was agreeably ſurpriſed with the Appearance of a new Actreſs, in the Character of *Hermione*, and after the Play, it was unanimouſly agreed, that it was a moſt admirable firſt Attempt. Mrs. *Gregory*, who performed the Part, came on without any of thoſe previous Notices, commonly called *Puffs*, to prejudice the Town in her Favour, tho' it ſoon was manifeſt, that ſhe poſſeſſed the Materials of a great Actreſs. She is happy in a graceful Dignity of Deportment, natural and ſenſible Elocution, and, in ſhort, the Character was ſo well ſuſtained, throughout the Play, that ſhe was allowed the moſt conſpicuous Figure in every Scene, tho' performing with experienced Players; which is certainly ſuch a Degree of Merit, as cannot fail to render her a ſhining Ornament of the Stage.

NUMB. 70. GRAY'*s*-INN, *Saturday*, *Feb.* 16, 1754.

Ætas parentum pejor avis tulit
Nos nequiores, mox daturos
Progeniem vitioſiorem.
HOR.

I Was ſurpriſed the other Day to receive a Letter, which, by the Poſt-mark it bore, appeared to come from the Height of a *Caledonian* Mountain. I could not conceive who ſhould addreſs me from that Part of the World; but upon opening it, I found it ſubſcribed by my Friend the *Second-ſighted Scotchman*, who formerly entertained my Readers with his *News for one Hundred Years hence.* I received his Epiſtle with that Pleaſure, which I always feel in hearing from an honeſt Man, and, as I am in Hopes that the Contents of his Packet will not be found diſagreeable, I ſhall lay the Whole, without any further Preface, before my Readers, taking only the Liberty to ſuppreſs ſuch Parts of his Letter, as ſeem rather a Compliment to myſelf, than in any Way relative to the Public.

Extract of a Letter from a Second-ſighted Scotchman, *dated* December 15, 1753.

THAT we have had a Share, by our joint Endeavours, in obtaining a Repeal of the *Jew-bill*, affords me muckle Content, but notwithſtanding this Succeſs, there is ſtill another Matter that has purturbed my Spirits for ſome Time paſt. I believe, I need not tell one of Mr. *Ranger*'s quick Penetration, that I mean the *Marriage-act*, which, I make no Doubt, was deſigned for very good and laudable Purpoſes, but will moſt certainly, in its Conſequences, prove of the utmoſt Detriment to this Nation, and be the final Ruin of our *Britiſh* Nobility. I already ſee them dwindling by Degrees into an emaciated, puny, ſickly Race; and let me tell you, Mr. *Ranger*, it cannot be otherwiſe, if, for the future, they are only to marry among one another, without any poſſible Means of improving the Breed by a Mixture of wholeſome Fleſh and Blood. To what a wretched State *England* may be reduced, I have lately had an Opportunity of obſerving in ſome Scenes that were really very affecting. As I was ſojourning upon the Height of a *Caledonian* Mountain, the Air was ſuddenly rarified to a greater Degree of Purity than uſual, and ſuch Openings of Futurity were diſcloſed to me, that I am even now ſhocked at the Reflection. As I was formerly taught the Rudiments of Humanity, and inſtructed to indite a Letter, by my Friend Mr. *M'Gregor*, a worthy *Philomath* of *Aberdeen*, I reſolved to loſe no Time, but to ſend the Particulars of my Viſion to my Friend *Ranger*; and this too I have done, as I did upon the former Occaſion, in the Form of a News-paper, which I am ſure will be the Stile of the Times.

News for One Hundred Years hence in the Public Advertiſer.

LONDON.

On *Wedneſday* laſt arrived in Town, being returned from his Travels, the Right Honourable the Earl of *Pentweazle*, of rare Accompliſhments, and very promiſing Genius. He is counted the talleſt Nobleman now in *England*, being in Height very near four Feet and ten Inches, which greatly exceeds the Standard of Nobility at preſent.

Yeſterday came on, at the Sittings in *Lincoln*'s-*inn Hall*, a very remarkable Hearing, in a Cauſe mentioned in our laſt, upon a Petition from *George Beverly*, Eſq; a Minor, who is not to be of Age until his Twenty-fifth Year, complaining, that his Guardians have hindered him from performing a Contract of Marriage with Miſs *Maria Healthy*, a beautiful young Lady of a moderate Fortune. The Council for the Guardians replied, that they have concluded a much more advantageous Match for him, with Miſs *Ricketty Barren*, an Heireſs, upon which this Cauſe, now depending almoſt two Years, was finally determined againſt the Complainant; this being the ſummary Way of proceeding in Caſes of this Nature.

By the laſt Mail from *Ireland*, we have Advice, that as ſoon as his Grace the Duke of *Slenderſhanks*, Lord Lieutenant of that Kingdom, landed on *George*'s Key, the Croud, that was gathered on the Occaſion, all burſt into a loud Fit of Laughter, crying out, "*Arrah*, "*but is that he*."

We can aſſure our Readers, that the Managers of both Play-houſes have reſolved to fit up the Boxes with Stoves, to prevent the Complaint of their being too cold for People of Quality, who have ſuffered great Inconveniencies for Want of this Accommodation of late Years.

Laſt *Tueſday* Night, as the Lords *Scrophulous* and *Spindle* were returning Home from the *Burletta* in a *Vis-a-vis* Sedan-chair, the Chair-men, walking in a violent Hurry, gave ſuch a violent Motion to the Carriage, that the two young Lords were both thrown out of their Seats, and both their Heads were unfortunately knocked together. Very happily their Lordſhips received no great Hurt, and their Nerves being now leſs convulſed after their Fright, they are in a fair Way of Recovery.

On *Sunday* laſt, an excellent Sermon was preached at the Chapel Royal, by Dr. *Rubric*, Chaplain in Ordinary, upon which Occaſion the Sword of State was carried by the Earl of *Jeſſamy*, and Lord *George Fribble*.

About Eleven o'Clock laſt Night, the Counteſs of *Hyſterick* was delivered of a dead Child, to the great Diſappointment of Lord *Hyſterick*, and all his Relations.

This Morning early, the Lady of the Right Honourable Lord Viſcount *Shadow* was delivered, at her Houſe in *Palace-yard*, *Weſtminſter*, of Twins, to the great Amazement of his Lordſhip and all the Family, as her Ladyſhip ſhewed no viſible Tokens of Pregnancy, her Shape being to the laſt remarbably delicate and fine, Whether Providence has ſent Boys or Girls as yet no Conjecture can be made.

Yeſterday at Noon died of the Gout in his Stomach, and a Complication of other Diſorders, his Grace the Duke of *Highblood*, aged nine Months. By this unlucky Event that noble Family is extinct.

We hear that ſeveral Petitions for Divorces, with Leave to marry again, have been lately preſented to the Lords;——*All at the Suit of the Ladies.*

Laſt Week, above fifty Ladies of Quality were found in Bed with their Coachmen, their Butlers, *&c.*

On *Monday* laſt, was reviewed upon *Putney-common*, the Firſt Regiment of Guards, by the Honourable Sir *Robert Lungs*, who, was handſomely mounted upon an eaſy Pad, ſent to him as a Preſent from the *Iſle of Man*, Sir *Robert* was in great Spirits, and wore a white Handkerchief about his Neck.

A Suit is commenced in the *Commons*, by a Perſon of Faſhion, againſt a Gentleman of *Ireland*, for criminal Converſation with his Wife, and we hear that a Law will ſhortly be enacted, to prohibit the Importation of *Iriſhmen* into this Kingdom for the future.

A Duel was fought Yeſterday in *Mary le Bon* Fields, between Sir *Dilberry Diddle* and Lord *Trip*, in which the latter had his Cheek ſo violently ſcratched, that it is now feared he cannot recover.

By Letters from *Portſmouth*, we are informed, that Lord *John Fiddle-faddle* hoiſted his Flag there on *Wedneſday* laſt, but an hard Gale coming on, his Lordſhip was unfortunately blown over-board.

The ſame Advices add, that the Banns were publiſhed twice in the proper Pariſh Church between Capt. *Hardy* and Miſs *Wholeſome*, but ſailing Orders hurrying the Captain away on a Voyage round the World, the Nuptials remain unfiniſhed.

Births and Burials this Week.

Chriſtened	Males	14	Buried	Males	232
	Females	11		Females	229
	In all	25		In all	461

Increaſed in Burials this Week 91.

TRUE

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Batſon's *Coffee-houſe*, *Cornhill*, *Feb.* 16, 1754.

THE Company were entertained, Yeſterday Evening, by a Diſpute between the Doctors Opium and Snakeroot, upon the Queſtion whether Preaching or Playing is of the greateſt Service to a Chriſtian Community. Doctor Snakeroot thought proper to declare that though he had not ſeen the Inſide of a Church any Time theſe fifteen Years paſt, yet, unleſs the Method of exhibiting was different from what it uſed to be, when he was taken to thoſe Places by his Grandmother, he could not poſſibly conceive what could be the Advantage of frequenting them. Doctor Opium, not a little picqued at this Declaration, thought proper on his Part to mention that he knew as little of what paſſed within the Walls of the Church as the other; but out of Reſpect to many reverend Dignitaries, who were his extreme good Patients, he could not help thinking, that thoſe Aſſemblies, under proper Management, might be rendered a tolerable inſtructive Amuſement. “ I grant you, (replied *Snakeroot*) if the Ma-
“ nagers would pay ſome little Deference to the public
“ Taſte; and in theſe Caſes it ought to be conſulted,
“ for it appears to me, that Preaching and Playing had
“ originally a pretty cloſe Affinity. Indeed I know
“ nothing that can give a better Idea of the Simplicity
“ of the antient Drama, which, without any Diſtinc-
“ tion of Scenes was divided into *three Acts*, recited by
“ one Perſon, and each of them cloſed by a *Chorus*;
“ and they were generally preſented upon ſome Feſti-
“ val, inſtituted in Honour of the Deities; and as a
“ further Proof, you know, Sir, (continued he) that
“ in their Churches they ſtill retain the Word *Pulpit*,
“ which the *Greek* Writers made Uſe of to ſignify a
“ Stage.” Doctor Opium was going to reply, when his Diſcourſe was interrupted by the Appearance of Mr. Hartshorn, the Apothecary, who haſtily came up, and for about five Minutes buried his Noſe in the Periwig of the ſaid Doctor. A Conſultation was then

held by the ſaid Doctor Opium, the ſaid Mr. Hartshorn, and the ſaid Doctor Opium's Cane; when they all three withdrew together, and left Doctor Snakeroot in quiet Poſſeſſion of the Argument.

Numb. 71. Gray's-Inn, *Saturday, Feb.* 23, 1754.

In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas
Corpora. — — — — Ovid.

THE Chambers over my Apartment in *Gray's-Inn* having been unoccupied for a conſiderable Time paſt, I was enabled to purſue my Lucubrations with the greater Eaſe and Tranquillity, being free from thoſe ſudden Alarms of Noiſe, which are otherwiſe inevitable in any of the Inns of Court. But my Repoſe has met with an Interruption of ſo pleaſant a Kind, that I have determined to acquaint my Readers with all the Particulars of the Incident.

About ten Days ſince, a Gentleman entered upon the Premiſſes, and ever ſince I have been frequently diſturbed, when at my Studies, by ſuch quick and unexpected Shocks, that it was abſolutely impoſſible for me to purſue the ſame Train of Thought with any Degree of Attention. As I was Yeſterday Morning peruſing Mr. *Hawkins Brown*'s excellent Poem upon the Immortality of the Soul, in which he has artfully combined in their full Force all the Arguments in Support of that important Article of our Belief, ſuddenly I heard a violent Bounce over my Head; the Cieling trembled as if ready to come down, and a Convulſion ſhook the whole Houſe. Deep Contemplation ſometimes unbraces the Nerves to ſuch a Degree, that an unexpected Noiſe ſtartles the whole Frame of the Body, and throws the Spirits out of that placid State, which is requiſite in order to think with Calmneſs and Perſpicuity. This Diſcompoſure I experienced upon ſo many Occaſions, and ſometimes in ſuch quick Succeſſion, that I judged it proper to ſtep up Stairs to the Gentleman, to inform him of the Inconveniencies,

veniencies, which I lay under, and to beg of him to manage his Affairs for the future with leſs Turbulence.

I knocked two or three Times at his Door, but receiving no Anſwer, and hearing him run about with great Violence of Exertion, I made bold to walk in unbid. You go into the Dining-room through a Glaſs-folding-door, which was at this Time ſhut, but the Curtains undrawn. Through the Window, I ſaw the Gentleman pulling off his Cloaths with the utmoſt Vehemence, and in an Inſtant he appeared in the Habit and Air of an old Woman, delivering Doctor *Rock's* Bills upon *Ludgate-hill.* Surpriſed at this Change, I ſtopt ſhort to obſerve the Actions of this extraordinary Perſonage, and very ſhortly I was entertained with another Viciſſitude of Appearance; for, quick as Lightening, he ſhifted Cloaths, and walked about the Room with a Baſket, and with an audible Voice pronounced, "Muf-" fins for Coffee and Tea, Gentlemen and Ladies." This appeared extremely whimſical; he then varied his Dreſs, and with a Silver Pipe cried out *London Evening Poſt:* After which he threw away his Bundle of Papers, fell down upon his Knees, laid his Hand on his Heart, looked up with a great Expreſſion of Joy, and then riſing, indulged himſelf in all the whimſical Vagaries of a Man frantic with Senſations too exquiſite to endure. In this Way he continued for ſome Time, and at length threw himſelf into an Attitude of Surpriſe; after which, he ran wild about the Room, like one almoſt diſtracted with Deſpair, looking up in vain to Heaven for Relief, when to my great Amazement, he unexpectedly muſtered up his Spirits, and with great Alacrity leaped through a ſmall Aperture into the Coal-hole. After abſconding there for a ſhort Space of Time, he came forth with a Sack of Coals upon his Shoulders, which he emptied in the Middle of the Room, calling with ſome Earneſtneſs, "*Below.*" He had no ſooner done this, but he directed his Eyes, ſparkling with Joy, to ſome imaginary Object with which his Fancy ſeemed to be highly pleaſed: He then came forward, and knocked at the Door, where I had taken my Station, which I then took an Opportunity to open, and as I was advancing towards him, he ſeized me by the Shoulder, and twirling me round with all his Strength, ſent me reeling into a Corner of his Room. Upon this, he walked into the outward Apartment, ſlapping the Door after him, and immediately opened a ſmall Caſement Window, which was over the Door of his Bed-chamber. From thence he ſtretched out his Neck, and looking me full in the Face, burſt out into a loud Fit of Laughter; then producing a Squirt, he began to let fly at me in ſuch a Manner, that I was ſoon pretty well watered from Head to Foot. The Exclamations, which I vented upon this Occaſion, rung ſuch a Peal in the Gentleman's Ears, that he was brought to a Recollection of himſelf. He came down very leiſurely from his Poſt, and with a modeſt Air and genteel Addreſs, he politely aſked my Pardon, and told me, he was ſo intent upon his Buſineſs, that he really did not perceive that he was offering Indignities to a Stranger.—

Imagining that I was in the Hands of a Madman, I was willing to acquieſce with his Apology, but to ſatisfy my Curioſity, I took the Liberty to enquire of him, the Nature of his Buſineſs and what might be his Vocation. " Sir, ſaid the Gentleman, won't you pleaſe to be ſeated. " With regard to my Buſineſs, Sir, I am a Pantomime " Poet—a Pantomime Poet!"—" Pray, Sir, what is " a Pantomime Poet?"—To this Queſtion my Friend anſwered with a Smile, " a Writer of Pantomime, Sir. " —It is a Plan which I have determined to apply my- " ſelf to, having Reaſon to think that it is the only Way " of ſucceeding in the preſent Age. I was bred at *Eton* " School, from whence at a proper Time I was re- " moved to the Univerſity; at both which Places I laid " in a ſufficient Store of *Greek* and *Latin*, and always " feeling a particular Turn for the Drama I applied my " Genius principally to Tragedy and Comedy. In each " Species of Writing, I have given the finiſhing Hand " to ſome Pieces, which have received the Approbation " of a few Gentlemen of known Taſte, and perfectly " verſed in critical Matters. Encouraged by their O- " pinion, I came to Town, and after a long tedious Ap- " plication, I find it impoſſible to get any of my Per-

" formances exhibited. Mr. *Garrick* has already, like a " provident General, laid his Plan of Operations, and " Mr. *Rich* is determined to bring no new Pieces, " until we have ſuch a Genius as *Tom Durfey*." *I wiſh Mr.* ——, *ſays he, we had ſuch another Writer now.* " On this Account I have taken a Reſolution to culti- " vate a Species of the Drama, which cannot fail of " being profitable to all Parties, and, being agreeable " to the public Taſte, will be brought on without Dif- " ficulty as ſoon as offered."—

Here I broke in upon the Thread of his Diſcourſe, by aſking if he was determined to become Harlequin himſelf? To this he anſwered me in the Negative; but as it is a Rule in Writing to place yourſelf in the Situation of the Character for which you are to find ſuitable Dialogue, he had judged it not improper to conform to this Precept, and therefore, in order the better to concert the ſudden Eſcapes and Changes of Dreſs, which have ſo pleaſing an Effect in this kind of Poetry, he was practiſing over every ſtriking Attitude, and every unexpected Situation of the Harlequin, that he might be the better able to form an Opinion of the Plot and the ſeveral Incidents of the Marvellous, which he had found it neceſſary to introduce. He proceeded to inform me, that he purpoſed calling his firſt Piece HARLEQUIN TRIUMPHANT, or POETRY IN THE SUDS. In this Performance the whole Race of Authors are to be expoſed to the Deriſion of the Public, and Harlequin is to crack a very great Number of facetious Jokes upon their Shoulders with his wooden Sword. A Poet is to be placed at a Table with a Beef-ſtake laid before him, to his inexpreſſible Joy, when in an Inſtant, by ſome curious Stroke of Art, the ſolid Subſtance is to be changed into a modern Tragedy, and *Calvert*'s *Entire Butt* wafted away from his longing Eyes. The Bard after this is to be ducked in a Well, and then toſſed dry in a Blanket, while Mother *Dulneſs* enjoys the ſprightly Vein of Mirth, happy to ſee her Orders ſo faithfully executed. In ſhort, the unhappy Poets are to undergo every Indignity that human Wit can invent; and in Contraſt to this, Harlequin is to riot in Luxury; the Spring is to pour forth her freſheſt Verdure to charm his Eye, Summer to ripen the various Fruits upon the loaded Boughs, in order to regale his Palate; Autumn muſt adminiſter the circling Glaſs, and Winter expand the frozen Surface of the Waters, for him to ſkate with all his Dignity, in Sight of the aſtoniſhed Audience.

Though this Plan appeared highly romantic to me at firſt Sight, I could not help telling the Gentleman, that I made no doubt but he would find his Account in it. I told him, that the ſureſt Way to riſe in the World, was to gratify the Follies of the People, and therefore commended this Scheme, which I am convinced cannot fail of Succeſs. I juſt then hinted, that if he could contrive to be leſs violent in his Studies, I ſhould take it as a Favour, and after aſſuring him of my ſincere Wiſhes for all the Encouragement his Project deſerves, I took my Leave, and am, at preſent, tolerably quiet in my Study, not having above two or three Alarms in a Day, which muſt be now and then expected from ſo vigorous and warm an Imagination.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Crown Coffee-houſe, Bedford-row, Feb. 23.

IF Mr. *Ranger* would ſometimes favour us with his Company, and make a Hand at Whiſt, we ſhould take it as a particular Favour. Poſſibly he may now and then have an idle Hour on his Hands, and be at a Loſs what to do with himſelf on a rainy Evening; in that Caſe let him repair hither, and we promiſe him he will meet with very high Entertainment in this Academy. Particularly he will receive great Pleaſure from the ſuperannuated Members, who, worn out in the Service of the four Kings of thoſe mighty Empires, Clubs, Spades, Hearts and Diamonds, and now unfit for Action, pleaſe themſelves with relating the *Battles, Sieges*, and *Fortunes they have paſſed*; and frequently draw Tears from their Auditors, when they tell us ſome *diſtreſsful Stroke their Youth hath ſuffered.*

N. B. Mr. *Shortcough* attends as uſual, and, "having a Guinea in his Pocket, which his Wife knows "nothing of," is always generous enough to offer a Bett,—when the Odds are in his Favour.

Sam's *Coffee-houſe, Change-alley.*

A Gentleman mentioning the other Day, at the ſecond Table, that the Author of the *Gray*'s-*Inn Journal* comes to this Academy, a Diſpute aroſe between Mr. *Profound* and Mr. *Prettywit*, concerning the ſaid Author. Mr. *Profound* inſiſted upon it, that Mr. *Vandergut*, the *Dutch* Merchant writes that Paper; but Mr. *Prettywit* aſſured him he was miſtaken, for that to his certain Knowledge, that Gentleman only furniſhed the Articles of Intelligence from *Holland*, but, ſays he, "you may depend "upon it, the real Author is the little old Man with "queer Eyes, who ſits near the Fire-place, and never "ſpeaks to any Body." Not agreeing in this Point they referred it to MAJOR, who anſwered "ay, Gentlemen, "I knows faſt enough; but mum for that."

ADVERTISEMENT.

Lately arrived in this Town an Animal, with a human Head, and an Horſe's Neck; likewiſe a Woman of a beautiful Frame down to her Waiſt, from whence ſhe commences another Creature, and then ends in a Fiſh; both very proper to be exhibited in the next new Pantomime Entertainment.

N. B. To recommend them the more forcibly, they are both expreſly againſt *Horace*'s Preſcription.

NUMB. 72. GRAY'*s*-INN, *Saturday, March* 2, 1754.

Dii, quibus imperium eſt animarum, umbræque ſilentes;
Et Chaos, & Phlegethon, loca nocte ſilentia late,
Sit mihi fas audita loqui: ſit numine veſtro
Pandere res altâ terrâ & caligine merſas. VIRG.

THE Sixth Book of the *Æneid* has always been a Favourite with me, for the noble Sentiments of Morality, and the inimitable Strain of Poetry which run through it. I frequently read it with the moſt tranſporting Pleaſure, and, after finiſhing it, I cannot but look down very much upon the degenerate State of Poetry among the Moderns. For the ſtrong nervous Thought and natural Expreſſion, they have ſubſtituted pretty Conceits, quaint Phraſes, Turns, Strokes, and I know not what, tending to a general Depravity of Taſte among us. Filled with theſe Thoughts, I lately retired to reſt, when *Queen Mab* immediately appeared to me, and from the Mixture of Ideas fluctuating in my Mind, ſhe dreſſed up the following Scene to my Imagination.

I thought ſhe informed me, that the intellectual Regions are divided into Diſtricts ſimilar to thoſe of the Nether-world, ſo admirably deſcribed by the Poet; I then fanſied that ſhe commanded me to ſet out on a Journey through the Head of a modern Writer, which I inſtantly agreed to, and the Goddeſs accordingly took me in her Chariot. In a ſhort Time, we arrived at the Apartment, where the Bard ſat, *ſicklied o'er with the pale Caſt of Thought.* At my firſt Approach towards the intellectual Regions, a terrible Effluvium "proceeding," as *Shakeſpear* has it, "from the Heat-oppreſſed Brain," ſtruck my Senſes; but I was ſoon diverted from that uneaſy Senſation by a Perſonage, who offered to be my Guide. From a conſcious Simper, a careleſs Diſpoſition of his Perſon, and the Tenor of his Diſcourſe, I knew him to be VANITY, and accepted the Compliment. Our Way was through a thick Skull, of which we at once took Poſſeſſion, and plunged into the Abyſs.

At our firſt Entrance, a confuſed Noiſe aſſailed our Ears, and we were inſtantly beſet by a Number of Phantoms placed around the Portal. The God *Somnus* lay ſtretched at full Length, diffuſing around him lethargic Vapours and ſtupid Inſenſibility; a Group of wild *Dreams* and *Reveries* hovered over him, and at a ſmall Diſtance flowed the River of *animal Spirits*, dull, ſlow, and lazy. Numbers were gathered round the Banks begging a Paſſage into this gloomy World, but the *Charon* of the Place, a torpid, decrepid Fellow, known there by the Name of PERCEPTION, gave a few of them a tardy Admittance, and to the greater Part he was entirely deaf. Among thoſe, whom he rejected, I perceived a Train, which I took for the nine *Muſes*, but was informed they never had attempted to paſs that Way, and upon a nearer View I found they were the amiable Band of *moral Virtues*, who were highly deſirous of gaining Admittance, which was refuſed them, with the Addition of as much Inſolence in the Denial, as if they had been ſuing at a great Man's Door. They gave me to underſtand, that it is now become faſhionable to diſcard them every where, at which I could not help expreſſing great Uneaſineſs; and I then advanced towards the Boatman, PERCEPTION, who, with the Help of his Spectacles, at Length deſcried me, and received me into his Care.

The River had a great many Turnings and Windings (for *ductile Dulneſs new Meanders takes*) but, after ſome Trouble, we at length reached the oppoſite Bank. An uncultivated Tract lay before us, dreary, dark and gloomy; no Ray of Light to break through the Miſt; impenetrable Obſcurity involved the Scene, and Vapours rolling over Vapours made every Thing an univerſal Blot. I purſued my Journey with all poſſible Expedition, and arrived at the *Repoſitory of Ideas*, as it is here called, the Key of which was kept by MEMORY. As I ſuppoſed this to be a Store-houſe of univerſal Knowledge, I begged to be favoured with a View of the ſeveral Acquiſitions he had made. I deſired he would produce ſome *occult Qualities*, of which I had no Manner of Notion; and I called for ſeveral of the *metaphyſical Train* too tedious to enumerate; in *Divinity* I remembered ſeveral Things, of which I never could attain a clear Conception, and I have not Arithmetic enough to recount the Multitude of the *Mathematical* Species which I wanted; the Debates, which I have heard in *Weſtminſter-hall*, gave me Occaſion to enquire for many of the legal Band, and I was curious after an infinite Multitude of the *Parnaſſian Tribe*, mentioned in a pompous Stile in ſeveral modern Poets. I longed to ſee an *envenomed Shaft, taking its fatal Aim, wind wafting Prayers on roſy Wings to Heaven*, &c. I begged a Sight of *Colley Cibber*'s old Friend BATTLE ARRAY, and the many other Poetic Beings, which he, and others of his Brethren of the Quill, had created; but all to no Purpoſe.

The next Place we came to was the *Lugentes Campi*, or the mournful Fields, ſacred to *Venus* I met with nothing here but *Cupid's* Darts, conſuming Fires, and all the modern Train of Love's Artillery. As I was ſufficiently acquainted with theſe, from a conſtant and unwearied Peruſal of our modern Tragedies and other poetical Productions, I haſtened to the Seat, where Judgment preſided.

Judgment ſeldom made any Deciſions of his own, but was biaſſed in all his Decrees by ſeveral that ſurrounded him, with ſo much Authority, that I ſuppoſed they were in the Commiſſion. The Chief of theſe was Pride, with a lofty Air and ſupercilious Brow, which called to my Mind the excellent Remark in the Eſſay on Critiſm;

> *Of all the Cauſes which conſpire to blind*
> *Man's erring Judgment, and miſguide the Mind,*
> *What the weak Head with ſtrongeſt Biaſs rules,*
> *Is* Pride, *the never-failing Vice of Fools.* Pope.

Next in Place was Ill-nature, callous and hardened to every gentle Senſation of Humanity, and quite a Stranger to that Delicacy of elegant Minds, which beholds the Merit of another with Pleaſure; but on the Contrary, every Thing ſhining with the ſmalleſt Degree of Luſtre is the Object of his Averſion, and he is never pleaſed but with the Misfortunes of his Neighbours. Prejudice alſo ſeemed to have no ſmall Influence with the Court, and Venality, with itching Palm, frequently gave a new Turn to every Thing, being ready to engage on either Side in Politics, to abuſe a worthy Character in Satire, or exalt a baſe one in dedicatory Panegyric.

From theſe Principles I could eaſy imagine to myſelf what Kind of Opinions were likely to ariſe, and therefore haſtened towards *Elyſium*. In my Way, I perceived a deſolate Tract, which may be called the Region of Tortures. Here I ſaw *Grief*, *Deſpair*, *Envy*, *Revenge*, and all the agonizing Cares, that made this Place worſe, than what the Poets fable of their *Tartarus.* In one Part was to be ſeen *Ambition* falling back, like the Stone of *Siſyphus*; in another Place, *Hunger* was tantalized with the Hopes of a Supper, but the worſt of Fiends, cruel *Want* forbids the Touch. Here ſtood a Pillory, with *Defamation* nailed to it by the Ears, there a Blanket ſtretched out, and a Bard going to be toſſed in it.—— Here a tumultuous Play-houſe at the Damnation of a Virgin Muſe; the ſneering Beaux in the Boxes diſplay their falſe Teeth; the Pit riſes enraged, the Gallery opens its rude Throats, and nothing is to be heard but "throw him over—won't y' ha' ſome Orange-chips "—won't y' ha' ſome Nonpareils—off the Stage, off," till at length the Catcall whizzes, and the poor Poet in the mean Time is ready to expire, and Pangs as bad as Hell torment him.

Had I all the Pens of all the Scribblers of the Age, I ſhould not be able to relate every Occurrence in my Adventures, and I was by this Time admoniſhed by my Guide, that we were arrived at the Seat of Happineſs. Here we found *Invention* happy in a Review of all his airy Beings, that were fluttering round him in a variegated Dreſs, preſſing and crowding upon each other, as if to force a Paſſage into open Day. I ſtood for a Time wondering at this mighty Buſtle, and then enquired what might be the Cauſe of it. To which INVENTION, "that bright Band which you behold ſo "eagerly gathering about the Gates of Life, are the "choſen Few, to whom *Apollo* has appointed a new "Birth into the World, and they are now impatiently "waiting till proper Bodies are prepared for them by "thoſe *poetical Midwives*, commonly called *Bookſellers.* "They were all in the Beginning wafted over by "PERCEPTION, whom you have ſeen, and were "thence conveyed to the Repoſitory of Ideas, in the "Care of MEMORY, till in the various Courſe of "human Contingencies, they are again called forth, "and, by my Skill, arranged in proper Order for "their Appearance among the Sons of Men."

Thus having ſaid, he led me round the whole Extent of *Elyſium*, gave me a complete View of all his intellectual Train, and at length diſmiſſed me through the Ivory Gate to breath the vital Air, to which I was highly pleaſed to find myſelf reſtored, and the Joy occaſioned by this Reflection operated ſo ſtrongly on my Spirits, that I felt myſelf in ſome Agitation, and was inſtantly wakened out of my Dream.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

To CHARLES RANGER, *Eſq*;

SIR,

AS you are occaſionally a Critic on Theatrical Entertainments, be pleaſed in your next Paper to take Notice of a Doubt among ſome Lawyers, *viz.* Whether Mr. *Blake*'s coming on the Stage, in the new Piece of *Harlequin Fortunatus*, with an Hare and a Brace of *Partridges*, and Mr. *Cook*, in one of the Dances at the other Houſe, appearing with a Gun and an Hare, are not liable to be proſecuted as unqualified Perſons by the Game-laws, and whether they are not obnoxious to the Aſſociation for preſerving the Game.

I am, *Sir*,

Youn moſt obedient Servant,

Lincoln's-*Inn*, Feb. 5. * * * * *.

I am not ſufficiently acquainted with the Laws of Pantomime to know, whether its Deſign be to promote *Virtue* or *Vice*, and therefore cannot determine, whether the encouraging the Breach of the Law is juſt, or otherwiſe, in this modern *Species of the Drama*.

By Advices from ſeveral Routs in this Metropolis, we are informed, that the *Beau Monde* has undergone within theſe few Years, a total Revolution, and that Love is entirely baniſhed from every Boſom. The Men no longer mind how a Lady looks, but how ſhe plays; inſtead of obſerving the Delicacy of her Shape, the Turn of her Face, and Elegance of her Features, they only conſider how many Trumps ſhe holds, how how often ſhe makes a Fineſſe, and " can ye one?" The Ladies on their Part, deſpiſe all Conſiderations of Health, Good Humour, and good Senſe in the Men, and their Chat has taken a different Turn. " Lard, I " know that Gentleman,—ſaw him at Mrs. *Quadrille's* " Rout—bet fifty Guineas on a Rubber, *&c.*" Thus *Cupid* is grown mere Lumber, and Cards, it is to be apprehended, will thin the riſing Generation, or produce a haggard, infirm, puny Race, to conſtitute, what is called, *People of Faſhion.* The Advice of an eminent Satyriſt, I think not amiſs on this Occaſion:

If ſin you muſt, take Nature for your Guide,
Love has ſome ſoft Excuſe to ſooth your Pride.
Ye fair Apoſtates from Love's antient Pow'r,
Can nothing raviſh but a golden Show'r?
Can Cards alone your glowing Fancy ſeize?
Muſt Cupid *learn to* punt, *ere he can pleaſe?*

* * *

NUMB. 73. GRAY'*s*-INN, *Saturday, March* 9, 1754.

— — — *Sub judice lis eſt.* HOR.

AS the Trials, at the Court of *Cenſorial Enquiry*, have been more numerous, theſe laſt Seſſions, than happened to be the Caſe heretofore; and as it is Matter of Moment that all the Tranſgreſſions, which are there cognizable, ſhould, as much as poſſible, be obviated, I ſhall devote the entire Papers of this and the enſuing *Saturday* to an Account of the ſeveral Hearings, that have paſſed there this Week.—

The Proceedings of the Court of Cenſorial Enquiry, *on the Commiſſion of* OYER *and* TERMINER, *and general Goal Delivery, held for the Cities of* London *and* Weſtminſter.

About Nine o' Clock the Judges took their Seats, and the Jury, conſiſting of the following Perſons, were ſworn and impanelled.

Thomas Thimble an EMINENT *Haberdaſher of Small-ware.*
John Rhubarb, an EMINENT *Apothecary.*
William Buckram, an EMINENT *Taylor.*
Joſeph Bauble, an EMINENT *Toyman.*
Abel Drugger, an EMINENT *Tobacconiſt.*
John Candlewick, an EMINENT *Tallow-chandler.*
Jeremiah Prim, an EMINENT *Mercer.*
Timothy Buck, an EMINENT *Breeches-maker.*
Joſeph Inſtep, an EMINENT *Shoemaker.*
Robert Frizzle, an EMINENT *Peruke-maker.*
David Elzevir, an EMINENT *Bookſeller.*
Iſaac Birmingham, an EMINENT *Hardware-man.*

Jack Oakſtick was indicted for that he, on *Saturday* Night the 16*th* of *February*, went into the Middle-gallery at *Drury-lane* Play-houſe, and from thence one Apple, Value a Farthing, on the Stage did fling to the great Annoyance of the Actors, and Diſturbance of the Company. The Fact was proved by two undeniable Evidences, who, being interrogated whether they had not the Freedom of the Houſe, ſeverally anſwered, that they had not, and added, that they did not even go in with an Order, and that their only Motive for appearing on the Occaſion was, to bring to condign Puniſhment an Offender againſt the Reſpect and good Manners due to a public Aſſembly. Whereupon the Priſoner, being aſked by the Court what he had to ſay for himſelf, made Anſwer that he was drunk, and, as he hoped to be ſaved, it was nothing but an innocent Frolick. GUILTY; upon which he was ordered to wait upon the Managers of the above-mentioned Theatre to aſk their Pardon for his Miſbehaviour, and he was ſentenced to drink but a Pint of Wine after his Dinner for the future.——

Sir *Peter Jeſſamy* was indicted for ſtanding between the Scenes in ſuch a Manner as to hurt the moſt pathetic Situations of the Drama. GUILTY; but it appearing to the Court, that it was not done with Malice prepenſe, but only with Intent to diſplay his Cloaths to the Ladies, he was diſmiſſed without any other Puniſhment than a ſevere Reprimand, and an Order, that he ſhould not be admitted behind the

Scenes again without giving Security for his good Behaviour, of which Mr. *Varney* and Mr. *Crudge* are to take proper Notice.——

Elizabeth, the Wife of *John Gayleſs*, Eſq; was indicted, for that ſhe, not having the Love of her Huſband before her Eyes, hath, for the Space of three Years paſt, obſtinately, wilfully, and urged on by the Inſtigation of a certain Fury called GAMING, addicted all her Attention to Cards, to the great pecuniary Detriment of her Huſband, and the utter Extinction of all domeſtic Happineſs, *&c.*

The Cauſe was opened by Counſellor *Manly*, who urged in a long Harangue, that it is an abſolute Apoſtacy from all that can be counted elegant in the Fair Sex, to ſpend a Life over a Pack of Cards; that ſuch a Conduct can only ſerve to ſpoil their Complexions, diſturb their Tempers, ſuppreſs the natural Affections, which alone can create conjugal Felicity; that it muſt inevitably put to Flight the *Loves* and *Graces*, which would otherwiſe hover round them, and in their Stead, ſurround them with a Band of *Harpies*, ſuch as *Suſpicion*, *Miſtruſt*, *Vexation*, *Diſappointment*, &c. and that, in ſhort, it muſt at laſt bring on ſuch an Inſenſibility, as to render a Woman capable of venturing a Daughter's Portion upon the turning up of a Die, and oblige her to ſurrender her lovely Perſon, in Caſe of Non-payment, upon an *Habeas Corpus* from the Court of *Venus*.

After this, *Betty Minnikin*, Chambermaid to the Priſoner, was examined, and ſhe depoſed, as how her Miſtreſs never went to Bed till Four or Five in the Morning, and that ſhe had often heard her ſay, ſhe actually thought the King of Clubs a much handſomer Man than her Huſband.

Croſs examined. Pray, Miſtreſs—Remember you're upon your Oath—Have you no Intrigue with your Maſter?——

Betty Minnikin.—I'd have you to know, Sir—that I ſcorn your Words—I've nothing to do with Fellows—though to be ſure (in Tears) he does uſe me barbarouſly,

barouſly, and has taken no Notice ever ſince he had his wicked Will of me.

James Ditto, Mercer, was ſworn and depoſed, that he had ſerved the Lady ever ſince her Marriage, and that he knew no more the Colour of her Money, than of the real Colour of her Face, though he was informed by her Huſband, and he verily believed the ſame to be true, that ſhe had been ſupplied occaſionally with Money to diſcharge all her Bills.

The Defence.

Priſoner's Council proved to the Court, that their Client always preſerved her Virtue, and that no Inſtance of Infidelity to the Marriage-bed could be charged againſt her, even though ſhe had been tempted by Lord *Trumpabout*, who offered to remit a conſiderable gaming Debt, for ſo ſmall a Conſideration as cuckolding her Huſband; and upon this they reſted their Defence.

To this it was replied by the Council for the Proſecution, that it is not enough for a Woman to preſerve her Virtue, if ſhe is inſenſible to Shame in every other Point, agreeably to the *Statute 6th Young*,

Some modern Ladies think one Crime is all;
Can Women then no Way but backwards fall?

Lord *Townley*'s Caſe was alſo cited, by which it appeared a Matter of Indifference, whether a Man be cuckolded by a *black Ace*, or a powdered Beau. Whereupon the Jury, without withdrawing, brought in their Verdict, Guilty, and the Priſoner was ordered into the cloſe Cuſtody of her Huſband, to be by him carried into the Country for twelve Months, there to read the *Spectator*, *Tatler* and *Guardian*, and never ſuffered to reviſit *London* without proper Security for her good Behaviour.

John Cockney was indicted at the Suit of Mrs. *Seeſaw*, for that he, as a Servant to the ſaid Mrs. *Seeſaw*, behaved ill in his Place, by ſeveral Miſdemeanors, ſuch as not anſwering when called, nor ſhutting the Room-door after him, and, when bid, doing it in ſuch a

Manner, as to ſhake the whole Houſe, *&c.* The Fact being proved, the Priſoner was aſked, what he had to ſay in Mitigation of his Offence; to which he replied, "I does not want to live with the Lady—I have often "bid her diſcharge me—She keeps but ſeven Card-"tables—and what can a poor Servant do, if he gets "no more Vails nor that?—It is not the Pay of a "Country Curate—Lord bleſs her, ſhe may get ſome "raw Boy to live with her, but it won't do for me."—Upon this the Jury declared him GUILTY; and the Court directed Mrs. *Seeſaw* to diſcharge him without a Character, giving her, at the ſame Time, an Hint to keep fewer Card-tables for the future.

William Dactyle was indicted, for that he hath frequently been, during the Winter Seaſon, at the *Bedford* Coffee-houſe, and then and there for a Diſh of Coffee did call, or for *red Tea*, or *Capillaire*, as his Fancy directed, and did afterwards ſteal out of the Back-door, without paying for the ſame, to the Prejudice of the Houſe, *&c.*

Charles Price, ſworn.

The Priſoner at the Par was at our Houſe on *Suntay* Evening laſt, ant hur gife hurſelf fery crate Airs, as Cot is hur Shudge, as much as Mrs. *Ap Jones* of *Trinigidie*, or any *Shentleman* in the Place. "Waiter "give a Tiſh of Coffee," ſays he; and ſo hur was helping a Shentleman, and ſo te Priſoner huff hur, as if hur was no petter tan a Tog. Ecot, it mate my Plood poil in me, and ſo I was reſolfed to pe efen with hur; ant ſo I watch hur, when hur was going out, accorting to hur olt Tricks, ant ſo *Ropert* ant I detect hur in te fery Fact.

Q.—Did he make a Practice of this?—

Charles Price. I pelief hur to it ten times ſince *Nofember* laſt.—

John Hazard, ſworn.

I am Marker at the Billiard-table, and I ſerve in the Coffee-room on *Sundays.* *Charles Price* bid me watch the Priſoner, telling me of his Ways, and ſo he went out at the Back-door.

Priſoner's Defence.

I have People to call to my Character.

Quinbus Fleſtrin. I know Mr. *Dactyle* perfectly well; we both lay together upon a Flock-bed in *Fleet-ſtreet*, when we tranſlated *Juvenal*'s Satyrs; he was always in a ſtrong Glow when our Author delaimed againſt Vice, and I did not think him capable of ſuch an Action.—

John Rubric. I am Bookſeller; I employed the Priſoner to write me an Account of lamentable Accidents; I advanced him the whole Money, being Fifteen Shillings and Six pence, and he behaved very honeſtly.

Court. What is his general Character?

Rubric. A very pretty Verſifier—I never heard an ill Thing of him before this.— Guilty 10*d*.

Numb. 74. Gray's-Inn, *Saturday*, *March* 16, 1754.

Ergo exercentur pœnis, veterumque malorum
Supplicia expendunt. — — — —

Virg.

Continuation of the Proceedings at the Court of Cenſorial Enquiry.

JOhn Vainlove, Eſq; was indicted, for that he, not having the Fear of this Court before his Eyes, but falſely, vainly and inconſiderately tricked, deluded and jilted ſeveral of his Majeſty's moſt amiable Subjects, and urged on by the Inſtigation of a moſt extraordinary Self-conceit, hath continued for a long Time in this Practice, to the great Diſappointment of ſeveral young Ladies, &c.

Clerk of the Arraigns.

John Vainlove, hold up your Hand.—How will you be tried?—

Priſoner. By this Court and my Country.

Upon which the *Attorney-general* of the Court opened the Cauſe in a long Speech, ſetting forth, that ſuch

Behaviour argues a depraved Mind, inſenſible to Truth, and wantonly delighting in giving Uneaſineſs to the Fair Sex, by making many of them imagine he had honourable Intentions, when, at the ſame Time, he only meant, in the End, to break off to their Diſappointment and Confuſion.

Miſs Saffron, *ſworn on her Pocket Looking-glaſs.*

I met the Priſoner at the Bar at *Enfield* Aſſembly, where I danced with him till Two in the Morning; he ſqueezed my Hand ſeveral Times, called me his Angel, and "I proteſt, Miſs *Saffron*," ſays he, "you "have the fineſt Neck in the World." I was ſo far miſled by this Speech, that I have ever ſince gone without an Handkerchief; he viſited me next Morning, and gave me ſtrong Reaſons to expect Propoſals for Marriage. But inſtead of that, I have been the *Laughing-ſtock* of all my Acquaintances ever ſince, for ſhewing the Yellowneſs of my Skin, and I never ſaw the Priſoner ſince, till now.

Miſs Threadneedle, *ſworn on a Billedoux.*

I danced with the Priſoner at *Hamſtead* Aſſembly; I was at that Time upon a Treaty of Marriage with my Father's Prentice, which I broke off on his Account; and I have ſince rejected many very eligible Offers, encouraged by the Priſoner's Promiſes, in Conſequence of which I bought me a new Gown at *Carr*, *Ibſon*'s and *Bigg*'s, and now I find I'm not likely to be a bit the better for it.

Widow Liquoriſh, *ſworn on a ſmall Box of Carmine.*

I had not been ſpoke to for ſeveral Years, till I met the Priſoner at a Rout; we played in the ſame Sett, and he paid me ſo many Compliments, and loſt his Money with ſo much good Humour, that I was ſure he was in Love with me. I had five Card-tables at my Lodging ſince, when the Priſoner promiſed to be one of our Party, but I never ſaw him ſince, till I heard he was taken up; I am ſure that is he; I can ſwear to the Man.

Priſoner's Defence.

May it pleaſe this Honourable Court, I am a Beau, and in Order to ſupport that Character, I thought it would not be amiſs to have a few Treaties of Marriage depending, though, at the ſame Time, I proteſt, I have no Attachment to any one breathing except myſelf.

Upon this the Priſoner reſted his Cauſe, and the Jury, without retiring, brought in their *Verdict* a *Male Jilt*, and the Court adjudged, upon the Statute of *Iſaac Bickerſtaff*, that no Lady whatever ſhould admit the Addreſſes of *John Vainlove*, Eſq; unleſs he could produce a Character from the Lady he laſt ſerved, teſtifying, that *he behaved well in her Service.*

Lady *Tittletattle* was indicted, for that ſhe went frequently to one or other of the two Theatres, and there, placing herſelf in a Side-box as near the Stage as poſſible, talked louder than the Actors, even though a *Garrick* or a *Barry*, a *Cibber* or a *Pritchard* were Principal in the Scene. The Priſoner, inſtead of denying the Fact, inſiſted upon her Right to behave in that Manner, alledging it was what ſhe always did at Church, and truly ſhe could never be made to hold her Tongue in her Life. Verdict, Guilty; upon which the Court was going to paſs Sentence that ſhe ſhould loſe her Tongue, but one of the Judges recollecting an Inſtance in *Ovid*, where the remaining Roots and Fibres retain their Activity, *Radix micat ultima linguæ*, objected to the Puniſhment, inſiſting upon it, that it would not cure the Diſeaſe, and though no articulate Accents could be produced, *nec vox nec verba ſequuntur*, yet ſuch Sounds might iſſue, as would ſtill continue to annoy the Company; ſhe was therefore required to give Bail for her good Behaviour for the future, which ſhe found difficult to do, as her Huſband, for Reaſons, beſt known to himſelf, refuſed to be one; at length Mr. *Hoyle* became her Security, he being in Poſſeſſion of the only Charm which can for a while ſtop the female Tongue.

Bob Riot was indicted, for that he, in a full Gallery at *Drury-lane* Play-houſe, cried out Fire. The Fact being inconteſtibly proved, but no one being able poſitively to ſwear to the Man, the ſtrongeſt Evidence amounting to no more than I believe it is he, and I think it is the ſame Voice, he was acquitted.

William Quibble was indicted for picking a Gentleman's Pocket of a Silk Handkerchief, Value three Shillings. The Proſecutor depoſed, that he went into the *Bedford* Coffee-houſe, and ſtood for ſome Time next to the Priſoner at the Bar, and when he wanted his Pocket Handkerchief could not find it.

Croſs examined. Pray, Sir, was you at the Play that Night?

Anſwer. I was.

Q. And did not you paſs through the Mob that is generally gathered in the Piazza?

Anſwer. I did.

Q. Then might you not loſe your Handkerchief there?—What Reaſon have you for charging the Priſoner at the Bar?

Anſwer. Becauſe he made a Pun, and every Body knows that a Man that will pun, will alſo pick a Pocket.

Acquitted of the *Hankerchief*, but detained upon an Indictment for the *Pun*.

Joſeph Indolent was indicted, for that he murdered all his Time every Evening at the *Bedford* Coffee-houſe. It was plainly proved to the Court, that the Priſoner generally took his Seat among the reſt of the *Loungers* at the Middle Fire, and there paſt all his Hours in dozing, yawning, telling long Stories, liſtening to long Stories, enquiring of every one that comes in, have you been at *Drury-lane* to Night?—"Yes"—Great Houſe I ſuppoſe—"very great Houſe"—ay, as uſual, —have you been at *Covent-garden?* "I looked in"— very thin I hear—"about five People in the Boxes, "and half a Pit"—ay, as uſual, &c. Upon which the Jury, without going out of Court, brought in their Verdict, WILFUL MURDER; but the Priſoner ſeeming to have a very ſenſible Feeling of his Condition, the Court, in Hopes he might by this be awakened into Reflection, allowed him *Benefit of Clergy*, which they aſſured him was the only Thing that could redeem him from Deſtruction, and therefore they recommended to him to read four Hours every Day for the future.

William Clumſy was indicted, for that he walked about the Room at the *Bedford* Coffee-houſe, for near Half an Hour every Evening, and trod frequently upon People's Toes to the great Annoyance of Mrs. *Michell's* Cuſtomers. GUILTY; upon which the Court ordered him to Mr. *Hart's* Dancing Academy for grown Perſons, until the ſaid Mr. *Hart* ſhall think proper to truſt him with the Uſe of his Limbs abroad.

John Sceptic was indicted for that he, after reading the poſthumous Works of the late Lord *Bolingbroke*, did embrace the ABSURD DOCTRINE OF SCEPTICISM, and is now an abſolute Unbeliever in the moſt obvious Truths.

Miſs *Sweetlips*, *ſworn*.

I was going through *Taviſtock-ſtreet*—this was about Seven o'Clock at Night—and I met the Priſoner at the Bar, who led me to a Lamp, and after looking me full in the Face, kiſſed me with great Eagerneſs. He then told me that I was a pretty Apparition—upon which I could not help ſaying I was as good Fleſh and Blood as himſelf—he then repeated the Word Apparition, and bruſhed away.

Abraham Buckram.

I made Cloaths for the Priſoner at the Bar, for many Years paſt, and he never diſputed Payment, till I carried in my Bill the other Morning,—being obliged to make up a Sum;—and he told me, they were only imaginary Cloaths, and that I muſt prove the Reality of Matter, of which, he ſaid, he doubted the Exiſtence.

Mary Spinſter.

I am a maiden Lady; I let Lodgings in St. *Martin's-lane*—the Priſoner has had an Apartment in my Houſe for nine Months, and when I aſk him for ſome Money, he ſays he owes for no Lodging, and that all is *Elyſium* round him.

Priſoner's Defence.

I doubt the real Exiſtence of every Thing I meet. As for Inſtance; I have often heard of *Honour*, and *Honeſty*,

Honeſty, and *Patriotiſm*, and *Friendſhip*, and I am ſure there is no ſuch Thing in Reality. I therefore demur to the Juriſdiction of the Court, becauſe I doubt the Reality of it, and of all theſe Appearances about me. Verdict; *guilty of wilful Scepticiſm*; whereupon the Court adjudged the ſaid poſthumous Works of Lord *Bolingbroke* to be forfeited as a *Deodand*, and allowed him *Benefit of Clergy*.

Copia Vera,
CHARLES RANGER.

The Court broke up till next Seſſions.

* * *

NUMB. 75. GRAY'ſ-INN, *Saturday*, *March* 23, 1754.

— — — — *Ut omnis*
Votivâ pateat veluti deſcripta tabellâ
Vita — — — —
HOR.

Tecum habita, & nôris quàm ſit tibi curta ſupellex.
PER.

TO endeavour at ſome Degree of Self-knowledge, was the conſtant Advice of the ethic Writers among the *Greeks* and *Romans*; and this Precept we find inculcated by each of them in Terms that come Home to every Man's Breaſt. Among the Moderns, my Lord *Shaftſbury* has more particularly enforced the Doctrine to the Race of Writers, and has recommended this intuitive Intercourſe to every Author, by deſiring him frequently to enter into a *Soliloquy* with himſelf; by which Means he will probably ſtand informed, whether he can boaſt that intellectual Harmony, which is requiſite for the Formation of a taſteful Mind; whether he is ſufficiently acquainted with the Progreſs of the human Underſtanding, the ſecret Movements of the Heart, the Grace of Character, the Beauty of Virtue, and all thoſe elegant Refinements of Thinking, without which it is impoſſible to reach any Degree of Ex-

Excellence in a Compoſition. We likewiſe find that *Boileau*, the famous *French* Satyriſt, was aware of the Neceſſity of this ſpiritual Retreat (if I may be allowed to call it ſo) and accordingly he has entered into a Review of himſelf in his ninth Satire, which is certainly as pleaſant a Piece of Humour and Raillery, as ever was produced by any Writer antient or modern. The Poet addreſſes himſelf to his own Mind, by ſaying, that he wants to hold a little private Converſation with that internal Agent, whom he had too long encouraged in Whims and Frolics, by an indolent Indulgence; and, now that his Patience is provoked to the utmoſt, he will, once for all, tell him his own.

C'eſt à vous, mon Eſprit, à qui je veux parler;
Vous avez des defauts, que je ne puis celer.
Aſſez & trop long-temps ma lache complaiſance
De vos jeux criminels a nourri l'inſolence.
Mais puiſque vous pouſſez ma patience à bout,
Une fois en ma vie, il faut vous dire tout.

In Conformity to the Injunction of the noble Writer, and in Imitation of the ſenſible and polite Satyriſt, juſt quoted, I have lately divided myſelf into two Perſons, in Order to examine my inward Frame, the Motives of my Actions, the ſecret Spring of my Writings, and to attain a more intimate Knowledge of my ſeveral Foibles, my various Humours, and the whimſical Viciſſitudes of my Paſſions. The Dialogue was carried on with great Warmth on both Sides, as if there was really an inteſtine War within me. As I am willing to diſcloſe myſelf, as well as to diſſect any other Character, that occurs to me in my Rambles, for the more effectual Improvement or Entertainment of my Readers, I ſhall lay the whole *Drama*, before them this Day. The Candid, I am convinced, will pardon all ſuch Errors, as ariſe from the Imbecillity of human Nature, and the Enemies of the Author (if he has any) will abate from their Inveteracy, when they perceive that timorous Self-love cannot prevail upon him to conceal his own Infirmities.

SCENE, *the Author's Study; he ſits down to his Writing-table, rubs his Forehead, bites his Nails, pauſes for ſome Time in Reflection, and then the Dialogue begins.*

Ranger.—Come, my Soul, or whatever you are, that actuate this Machine; you and I have long been wrangling, and I deſire now to have a private Conference with you. Pray, what could put it into your Head to make me turn Writer?

Soul. How can you aſk me ſuch a Queſtion? You know my original Motive was to make as much waſte Paper, as the Reſt of the Scribblers of the Age. The Town began early to take Notice of my Undertaking, and ſo the Amuſement of it, and a Principle of Gratitude induced me to perſevere.

Ranger. Let me tell you, that you are a buſy, pragmatical, intermeddling, fooliſh Kind of a Being, and when once you take a Fancy into your Head, there is no ſuch Thing as reaſoning with you. Did not I repreſent to you that Writing is a State of Warfare upon Earth, and that the moſt candid and unaſſuming Expreſſion will not ſecure a Man from ſecret poiſoned Arrows, while Malice and Envy and Ill-nature are ſuch predominant Vices in Mankind?

Soul. True; but did not I always anſwer you, that the Wiſe and Good will not become Tools to a Party, and that they will never condeſcend to do the dirty Work of Calumny and Detraction? A public Writer, who is attended with a Degree of Succeſs, muſt expect to be attacked by Scribblers, and let me tell you, Mr. *Ranger*, you are an arrant Blockhead, if you ever ſuffer any of them to ruffle your Temper. Take my Advice, and laugh at the Impotence of Malice; and whenever any one attempts to wound you with the Weapons of Falſhood, ſmile at the Dart, which, ſhort of its Aim, falls harmleſs at your Feet, and repeat with me from my favourite *Virgil:*

— — — — *Telumque imbelle ſine Ictu*
Conjecit. — — — —

Ranger. This is all fine Talking! But am not I pointed at in the mean Time? Don't I perceive the contracted Brow, the inflamed Eye, the Look that denounces Vengeance?

Soul. Not ſo faſt in your Career: Pray, Sir, have not you brought all this upon yourſelf? what Buſineſs had you to diſcover the Author? Prejudices will unavoidably ariſe againſt a known Writer. But you muſt go and conſult with a Few of your Friends, before the Work was commenced; and what was the Conſequence? Did they aſſiſt you? They only whiſpered it about, and in a Month's Time, you were known every where. I often told you, you are of too open a Temper. Obſerve how ſome People lock up their Minds in Company; Snug's the Word; not a Syllable from their Lips, and they make Uſe of all they can extract from your communicative Diſpoſition. Look ye, if you would but keep my Secrets a little cloſer, I don't in the leaſt doubt but we ſhould ſucceed much better. Don't be quite ſo precipitate, and let us take Time to plan, to alter, to touch, and retouch, and I'll ſtake my Immortality, that we go on with more Safety and Eaſe. Or, if you muſt take the Opinion of People, aſk it of thoſe only who have both Inclination and Capacity to ſerve you. Learn to diſtinguiſh between Men.

Ranger. I have no ſiniſter Intentions myſelf, and I never ſuſpect any Body elſe of harbouring ill Deſigns. But do you intend to perſevere in this Taſk?

Soul. Moſt certainly, while the Public continues favourable.

Ranger. 'Gad, its pleaſant enough to ſee you aſſume the Air of a Dictator, and take upon you to reform Men and Manners, to correct vitiated Taſte, to offer your Criticiſms on fine Writings, give Rules for Stile, reprobate a Profuſion of Metaphors and flowery Epithets, and ridicule the Foibles of Mankind. I tell you, we are too young for the Taſk; do you feel within you the Emotions of a ſublime Spirit? Have your prevading Eyes ſearched every Subject to the Bottom? Had not you better employ yourſelf in reading the beſt Authors, ancient and modern, than ſpinning out from yourſelf? Has *Apollo* opened to you the Secrets of

Parnaſſus? And then don't I know your Method of Proceeding? Don't you ſometimes defer Things to the laſt Day, and don't you let Inaccuracies eſcape from you, which a little Time would inform you want Correction?

Soul. There I allow you hit me; but the Nature of periodical Writings muſt admit ſome ſlight Inadvertencies. The Diſſipations of Pleaſure, and a thouſand other Avocations muſt inevitably diſconcert a Perſon at Times; and then one is not always in the ſame Humour. But why don't you take Care to correct the Preſs? When you ſhould be attending to that neceſſary Trouble, you are often running about the Town, which is no Excuſe to the Reader. For my Part, I flatter myſelf that the beſt Judges will allow for an youthful Enterprize, and in a more advanced Period, and at more Leiſure, I poſſibly may repay them for their preſent Indulgence.

Ranger. I ſee you will have your own Way. However, I muſt tell you what I hear of you: It is remarked, that you are too fond of mentioning Players. 'Sdeath, if you pretend to any Genius, can't you have more Pleaſure in reading *Shakeſpear*, than in hearing any of them repeat from him?

Soul. Why, you are ſenſible, that my Paper is calculated for a Multiplicity of Readers; ſome like one Thing, ſome another; there is no pleaſing all at once. Beſides, there is a Performer on the Stage, who has, upon many Occaſions, ſurpriſed me with new Lights in Paſſages that were before obſcure, and who has often had an irreſiſtible Power over my Paſſions.

Ranger. Still harping on your favourite *Garrick*— but what Occaſion is there for it? Every Body knows he is an univerſal Genius.

Soul. Would you have me change my Stile, and ſay that there are others equal to him?

Ranger. No, that would be taken for Raillery? they'd think you were laughing at them. But to cut the Matter ſhort, this Itch of Scribbling is a dangerous Thing. You'll never be cured of it, till the Critics effectually damn you, which between you and I—

Soul. Huſh! blabbing again? Hold your Peace, Man.

Ranger. Well! well! I wiſh; for Faith I am heartily tired of the Controverſy; and ſo, ſince we are tied together like Man and Wife, without any Poſſibility of a Divorce, until Death us do part, I think we had better jog on as well as we can, with the Civility of People of Faſhion.

Hereupon the Debate was broke up, and other Thoughts breaking in, theſe two *Shaftſburian* Perſons were both united into one, like two different Liquids in a Glaſs, which by the Infuſion of a ſingle Drop, change their Appearance, and both become one clear and tranſparent Fluid.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Bedford Coffee-houſe, Feb. 23.

THE Board of Criticiſm met here laſt Night, when Mr. *Town* laid before them, the following Lines, which he ſaid were the late Mr. *Pope*'s, and deſired the Sentiments of the Houſe concerning the ſame.

What are the falling Rills, and pendant Shades,
The Morning Bow'rs, and Ev'ning Colonades;
But ſoft Receſſes of th' uneaſy Mind,
To ſigh unheard into the paſſing Wind?

So the ſtruck Deer, in ſome ſequeſter'd Part,
Lies down to die, the Arrow in his Heart;
There hid in Shades, and pining Day by Day,
Inly he bleeds, and melts his Soul away.

The Court of Criticiſm brought in their Verdict, *Ignoramus*; however, it is ſaid they really are Mr. *Pope*'s, and were written on reading a Poem, intitled, A FIT OF THE SPLEEN, in Imitation of *Shakeſpear.*

Batſon's in *Cornhill.*

The Doctors *Ennema*, *Catarrh*, *Anodyne*, *Capivi*, &c. meet here every Evening in the Nature of a Coroner's Inqueſt, to enquire into the Cauſes that occaſion the

Deaths of their Patients. Yeſterday they ſat upon the Body of *John Hypocondriac*, who, from a very robuſt Conſtitution, reduced himſelf to a Skeleton, by taking no other Suſtenance for three Years together, than Febrifuge Draughts; in which emaciated State he dragged on Life till the 30*th* of *January* laſt, when he at length died of the Doctor; Verdict, *Felo de ſe.* After this, the Caſe of an eminent Tobacconiſt, who was lately buried in *Little St. Helen*'s, though the Doctor the Evening before left him in a *fine Way*, came under their Conſideration, when a certain Wag interpoſed, "Damn "it, Gentlemen, why do ye puzzle yourſelves about "the poor Devil's Caſe, when all the World knows "his Caſe is a Coffin?"

ADVERTISEMENT.

The Lovers of Theatrical Entertainments are deſired to take Notice, that the Benefit of Mr. *Croſs*, Prompter, is fixed for this Day Month at *Drury-lane*, when they will have an Opportunity of rewarding a Perſon, who, though unſeen, bears a very conſiderable Share in the Trouble of rendering the Buſineſs of the Stage ſo regular as it now is; and therefore 'tis hoped the Public will *know their Cue to go* on the above Night, *without a Prompter.*

NUMB. 76. GRAY'ſ-INN, *Saturday*, *March* 30, 1754.

Illum non populi faſces, non purpura regum
Flexit, & infidos agitans diſcordia fratres;
Aut conjurato deſcendens Dacus ab Iſtro:
Non res Romanæ, perituraque regna: neque ille
Aut doluit miſerans inopem, aut invidit habenti.
VIRG.

THE Stoic Philoſophy was by many of the Antients eſteemed the Height of human Wiſdom, the ſure Road to Happineſs, and the laſt Finiſhing and Apotheoſis of an exalted Character. Its Excellence conſiſted, not in the due Government of the Paſſions, but in extirpating them totally from the human Heart; by which Means the Seat of feeling, and Source of every exquiſite Pleaſure, as well as tender Pain, was rendered quite callous and inſenſible, and ſuffered to move only with the Flux and Reflux of the Blood, without being agitated with any Kind of Senſation whatever. Our excellent Poet has given us a very picturesque Deſcription of this notable Syſtem of Philoſophy:

In lazy Apathy let Stoics boaſt
Their Virtue fix'd; 'tis fix'd as in a Froſt,
Contracted, all retiring to the Breaſt;
But Strength of Mind is Exercise, not Reſt.

How an abſolute Repugnance to the Laws of Nature, and the Want of thoſe Feelings, which are the beſt Ingredients in our Compoſition, can in any Way conſtitute an exalted Character I am at a loſs to determine. *Vita ſecundum Naturam*, a Life conformable to the Laws of Nature, is *Tully*'s Definition of a moral, as well as an happy State. Certain it is, all Elegance of Mind, and Reliſh for Virtue, muſt ariſe from thoſe Senſations, which Nature has implanted in us, as Excitements to Action, and Inlets for due Degrees of Pleaſure and Pain. Without theſe, our moſt refined Gratifications muſt ſuffer a conſiderable Abatement; the pleaſing Anxieties of virtuous Friendſhip, the grateful Solicitude of Love, the melancholly Luxury of tender Compaſſion, and the Delights which we derive from a well-wrought Scene of Diſtreſs in an affecting Tragedy, muſt all loſe their Influence, and the Mind ſink into a dull State of Inſenſibility. For my Part, I have always had a ſovereign Contempt for the unfeeling, pedantic Wiſdom of thoſe unnatural Followers of a brutal Philoſophy; nor could I ever admire their ridiculous Oſtentation of a towering Superiority of Soul. That this is alſo the Senſe of the greater Part of Mankind, is very viſible from that ſoporific Awe, with which they behold Perſonages of this Caſt, when interwoven into the Drama; while Characters of a mixed Nature,

in

in whom the Paſſions are in a beautiful Struggle between Virtue and Vice, are always ſure to ſeize the Affections of an Audience, and intereſt every Heart in the Fortunes of the Hero thus repreſented.

Virgil has tranſmitted to us a Picture of the Completion of that Happineſs, which was the exalted Boaſt of the Stoics: In the Words of my Motto, he tells us, that the Perſon, whom he deſcribes in the Poſſeſſion of true Felicity, is never touched with popular Eſteem, or the dazling Splendor of the regal State; that Difference between Brothers, Conſpiracies againſt his Country, or the Decline of the Conſtitution, never diſturb his Breaſt; nor is he ever made uneaſy by Compaſſion for the Indigent, or Envy towards the Great. This is a Character totally different from the amiable Sketch, by his Brother Poet, of the Man who conſiders the Relations in which he ſtands to Society, and feels for all Mankind. The negative Enjoyments above deſcribed can reſult from nothing but an abſolute Indifference to our Fellow-creatures, and is ſo far from being commendable, that, in my Opinion, it is equalled by every Debauchee in Town. I was lately in Company with one of this Claſs, who appeared to me to be a very great Proficient in the Stoic Philoſophy, and to have carried into his Practice, every Branch of the foregoing Syſtem, and as a further Inſtance of the Excellence of the Stoic School, I ſhall here preſent my Readers with a Character of a modern Stoic Philoſopher.

Jack Wildair is poſſeſſed of a Fortune, which might enable him to live with Splendor, or to proſecute any Enterprize in the Service of his Country; he has alſo the Advantages of Birth, to render him reputable in the Eye of the World; but, like a true Philoſopher, he never placed any Value upon theſe happy Circumſtances. With a noble Contempt for Riches, he ſquanders away his Subſtance in a Manner which ſhews him to be above the mean Ambition of popular Applauſe; and, inſtead of being arrogantly elated with the Thoughts of his high Birth, he has been known to aſſociate with the Loweſt of Mankind, ſo ſuperior is he to thoſe little Senſations of Pride which might be apt to play about the Heart of a Man of worldly Vanity. Contented in his own Mind, he never condeſcended to court the Favour of his Countrymen at an Election for Member of Parliament. The *Populi Faſces* have never had any Attraction for *Jack Wildair*, and ſo little is he touched with the Splendor of Majeſty, that he does not care for any King in *Europe*. While all our Politicians have made the two *Brothers* the conſtant Object of their Attention, he is little ſolicitous whether there be a Difference between them or not. The Fortifications of *Dunkirk*, the Depredations of the *Spaniards* in the *Weſt-indies* upon our Merchantmen, the Election of the King of the *Romans*, the Equipment of *French* Fleets, and all the other Points of Moment, which engroſs the Thoughts of our preſent Race of Patriots, never once diſcompoſed the Serenity of his Mind Liberty and Property are to him unideal Sounds, and if *Magna Charta* were burned by the common Hangman, it would not occaſion the leaſt Gloom in our Hero's Soul. He can alſo behold the Diſtreſſes of the Indigent, the corroding Anxieties of Poverty, moſt Stoic-like, without a ſingle Sigh. *Nec doluit miſerans inopem*; and ſo far from being envious of another's Superiority in Life, while he is eaſy himſelf, he never was yet known to compare his own Situation with any Man above him, though he has now and then condeſcended to caſt a Look beneath him, with no ſmall Degree of Satisfaction.

Nor does the Firmneſs of *Wildair*'s Mind reſt here. He can viſit all the Brothels in this Metropolis, without feeling the leaſt Degree of Uneaſineſs. He can behold, undiſturbed by any of thoſe tender Touches, which might agitate weaker Breaſts, an elegant Form, and the moſt beautiful Set of Features falling a Prey to *Infamy*, *Diſeaſes*, and *Proſtitution*; and as the antient Worthies thought it a noble Atchievement totally to forget the Man, in order to raiſe their philoſophic Fame to an higher Degree of Eminence, ſo our modern Stoic can ſuppreſs the natural Affections, and in the Rake he can alſo forget the Man. *Jack Wildair* is a very *Roman* in that Point; he is an excellent Practitioner of *Horace*'s golden Rule, to admire nothing; and, if confined to the Bed of Sickneſs, to repair the Waſte made by Folly and Intemperance, he is ſure to ſpend his Time in a Series of moral Reflections. He wiſely obſerves, that all Pleaſure is fugitive; that the Reverſion of Pain falls to every Man's Lot; and that the Condition of human Life is frail and uncertain. When his Health returns, he indulges in all the Sallies of his wild Imagination, to ſhew, that, like *Ariſtippus*, he can adapt himſelf to every Situation. In ſhort, *Jack Wildair* has upon all Occaſions a true philoſophical Turn; and indeed in all Occurrences of Life every Thing is ſure to ſuggeſt to him thoſe Reflections, which are moſt conducive to ſecure his own Happineſs, to prevent the ruffled State ariſing from conflicting Paſſions, to preſerve the even Tenor of his Thoughts, to reconcile him to himſelf, and enable him to poſſeſs his Soul in Eaſe, Tranquillity, and Chearfulneſs.

This Character of a modern Town Philoſopher contains, in my Opinion, all the Branches of the much boaſted Stoic Syſtem, and all the leading Principles of Happineſs, which it inculcates, are carried by our modern Academic to a much greater Height of Wiſdom and Felicity, than they ever were by the moſt rigid Follower of the Stoic Academy, in ſo much as the modern Hero grafts his Happineſs on the Paſſions, which he plays againſt one another, and in that Senſe may be ſaid to live *ſecundum Naturam*; whereas the antient Stoic endeavoured to ſubvert the very Elements of our Being, and among that Sect, he was the moſt exalted Worthy, who was the moſt diveſted of Humanity.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Bedford Coffee-houſe, March 30.

SINCE the Profeſſion of *Buckiſm* is grown into ſuch Repute, a Bard, who boaſts himſelf a Deſcendant of the ſame facetious *Wagſtaffe*, that in the *Tatler* opened a new Vein of Poetry, by his admirable Verſes *on a Shower in Town*, and a *Deſcriptiin of a City Morning*,

Morning, has attempted an Ode in Honour of every honeſt Fellow, who bears a laudable Attachment to the ſaid Profeſſion. The Piece, which I now preſent, is an Imitation of that celebrated *Ode of Horace*, which begins with *Integer vitæ*, &c. and is the twenty-ſecond of his firſt Book.

I.

A BUCK ſecure the Streets may paſs,
Nor fear the burniſh'd Front of Braſs,
At *George*'s often ſeen;
He, though with Oaths equipt from *Tom*'s,
And bluſt'ring Airs DARE DEVIL comes,
Shall aſk no ſhelt'ring Screen.

II.

Me once at *Jonathan*'s a *Jew*
Approach'd in Ire, but ſtraight withdrew,
And grinn'd with ghaſtly Grace;
No tawny Surface of a Phiz,
No Horrors, or a Brow like his,
Are found in all *Duke*'s-*place.*

III.

Place him where *Fleet-ditch* Torrent rolls,
Amidſt a Crew of captive Souls,
No Ills can there approach him;
Inſidious Catchpoles, baſe and ſly,
At Diſtance wait with cautious Eye,
And fear to ſeize and coach him.

IV.

Or where, with buſy, curious Hum,
Wits and grim-viſag'd Critics come,
To blaſt a Stripling's Bays;
The *Bedford* he nor fears to trace,
But walks the Room with meaſured Pace,
Nor Cenſure fears, nor Praiſe.

V.

When in full Houſe, with dreadful Ire,
Pit, Box and Gallery conſpire

To doom the Poet's Fate;
Amidſt the Storm he ſits ſerene,
Pleas'd to behold his *Paphian* Queen,
Sweetly ſmile, ſweetly prate.

* * *

NUMB. 77. GRAY'ſ-INN, *Saturday, April* 6, 1754.

— — —*Migravit ab* AURE *voluptas*
Omnis ad incertos OCULOS, *&* *gaudia vana.*
HOR.

THE Pantomime Poet, from whom I ſome Time ago felt a little Interruption in my Studies, has remained in the Chambers over my Head ever ſince; but, the Fervour of his Enthuſiaſm being a good deal abated, he has proved a very peaceable and quiet Neighbour. For tho' he cannot entirely refrain from his peripatetic Lucubrations, he is, however, careful to conduct them with a Degree of Temperance, and he now proves a Companion of very ſingular and entertaining Oddities. The other Morning he paid me a Viſit, and was contented in the Beginning to converſe with me upon common and ordinary Topics, upon which he diſcourſed with ſufficient Sedateneſs. At length he took Occaſion to introduce the Subject which was the Cauſe of his Viſit, and I obſerved, that the Moment he touched upon his favourite Scheme of Thinking, he betrayed ſeveral whimſical Geſtures, and an extraordinary Manner of Addreſs. " Sir, ſays he, " I have taken the Liberty to intrude upon you this " Morning, in Order to conſult you in Relation to a " Work, which I have had in Hand for ſome Time " paſt, and which I think cannot fail to be of public " Utility, as it is one of the *Deſiderata* in Literature, " and a Species of Criticiſm likely to be productive of " ſingular Advantages to the learned World. The " Thing I mean, Sir, is THE ART OF PANTOMIME, " which I propoſe to publiſh by Subſcription, not " doubting but I ſhall meet with ſuitable Encourage-

“ ment to proſecute ſo arduous a Taſk, and if Mr.
“ *Ranger* will be kind enough to favour me with his
“ Recommendation, I ſhall for the future eſteem him,
“ as a generous Promoter of the polite Arts.”

In Order to be able to comply with my Friend's Requeſt, and to ſerve him as effectually as my ſmall Abilities will permit me, I deſired him to explain to me at large the Plan of his Undertaking, and the whole Method, which he had chalked out to himſelf for ſo noble a Work. Upon which I was informed, that he intends to execute his Deſign, in Imitation of *Ariſtotle*'s *Art of Poetry*, divided him into as many Sections, and, as near as the Nature of the Subject will admit, compriſed under the ſame Heads. His firſt Chapter is to ſet out with an Account of the imitative Arts, in which Pantomime will be proved to be ſuperior to all the reſt, having the greateſt Variety of Geſticulation, and the moſt expreſſive Significance in all its Attitudes and Actions. In the next Section, it will appear what Sort of Perſons and Things are proper for Imitation, and that the Pantomime Poet muſt either attach himſelf to the Repreſentation of Perſonages above the ordinary Race of human Nature, ſuch as Magicians, Enchanters, Genii, Gods, Imps, and Monſters, Devils, Furies, *&c.* or to the Exhibition of Characters to be met with in the ordinary Occurrences of Life, ſuch as we find introduced in *Harlequin Ranger.* Then follows a Diſſertation upon the proper Manner of imitating, and an Enquiry into the Origin of Pantomime, tracing it from the Time of *Horace*, down to the glorious Time of Mahomet *Caratha.*

After this, our Author proceeds to examine into the Nature of *Farces*, and ſhews how they differ from the *Pantomime.* He then enters more minutely into the Laws of *Pantomime*, and gives an Account of its ſeveral Parts. Among theſe the Fable is firſt conſidered, and it is allowed, it may be either ſimple or implex. He does not totally reject the former, but inſiſts principally upon the Beauties of the complicated Plot, ſuch as *Harlequin Sorcerer*, or the Loves of *Pluto* and *Proſerpine*; *Harlequin Fortunatus* being of the ſimple Kind, conſiſting of one Action only, impeded or accelerated by ſeveral Incidents, all tending in a direct Line to the Completion of the Whole.

The refined Beauties of the Art offer themſelves next, and our Author exhauſts all his Erudition, all his Rhetoric, and all his whole Stock of Criticiſm, to point out the Advantages ariſing to a Piece from a well conducted *Peripetia*, which he defines in theſe Words. "The pantomimical *Peripetia* conſiſts in ſudden "Changes of Fortune, ariſing from a Concatenation "of Incidents highly improbable in their Nature." Then the *Agnitio* is diſplayed at large, and proved to be the livelieſt Beauty in this Species of the Drama, it being a ſudden Recollection in the Perſonages of the Piece, when, after a long Abſence, they recognize, and know each other again. As when *Harlequin* finds Acceſs to his *Columbine* in a diſguiſed Appearance, ſhe by ſome Token, diſcovers her Lover, and is happy in his Embrace.

After having enforced theſe ſtriking Particulars, he delivers Rules for the Excitement of Terror, Pity and the Marvellous. The two former he mentions but ſlightly, not thinking them eſſential in theſe Compoſitions, but in the Marvellous, he obſerves, conſiſts the utmoſt Effort of human Genius, and then enumerates the various Means by which it is excited, ſuch as flying Mercuries, Rope-dancers, Kicking Straws, Children playing on the Flute, Storms of Rain, Thunder and Lightening, *&c.*

The next Diviſion of the Work, relates to the Manners of each Perſonage of the Drama, in which he recommends a ſerious Attention to Character, in Order the more forcibly to unfold Men and Manners, and the Cuſtoms, the Intrigues, the Flights and Deſcents of the Gods, with the whole Hiſtory of the Heathen Mythology. In this Part of the Work he expatiates at large upon the Uſe of Machinery, and I make no Doubt, will greatly excel the celebrated *Boſſu* in this Part of the Performance. Having the Intereſt of the Theatre greatly at Heart, our Author proves, that no Play-houſe can long ſubſiſt without a good Set of Carpenters,

penters, an expeditious Band of Scene-drawers, excellent Candle-ſnuffers, Fire-eaters, Trap-door Men, Oſtriches, Monkeys, Serpents, and the whole animal World, beſides a Race of Beings never ſeen upon the Face of the Earth.

The Sentiment comes into Conſideration in the following Chapter. The ſeveral Modes of the Mind are explained in an ample Manner, and Directions given to the Performer to render himſelf perfectly acquainted with the Operations of all the Paſſions on the whole Frame of the Body, and it is laid down as a Rule that he muſt be careful to mark the different Actions of Begging, Commanding, Threatening, Interrogating, Anſwering, that he may be able to impreſs a lively Idea of each upon the Minds of his Spectators.

The Sentiment being eſtabliſhed, the Diction claims our next Regard. Under this Head the ſeveral pretty Pieces of Poetry introduced into *Pantomimes* are criticiſed, and proper Rules preſcribed for writing theſe Kind of Nonſenſe—Verſes. To the whole Work is annexed a particular Examen of *Harlequin Fortunatus*, in Order to give a Specimen of the great Utility and Truth of the foregoing Rules. I ſhall therefore conclude this Paper with an Abſtract from this Part of the Work.

There cannot, ſays my Author, be found in any Pantomime Writer a better imagined Opening for the Drama, than the firſt Incident in this Piece. The Scene diſcovers a large Wood, in which the poor, forlorn Harlequin is wandering, in a violent Storm of Rain, Thunder and Lightening. In a Fit of Deſperation he throws himſelf on the Ground, and to heighten our Compaſſion, poor Madam *Fortune* is introduced bemoaning her Condition in a very pathetic Strain of Poetry. The amiable Character of *Fortunatus* is ſeen in his Readineſs to aſſiſt the Diſtreſſed, and the Sequel conveys a fine Moral, *viz.* that Riches, Riot and Debauchery are the moſt deſirable Things in this World, as the Piece ends with Harlequin's being in the full Enjoyment of all his Wiſhes. The Farmer's Yard affords a pleaſing Image of rural Happineſs,

neſs, and the beautiful Incident of the Dog's biting the Clown conveys this Hint, that a Dog's obeyed in Office, and it ſerves further to enforce the Neceſſity of an Act of Parliament to leſſen the Number of Dogs which over-run the Kingdom, to the great Annoyance of his Majeſty's loyal Subjects. The frequent Remembrances between *Columbine* and her *Harlequin* make upon all Occaſions an admirable *Agnitio*, and the ſudden Changes of their Fortunes form a very beautiful *Peripetia*. Harlequin's Eſcape into the Oven, his running up the Chimney, and his Leap over the Gateway, when his Enemies are in cloſe Purſuit of him, are all Touches of the higheſt Elevation and Genius, and upon the Whole, we may ſay with Mr. *Dennis*, that this Piece is admirable for its fine Moralities, its Univerſality and its Integrity.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Theatre-royal Covent-garden, April 6.

ON *Monday* Evening laſt, the Tragedy of *Othello* was performed here for the Benefit of Mr. *Ryan*; *Othello* by Mr. *Barry*, and *Iago* by Mr. *Ryan*. After the Play, Mr. *Foote*, who came from *Bath* on Purpoſe, performed his laſt new Farce, called the *Knights*, which he introduced with the following occaſional Prologue, written by Mr. *Ranger*.

PROLOGUE.

WHILST one brave Vet'ran † quits the Tragic Lore,
And Dear *Jack Falſtaff* charms the Age no more;
His firm *Achates*, to the Drama's Laws
Attentive ſtill, ſerves in the good old Cauſe.
Bleſs'd in the Greenneſs of a chearful Age,
But ſomewhat ſtiff—* *with Buckram of the Stage.*

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† *Mr.* Quin, *who has retreated from the Stage, to enjoy* otium cum dignitate *at* Bath.

* Vide *the Prologue to the new Tragedy of* Virginia.

Urg'd by your Candor to my ſhort Eſſay,
A Whim he takes to add it to his Play.
A Viſit pays me;—Compliments enſu'd;——
" Welcome from *Bath*—I hope I don't intrude—
" You look extremely healthy in the Face—
" And my old Friend—you left him in good Caſe".
Then, with a Smile and Looks of ſoft Condition,
Comes to the Point—" I've, Sir, a ſmall Petition."
Proud of the Word, erect I ſit in State;
" Petitions numberleſs are ſent of late."—
Your Farce—I mean your laſt new Comedy—
" I'm ever bad at Phraſeology——
" Exactly pleas'd the Palate of each Wit——
" I'd take it kind, Sir, at my Benefit."
For former Freedoms willing to atone,
" I'll play once more, Sir—and for you alone."
Pleas'd he retir'd—and pleas'd I now appear,
To ſerve known Worth a chearful Voluntier.
If feigning well be our conſummate Art,
How great his Praiſe, who, in the Villain's Part,
Has UTTER'D Thoughts — ſo foreign from his Heart?
Oft in this Houſe your ſympathetic Sires
Wept at his Woes, and kindled at his Fires.
Over their Offspring ſtill he boaſts his Sway;—
Witneſs that Circle of the Fair and Gay,
Who gild with gen'rous Beams his Ev'ning Hour,
And pleas'd adorn the Sunſet of his Pow'r.

Numb. 78. Gray's-Inn, *Saturday*, *April* 13, 1754.

— — *Inter ſylvas Academi quærere* Verum.
Hor.

I HAD the Honour, in one of my former Papers, of introducing my Readers into that celebrated Academy of Arts and Sciences, The Robin Hood Society, which continues in as flouriſhing a Condition as ever. Laſt *Monday* I was ſo happy as to attend the Debates of this learned Body, and with Pleaſure I reflected, that the Seat of Inveſtigation, Knowledge and Senſe is now likely to be fixed in BUTCHER-ROW. In Imitation of *Spratt*'s Hiſtory of the Royal Society, I have ſome Thoughts of collecting together the Annals of this reſpectable Aſſembly, the Members of which have nothing ſo much at Heart, as the Diſcovery of Truth, inſomuch that it is common to hear a bare-footed Shoemaker ſettle a Point in Philoſophy; a Taylor in Rags prove, that a *Remnant of all ſhall be ſaved*; an Attorney bring his Writ of Error againſt Revelation; a *Philomath* from *Aberdeen* confute the eſtabliſhed Religion, and an inſolvent Tradeſman, chiefly ſolicitous about the national Debt. In ſhort, ſuch a Spirit of Free Enquiry reigns in this Seminary, that you may ſee Journeymen-barbers, Hackney-clerks, Porters, Chair-men, Hackney-coachmen, *&c. &c. &c.* all actuated with a noble Enthuſiaſm, and by Turns pleading for Rewards and Puniſhments, the Exiſtence or Non-exiſtence of a Deity, the moral Fitneſs of Things, the eternal Rule of Right, and in Half an Hour they are *Shaftſburians*, *Mandevillians*, *Muggletonians*, *Theiſts*, *Atheiſts*, &c. During the Courſe of their Reſearches the Students are frequently obſerved to make ſuch vigorous Application to certain Pewter Pots lying before them, and to draw from thence ſuch copious Draughts, that it is by many imagined the Academy has found out, that the Ancients were miſtaken, when they ſuppoſed TRUTH to be in the Bottom of a Well; this coy and retired Goddeſs, in the Opinion of the *Robin Hood* Society, being to be found at preſent in the Bottom of a *Pot of Porter*. Be that as it may, certain it is, the noble Syſtem of Free-thinking is here diſplayed in its genuine Luſtre, as, I fancy, will appear from the following Debate, with which I ſhall fill up the Remainder of this Day's Paper.

Robin Hood Society, *April* 8, 1754.

At Six o'Clock this Evening the Members began to aſſemble, and ſpent their Time in various Modes of Contemplation; ſuch as ſleeping, dozing, ſnoring, whiſtling, drinking, yawning, *&c.* until Seven, when the Preſident made his public Entry, through a Lane of bowing Coblers, Barbers, *&c.* Having taken Poſſeſſion of his Chair, he began *ex Cathedrâ* with a clear and audible Voice—" Silence, Gentlemen—Pray, Gen-" tlemen, be ſilent—Gentlemen, here are two Queſtions " to be read to you for your Approbation, before they " can be inſerted in our Book of *Free-enquiry.*"

Whether Engliſh Quartern Loaves are not better than French Bread? Signed, *Antigallicus.*

" You that are for its being a Queſtion, hold up your " Hands—*(Hands up)*—You that are againſt it, hold " up your's. *(Hands up.)* The Majority is for it. The " other Queſtion is,

Whether Religion is conſiſtent with the Genius of a trading Nation? Signed, *Lovegold.*

" You that are for it, hold up your Hands *(all up)* it " muſt be a Queſtion."

Firſt Member. 'Sdeath, Sir, what do you throw down the *Porter* for?

Second Member. A mere Accident.—

Firſt Member. An Accident!—Pox take it,—I have it all in my Shoes.

Preſident. Pray, Gentlemen, be ſilent—pray, Gentlemen, don't laugh—are all the Gentlemen ſerved with *Porter?*—Gentlemen, the firſt Queſtion is, *Whether* Italian *Operas are a rational Entertainment for an* Engliſh *Audience?* Signed, *Manly.*

Is Mr. *Manly* here?—If he is, I wiſh he would anſwer—

Manly. Sir, the Queſtion is mine, and my Reaſon for propoſing it is, becauſe, I think, we have Compoſers of our own, who deſerve the Encouragement of the Public.

Preſident. Do you chuſe to ſpeak, Sir?—You, Sir?—You?—Does any Gentleman on this Row chuſe to ſpeak?—Do you, Sir?—

William Croſslegs (a Taylor without Buttons to his Coat.) Mr. *Preſident*, I is for demoliſhing Operas, becauſe I be againſt all modern Harmony; I believes in a *pre-eſtabliſhed Harmony,* and alſo that there was *Præ-adimites*, and as I heard the Gentleman who preached the laſt Time at the Tabernacle in *Moorfields.*—

Preſident. Time, Sir.—Do you chuſe to ſpeak, Sir?—

Monſieur *D'Onion,* (a *French* Refugee.) I am incline to think, Mr. *Preſident,* dat de Opera is not at all fit for his Country, becauſe Mr. *Preſident* de are all *Papis,* and,—Parblieu,—fy ſhould de *Papis* come among free-born People, to eat de Bread of us Proteſtant?—We are all here for Liberty and Property, and no *Pope,* no *Devil,* no *Pretender*; and while de Perſecution laſt againſt de *Huguenots,* I am,—parblieu,—for no *Papis* Singer.—

Preſident. Time, Sir—

Timothy Meek, (a Journeyman-barber, with a Wife and ſeven Children ſtarving.) When I thinks, Mr. *Preſident,* on thoſe horrible Times, when a Perſecution was carried on in the very Bowels of this Land, and a worſe Perſecution than what the Gentleman mentions who ſpoke laſt,—though he be, methinks, a *Frenchman* himſelf, notwithſtanding his Violence againſt *Frenchmen,* and perhaps he is only come over for our Beef and Pudding; but that's neither here nor there—I ſays, Mr. *Preſident,* when I think of Fires being lighted up in *Smithfield,* and Men, Women and Children conſumed in the Flames, when I think on this, I can't ſleep in my Bed. I knew'd of this Queſtion a Week ago, and I have ſpent all my Time in thinking of it, and when I read in *Eachard's Hiſtory* of the Cruelties of the *Papiſts,* I am ready to go diſtracted.—

Iſaac Inſtep, (a Shoemaker, whoſe Cuſtomers are all leaving him, becauſe they can get no Work out of his Hands.) I have conſidered the Queſtion, Mr. *Preſident,* for this Week paſt, as well as my Friend who ſpoke laſt, and I fanſy's I have come at the very *Soal* of it, and I'll now lay my *All* before ye, and, as a Body may ſay, you'll find I have taken right Meaſure of the Subject.—

Preſident. Time, Sir—Mr. *Profound,* do you chuſe to ſpeak?—

Mr. *Profound.* Sir, I have a Motion to make—

Mr. *Witwould.* Sir, you muſt at preſent ſpeak to the Queſtion—

Mr. *Profound.* Sir, do you know what I am going to ſay?—

Mr. *Witwould.* No Sir, do you?—

Preſident. Pray, Gentlemen, don't laugh—the preſent Queſtion muſt be militated before any other Queſtion can be received—

Mr. *Profound.* Mr. *Preſident*,—a—I think,—I think,—a—Mr. *Preſident*,—that you have all been wrong-headed in this Debate;—I believe they have not read *Quintilian*, and of Courſe have not correct Minds—a—Mr. *Preſident*,—I never, for my own Part,—looked into the *Vitals* of the *dead* Languages, but there is a Gentleman, who tells me what *Quintilian* ſays in the Beginning of a Chapter, and then I can think with the Author, if I hear but one Sentiment, for I'll be d—ned, if I have not more Imagination than I can diſpoſe of—In the preſent Debate there is a *Trinity* of Circumſtances, that—a—a—make up a *Veſuvius*—or a—a—a Mount *Ætna*, as I may ſay, in the Mind—

Preſident. Time, Sir.—

Mr. *Profound.* Pray, Sir, why are you to lay an *Embargo* on my Thoughts?

Preſident. Sir, the Rules—

Mr. *Profound.* But, Sir, every Diſcourſe ſhould have a *Beginning*, a *Middle*, and an *End*—I have got but to the Middle, and ſo I move for five Minutes more.

Mr. *Witwould.* It is with Difficulty I ſurvived the laſt five Minutes, and ſo, Mr. *Preſident*, we'll do with him, as he does with *Quintilian*, when once he has told us a Sentiment for the future,—we'll *think* with the *Author*.

Mr. *Mackflummery.* Be pleaſed to read the Queſtion. (*Queſtion read.*) As to Operas, Mr. *Preſident*, I never was but at two, in my born Days, and the firſt of them, I liked it as if Heaven and Earth was coming together; but at the ſecond, I no more cared for it, no, no more nor an Oyſter is like an Egg-ſhell. For my own Share on't, I had rather hear *Ellin-a-roen* than all their Quivers, and *Carolun* was a better Compoſer than any *Italian* of them all.

Preſident. Time, Sir.

Mr. *Macflummery.* What is it?

Preſident. Time, Sir.

Mr. *Macflummery.* Time? What would you have one ſpeak in *Time*, like thoſe She-fellows of Singers there?

Preſident. Pray, Gentlemen, don't laugh—pray be ſilent, Gentlemen—your five Minutes are out, Sir.

Macflummery. Is that all? Give me that *Porter* there—here's my Service to you, and I'll tack a Sentiment to it—Here's all honeſt Hearts and ſound Bottoms.

Preſident. Pray, Gentlemen, don't laugh, do—be ſilent, Gentlemen—Does any Gentlemen there chuſe to ſpeak?—Mr. *Macpherſon*, it's with you.

Mr. *Macpherſon.* I do not know whether the Gentleman's raſoning be *reet*, about Mr. *Carolun*, but this I cun ſay, that one of *Ramſay*'s Compoſitions ſet by the *Philharmonic* Society at *Dumferlin* would make muckle Entertainment, and by fare exceed the ſqueaking of thoſe Eunuchs, who are, in my Opinion, a Diſgrace to Society. I remember Maſter *Deenis*, in his Book, has many Ideas on this Subject, deleevered with muckle Oratory; and I would rather, at any Time, ſee the Exhebeetion of the Dramatic Piece of the *Scotch* Ballad, given in the *Hay-market*, two Years elapſed ſince, than have a dozen Operas exhebeeted for nothing.

Preſident. Time, Sir.

(*Mr.* Macpherſon *ſits down, and ſpeaks the* Highland *Language, which Mr.* Macflummery *anſwers in* Iriſh.)

Preſident. Pray, Gentlemen, be ſilent. Gentlemen, as to my Opinion on this Subject, I have but little to offer, and I hope that the Propoſer of the Queſtion will give us ſome Arguments againſt the Operas, which will militate ſtronger, than thoſe which has been already offered. Mr. *Manly*, it is now with you, Sir.

Mr. *Manly.* Sir, I am againſt Operas, for this capital Reaſon; *viz.* becauſe moſt of them are compoſed by People ignorant of the firſt Principle of Compoſition, which is *Counterpoint*, or the Art of placing different Notes, ſounding together in true harmonic Order. Muſic, Sir, conſiſts of *Melody* and *Harmony*. *Melody* is the regular Progreſſion of a ſingle Part; and *Harmony*, of different Parts united. Now the *Melody* of all the Songs in our late *Italian* Operas is extravagant and unnatural, conſequently unpleaſing, and fitter for Inſtruments than Voices. Their Singers are conſtantly endeavouring to ſurpriſe, by which Means, their Songs are all Quirks and Diviſions, and the Performers are ſometimes ſqueaking like Cats at the Top of a Houſe, and ſometimes growling like Dogs in a Cellar. The Energy of the Words is totally neglected, and the Paſſion is entirely loſt; and therefore I cannot help wondering, that, while we have *Handel*, *Arne*, *Boyce*, and *Smith*, &c. the *Engliſh* will laviſh Sums upon a falſe and depraved Taſte, merely to be thought Judges of what they do not underſtand. I ſhall finiſh, Sir, with aſſerting, that an elegant *Drama*, by a good Author, and the Muſic compoſed by either of the Maſters mentioned already, might be a high and rational Entertainment; it would certainly ſave an immenſe Sum to the Nation, and would excite ſome new Genius's to ſtudy, and excel all other Nations, in manly, ſenſible Compoſitions, where the Sound would be an Echo to the Senſe, and the Paſſions would be agitated by the joint Power of Poetry and Harmony.

Preſident. Gentlemen, it is now too late, and ſo I wiſh you all a Good-night. *Adjourned.*

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Numb. 79. Gray's-Inn, *Saturday*, *April* 20, 1754.

Mendici, Mimi, Balatrones, hoc genus omne.
Hor.

THERE is not a Word, in the whole Compaſs of the *Engliſh* Language, more groſly abuſed than the Term *Friendſhip*, which, at preſent, means no more than that Men eat together, walk together, game together, and are grave and merry, drunk and ſober together,

gether, without ever conceiving any real Regard for each others Happineſs and Intereſt. I believe every Day's Experience will point out many, who are Dupes to this florid Outſide of Friendſhip. In the Courſe of my Obſervation I have marked out a particular Character that falls more egregiouſly into this Error than the reſt of Mankind. The Character I mean is that of THE COMICAL FELLOW, or THE ARGREEABLE DEVIL, or THE CURSED HIGH FELLOW, or THE MAN OF INFINITE HUMOUR, or THE GENIUS, or by whatever Name (for many Names will ſuit him) you may pleaſe to diſtinguiſh the Perſon, whom a chearful Flow of Spirits, and a quick Circulation of the Ideas, that fall to his Share, conſpire to render an entertaining Companion.

The COMICAL FELLOW, is in high Requeſt among all his Acquaintance; and different Parties at the *Shakeſpear*, the *Bedford-arms*, the *King*'s-*arms*, &c. are vying with each other, to have him the Maſter of the Joke in their convivial Parties, becauſe he is without Doubt the fineſt Creature in the World, to kill an Hour with, the merry Droll has ſuch Variety of Chat, and ſuch a deal of Humour in telling a Story. But while this Son of Gaiety and Wit is thus happy in the Careſſes of all the Lovers of Mirth, this ſecret Misfortune attends him, that he has not any where procured himſelf the leaſt Degree of Eſteem, becauſe it is too well known, that he has not a ſingle Virtue under the Sun, that he would at any Time, according to the common Saying, rather loſe his Friend than his Joke, that no Obligation can bind him, but that indiſcriminately he laſhes all alike, and is conſtantly upon the Look-out for ſome Incident, which by a Perverſion of Circumſtances, or by a few Touches of Mimicry, or ſome other adventitious Aid, may be worked up into a Story for the Entertainment of the next Company he goes into. On this Account THE AGREEABLE DEVIL, is held in utter Comtempt; but the Vivacity of his Imagination will not afford him Leiſure to attend to this; his Vanity is fully gratified by the general Applauſe he meets with, and he is conſtantly exhauſting his ſcanty Finances in keeping Company with a Set of People, who are good humoured enough to be perpetually entertained with his Jokes.—

I will venture to affirm, that few Evils are more epidemic, than this Rage of being an HIGH FELLOW, and I am apt to think, that many of thoſe Bankruptcies, which fill the Columns of the *Gazette*, are not entirely owing to Loſſes in Trade, but to the pitiful Ambition of diſcovering a fine Vein of Humour. When once the ſober Cit becomes the Ringleader in Wit and frolic Feſtivity, when once he has learned to *elevate and ſurpriſe*, his Shop aſſumes a gloomy Aſpect; Book-keeping is but a dull Employment, unfit for Men of finer Senſations, and inſtantly his fervid Imagination conveys him to the *Gentleman and Porter*; then he cracks each Joke over again, and thrice he enjoys the Laugh, and thrice repeats the Pun. But in a little Time, his Name is inſerted in the *Gazette* with a WHEREAS; his former Companions ſhake their Heads, and are very ſorry for it; "he was a Wag, a merry Man; a Co-"MICAL FELLOW,—but Buſineſs is a ſerious Thing."

Poor *Jack Spatter!*—He is at preſent the moſt remarkable of all THE AGREEABLE DEVILS I have ever known. *Jack* does not want a Share of native Humour, and he dreſſes up a Story at ſecond Hand with ſuch additional Touches, that a Man is frequently as much entertained, as if he had never heard it before, or if he himſelf had not told it to him the very Day before. For it is often the diverting Rogue's Way unwittingly to faſten with *ſomething curſed High* upon the very Perſon, who at firſt ſupplied him with the Subject. And then THE GENIUS is ſuch a Mimic!---Well to be ſure nothing can eſcape him. A Cat, a Dog, a Monkey, a Manager, a *Burletta Girl*, a *Woodward*, a *Garrick*, all muſt undergo the Touches of his humourous Imitation, and mean while, the Company, Whores, Waiters and all, do ſo laugh, and ſo ſhake their Sides, that Life is quite flat and inſipid without *Jack Spatter*. But in this World, where, as *Moliere* ſays, *on donne rien pour rien*, where every Thing muſt be paid for, it cannot but prove very expenſive to be thus aſpiring in Company. But *Jack*'s Vanity extends to Expence, as well as Wit and Humour. How many Shifts have I known him to make, that he might diſplay his Vivacity at the Tavern!—A Turtle-feaſt was ſometime ſince fixed at the *King's-arms* in *Cornhill*, and *Spatter* was invited to make one. "A Turtle-feaſt," ſays *Jack*, "very well!—it can't be better—Citizens "laugh heartily when their Bellies are full—I'll certainly go—but how to pay my Reckoning!—There's "*Titlepage*, the Bookſeller;—he likes a Touch of my "Humour—he'll tip me two Guineas for an Epilogue "—I'll write him one—let me ſee what's here?—"*Dryden*'s *Miſcellany!*—I'll tranſcribe one from this." —No ſooner ſaid than done, for *Jack* has quick Parts, and away he ſets out towards *Fleet-ſtreet*, meets his Friend *Humdrum* at *Temple-bar*, reads the Piece to him, to ſhew what a COMICAL DEVIL he is; *Humdrum* admires it; *Jack* forgets that he ſtole it, and admires it more, touches Two Guineas from *Titlepage*, and who but he at the Turtle-feaſt? A *Maſquerade* requires ſomewhat a larger Capital. "Egad," ſays *Jack*, "I'll "write a Pamphlet for that, and touch five Guineas." —To work he falls, and finiſhes his Piece in the Space of one Morning, though it coſt the original Authors, from whom he compiled it, many nocturnal Vigils. A Jaunt to *Tunbridge*, in the Summer Seaſon, with ſome Lovers of Wit and Humour could not but be agreeable to Mr. *Spatter*; and ſo inſtantly he ſets down and writes a Farce; and becauſe *Fielding*'s *Coffee-houſe Politician* is not very likely to be acted again on either of our Stages, what does the merry Wag do, but he takes the Character, gives it a new Name, makes a little Alteration in the Scene, where the *Politicians* reads the News-papers, and inſtantly *Genial Jacob, and a warm third Day*, as the Poet has it, equips the GENIUS for *Tunbridge*. Thus is the CURSED HIGH FELLOW, the AMIABLE FRIPON, perpetually ſpending the Income of his Brain, and torturing his Invention in Endeavours to live with thoſe, who have Fortunes to ſupply their Expences, and who do not entertain the leaſt Symptom of Friendſhip towards their merry Companion. What will become of him, when he has played all his Tricks, I tremble to think, and, as if his Miſfortunes were now preſent, I cannot help crying out, "Alas, poor *Yorick!*—I knew him, a Fellow of infinite "Jeſt—where be your Gibes now? Your Flaſhes of "Merriment, that were wont to ſet the Table on a "roar?—Quite Chop-fallen!"

But my Fancy has pictured this Scene of Diſtreſs ſo ſtrongly to me, that I could wiſh ſome Means could be deviſed to avert the impending Evil. An ingenious Gentleman, whom I have the Pleaſure of knowing, propoſed ſome Time ſince a Scheme for an Hospital for decayed Poets. Suppoſe, in Imitation of this laudable Deſign, an Hoſpital were to be raiſed for decayed Comical Fellows. For my Part, I cannot but think the Plan ſhould meet with general Encouragement, and I will willingly give the Profits of this Paper, No. 79, towards carrying it into Execution. Mr. *Garrick* and Mr. *Rich* will, I dare ſay, contribute on their Parts an annual Benefit towards this Charity, the Objects of which may be admitted, as follows.

"It being certified to us, that the Bearer—*A. B.* "was an Agreeable Devil, and entirely ruined "himſelf by endeavouring to keep Company with "Men of Fortune, who countenanced him merely as "their Jeſter, you are hereby directed to admit the "ſaid unhappy pleaſant Creature into the Hoſpital for "decayed Comical Fellows, *London.*"—

Signed by Two Directors.

Should this Propoſal take Effect, I ſhould rejoice at being inſtrumental in the Redemption of ſo many diverting Creatures from utter Miſery; for ſurely it would be melancholly to reflect that he, who often enlivened even the ſprightly *Champain*, might become miſerably witty in an Ale-houſe, or be a joking *Boot-catcher* at an Inn, and tell your Honour a Story, while he is diveſting your Legs of their leathern Incumbrance. I ſhall therefore hope that all true Lovers of Humour will promote the Scheme, juſt hinted, for the Sake of thoſe, who ruin themſelves for their Pleaſure; and I ſhall be highly pleaſed that there will be a Receptacle for poor *Jack Spatter*, and that the AGREEABLE DEVIL may, in his old Days, find Repoſe in the HOSPITAL FOR DECAYED COMICAL FELLOWS.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Court of Cenſorial Enquiry, April 20.

THIS Day came on a remarkable Trial in this Court, in which the *Muffin-man*, the *Watchmen*, &c. &c. &c. were *Plaintiffs*, and—*Shuter*, Comedian, at the Theatre-royal in *Covent-garden*, *Defendant*, upon an Action brought againſt the ſaid *Shuter* for Damages ſuffered by the *Plaintiffs* at a public Exhibition on *Wedneſday* Evening laſt, when they were all taken off, as it is called, with ſuch lively Touches of Mimicry, that the Audience was kept in a conſtant Burſt of Laughter, to the very great Uneaſineſs of the ſaid *Plaintiffs*. The Jury being impannelled, Counſeller *Blunderbuſs* opened the Cauſe in a very vehement Speech. He inveighed ſeverely againſt *Stage-players*, and urged, it was a very great Hardſhip, that honeſt and worthy Characters ſhould be converted into Ridicule by the Buffoonery of an impertinent Player. For his Part, he would take upon him to ſay, that his Clients were Perſons of known Integrity, Probity, and Honour, and he thought them more valuable Characters in Life than any Set of Comedians whatever.

The *Muffin-man*, he inſiſted, was ſo reputable and worthy a Perſonage, that nothing but the Height of Inſolence could induce a Mimic on the Stage to attempt to hurt him in his Reputation. If theſe Things are permitted, he could not determine where the Thing would end, and he himſelf, he added, might be treated in the ſome Sort; he therefore prayed, that the Gentlemen of the Jury would take the Premiſſes into Conſideration, and award ſuitable Damages. He then proceeded to call his Witneſſes.

William Topewell, ſworn.

I live near *Temple-bar.* I ſaw the Priſoner at *Comus*'s Court, and he was ſo diverting, that I took two Tickets for myſelf and my Wife. I could have ſwore as how it was our Watchman that was ſpeaking, and I alſo heard the *Muffin-man* very diſtinctly, and my Wife did the ſame; and I thought it very miſbecoming that honeſt Folks ſhould be brought to Shame in that public Manner.

Elizabeth Sugarkey.

I was ſent with a good Character from the Regiſter-office, to live in a ſober quiet Family, and with much ado—Lord bleſs me! I never had ſo much trouble in my Life about any Thing—Mrs. *Molly* was waiting for me till almoſt one o'Clock before we could ſet out—and ſo at laſt we went, and we got Places near the Door in the *Piazza*, and there we waited till the Houſe was opened. And then there came ſuch a Crowd of Fellows that it was with much ado we got in at all—and when we did get in, they placed us on the Stage—Well! ſure I never was ſo aſhamed in all my born Days,—I thought I looked as impudent as any Actreſs among them,—and at laſt the Priſoner came on the Stage, and as he was paſſing by, he ſaid to me, "you had better "take off your Pattins, Miſs." Saucy-fellow!—and ſo he began to mimic the *Muffin-man*, and it was the very ſame Perſon that ſerves my Miſtreſs with *Muffins.*

The Defence.

Mr. *Shuter*'s Council owned the Fact, but offered many Arguments in Mitigation. They inſiſted, it could not be of any material Detriment to the Plaintiffs, even allowing that they were mimicked. Why, therefore, then, continued the Council, "I cannot perceive, "Gentlemen of the Jury, that my Client—a—has—"incurred ſo ſevere a Penalty; becauſe why—it was "not done with an evil Intent—and—a—my Client "has but followed the Example of Mr. *Garrick*, who "formerly availed himſelf of his Talents for this "Species of acting, and took very pleaſant Liberties "with all the Actors on the Stage. As did likewiſe—"a—Mr.—*Foote*, who called it, if I remember right, "*giving Chocolate.* Why therefore then, all that is "to be ſaid in the preſent Caſe, is—a—that—my

"Client, Gentlemen of the Jury, has given Chocolate "to the *Muffin-man.*"

Upon this the Jury withdrew, and in a few Minutes brought in their Verdict Not-guilty; whereupon the Court diſmiſſed Mr. *Shuter* with Honour, and told him if he does but endeavour ſtrenuouſly to exert his comic Powers, with a cloſe Eye to Nature, he cannot fail to be an excellent Comedian. *Adjourn'd.*

* * *

NUMB. 80. GRAY'ſ-INN, *Saturday, April* 27, 1754.

Studia adoleſcentiam alunt, ſenectutem oblectant; ſecundas res ornant, adverſis perfugium & ſolatium præbent; delectant domi, non impediunt foris; pernoctant nobiſcum, peregrinantur, ruſticantur.

TULLY.

THE Application of Part of our Time to Letters is recommended by the Author of my Motto in ſuch glowing Colourings, as ſerve at once elegantly to diſplay the manifold Advantages reſulting from Study, and at the ſame Time prove an Incentive to every Mind to enlarge its Views, and encreaſe its Store of Ideas, by a due Attention to the Labours of the Learned. "Letters," ſays the *Roman* Orator, "cheriſh and invigorate the Mind in its greener Years, amuſe it in "the more advanced Periods of Life, beam a Luſtre on "Proſperity, and ſoften the Shocks of Adverſity; they "yield Delight in our domeſtic Hours, and are no "Incumbrance abroad; they protract the Midnight-hour, are our Fellow-travellers in foreign Parts, and "make the beſt Part of Equipage in all our rural "Excurſions."

I am aware, that the Tranſlation, which I have here offered, falls many Degrees ſhort of the Purity and graceful Strength of the Original; but ſuch as it is, it may, in ſome Sort, ſerve to inculcate the real Utility of a very pleaſurable Occupation, which is at preſent too much neglected by People of Condition of both

Sexes. Mr. *Addiſon* wonders how Men of Senſe can ſpend ſo many Hours together, without receiving any other Ideas than what are ſuggeſted, by an Arrangement of black and red Spots. But ſuch is the prevailing Faſhion of the Times, that the *Book of Four Kings* is the only *Volume* at preſent peruſed with any Degree of Attention, and, I will venture to affirm, the *Four motley Monarchs* are better beloved by ſeveral Perſons of Condition than any *real King* in *Europe.* A Friend of mine, who has a Knack in conforming all his Compoſitions to the prevailing Taſte of the Town, tells me very ſeriouſly, that he has often wondered how Men of Diſcernment can ſit down to Performances, which a little Experience might inform them will never be read; ſuch as, the *Hiſtory of England*, the *Life of Harry the Seventh*, the *Hiſtory of Charles the Firſt*, the *Hiſtory of Lewis the Fourteenth*, &c. For his Part, he is determined to avail himſelf of the favourite Paſſions of his Readers, and is now actually employed in *compiling Memoirs* of the KING OF SPADES, the Annals of the KING OF CLUBS, Anecdotes relating to the KING OF HEARTS, Remarks on the KING OF DIAMONDS, including Battles more memorable than thoſe of *Creſſi* and *Poitiers*, fought in the verdant Plains of *Picquet*, *Cribbage*, *Quadrille*, *Whiſt*, &c. in which will be interwoven the private Characters of the *Knaves*, with the ſecret Hiſtory of the *Queens*, their Intrigues, *&c.* The Work to be publiſhed in Numbers, Price One Guinea each Weekly Number; in proper Places will be inſerted a beautiful Copper Plate of the *Crowned Heads and eminent Perſonages*, taken from the original Drawings now in the Poſſeſſion of the *Club* at *White*'s; at the particular Deſire of ſeveral Perſons of Quality, five thouſand Copies will be printed upon Royal Paper; the Subſcribers Names to be annexed with their Places of Abode, and how many Card-tables each Perſon keeps, which may ſerve to give Poſterity ſome Idea of the Grandeur of the preſent Age.

I make no Doubt but this Work, if carried into Execution, will be in great Demand, and, I am ſenſible, that a Diſſuaſive from Purſuits of this Nature will be the Jeſt of every tittering Card-table in Town. I muſt, however, beg Leave to inform my pretty Readers, that they are highly miſtaken, if they imagine, that, by dedicating a few Hours to literary Amuſements, they endanger their lovely Features, and run a Riſque of dimming the ſparkling Luſtre of the Eye. On the Contrary, a Page or two in a Morning may ſerve to adjuſt the Countenance, and the Acquiſition of a new Idea may give a more engaging Ornament to the Head, than a new *Paris* Cap, and the Eye will certainly beam with more Attention, when directed by an active Principle within, than when it ſwims round the Room in pretty, giddy, vain, ſenſeleſs Affectations? How finely has Mr. *Pope* deſcribed the Conſequences attending a Life ſpent thus in a Circle of Follies!

See how the World its Veterans rewards!
A Youth of Frolicks, an old Age of Cards;
Fair to no Purpoſe, artful to no End,
Young without Lovers, old without a Friend;
A Fop their Paſſion, but their Prize a Sot,
Alive, ridiculous!—and dead, forgot.—

How much more eligible therefore is it to employ ſome Portions of our Time in a Way, that will furniſh the Mind with Ideas fit to be communicated to rational Creatures, and give an Embelliſhment to the higheſt Sphere of Life. Add to this, that ſoftening Quality, which Letters have in all Caſes of Adverſity. In the Day of Affliction, the ſureſt and moſt certain Relief the Mind can receive, will be derived from the Habit of being converſant with Books. If I remember right, it is Mr. *Locke* that obſerves, in his *Conduct of the Underſtanding*, that a Power of transferring our Thoughts from one Object to another, is an Eſſential requiſite in a well-formed Underſtanding. And ſurely nothing can better help to prevent the Mind from dwelling too long upon any habitual Set of Ideas, which may induce a ſettled Form of Melancholly, than an Attention to the Performances, which Men of learned Leiſure have ſent into the World. Inſtead of urging any Thing further on this Subject, I ſhall conclude this Paper with a *Journal* *for one Week* of an Acquaintance of mine who never reads at all, and a *Journal* of another who devotes Part of his Time to Letters.

Journal of William Taſteleſs.

Monday. Dozed away five Hours after natural Reſt.—Roſe at one o'Clock, pulled on one Stocking, then yawned for a Quarter of an Hour by the Bedſide, and pulled on the other—Journeyed into the next Room to Breakfaſt—looked out of the Window—every Thing appeared the ſame—no Variety in Life—lounged at the Coffee-houſe—looked over the Papers—Paragraphs all the ſame—Deaths, Births, Burials and Marriages,—played Cards at *Tom*'s in the Evening—went to Bed fatigued.—

Tueſday. Got up fatigued—the ſame Thing over again,—the Park—the Play—the tall Woman at *Charing-croſs.*—Cards at Night.——

Wedneſday. Nothing done.

Thurſday. Nothing again.

Friday. Horrors all Day—weary of my Life—ready to hang myſelf.

Saturday. Waked in bad Spirits—wiſhed myſelf dead,—went to the Play at Night—ſlept during three Acts,—loſt my Pocket Handkerchief as uſual—weary of the World.

Sunday. Weather gloomy—Horrors—*Sunday* the moſt muzzy Day in the Year—went to ten different Routs—came home tried—ready to hang myſelf again.—

Journal of Alexander Taſteful.

Monday. Waked at Eight o'Clock out of a pleaſant Dream of being in Company with *Horace*, *Virgil*, &c.—went to Breakfaſt, read a Paper in the *Adventurer*,—opened my Book-caſe—went back three thouſand Years with Mr. *Pope* to converſe with *Homer*'s Heroes—looked over *Spence*'s *Polymetis*—went to my Bookſeller's,—adjourned from thence with two Men of Genius to Dinner, and afterwards to ſee Mr. *Garrick* in the Character of *Hamlet*—ſupped at the *Roſe*, and admired the *Poet* and the *Player*—went Home, and read the three firſt Acts of *Hamlet.*—

Tueſday. A rainy dull Morning—had Recourſe to *Virgil*, who diſpenſed blue Skies, Lakes, Caverns, lowing Herds, &c.—turned to *Warton*'s elegant Criticiſms on ſeveral Paſſages, and went through the Diſſertation on the *Eleuſinian Myſteries*—went in the Evening to a Rout—tired of the Company—retired Home, and ſpent the Evening with *Locke*, Sir *William Temple*, and Lord *Bacon*.

Wedneſday. Met with an unexpected Misfortune; ſoothed my Uneaſineſs by reading *Fielding*'s *Joſeph Andrews*.

Thurſday. Read the *World* at Breakfaſt, alſo the *Connoiſſeur*—opened my Book-caſe, and took in Hand *Brown* againſt *Shaftſbury*—highly pleaſed with the Author's Account of Ridicule—turned to *Akinſide*'s *Pleaſures of Imagination*, to ſee what he has on the Subject—carried away by the Enthuſiaſm of his Poetry, and could not lay down the Book till I went through it.

Friday. Roſe ſomewhat feveriſh—my Mind unſettled,—had Recourſe to the Letters between *Pope*, *Swift*, *Bolingbroke*, *Gay*, &c.—walked in the Park—The Softneſs of the Seaſon, and glad Beauty of the Hemiſphere, called to my Mind ſeveral elegant Paſſages in Poetry—went Home in the Evening, and read *Addiſon*'s *Pleaſures of Imagination*.

Saturday. Walked in the Fields early in the Morning,—turned over *Dodſley*'s Collection—breakfaſted at the Coffee-houſe—overheard a Debate between two Politicians—went Home and read *Swift*'s Diſſentions in *Athens* and *Rome*—went to the Opera—beſt Singers had ſore Throats—tired—went to *Drury-lane* Playhouſe, to ſee Mr. *Garrick* and Mrs. *Cibber* in the laſt Act of *Tancred* and *Sigiſmunda*.

Sunday. *Brown* againſt *Shaftſbury* again—read one of the Biſhop of *London*'s Sermons—dined with two Men of Genius—went Home at Six o'Clock, and read the Tragedy of *Cato*—concluded the Evening with *Pope*'s *Eſſay on Man*.

TRUE

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

From my Regiſter-office, April 27.

I Have received three extraordinary Letters, and ſhall preſent them to my Readers without Addition or Dimunition.

To CHARLES RANGER, *Eſq;*

SIR,

I Have read your's of the 23*d* of *March*, and damn your SOUL.

John Blunt.

Mr. *Ranger*,

YOU are a QUEER SOUL, that's certain.

Tom Buck.

Dear Rattle,

I Will call you Dear, becauſe I like you. A Gentleman and I have been reading your Dialogue between YOU and YOURSELF, and he admires your SOUL, but I could not help repeating with your Nameſake in the Play,

> *I take the* BODY, *you the* MIND;
> *Which has the better Bargain?*

Harriet Lively.

Bedford Coffee-houſe, April 27.

The Tragedy of *Creuſa*, Queen of *Athens*, written by Mr. *William Whitehead*, Author of the *Roman Father*, and acted at *Drury-lane* for the firſt Time on *Saturday* laſt, has been the Subject of Enquiry here for ſome Evenings paſt; and it is agreed, even by the *Malevoli*, that the Story is intereſting and well conducted, the fourth Act particularly fine, and the Whole put out of Hand with thoſe neat Finiſhings, which appear all through this Author's elegant Performances.

Sam's, Change-alley.

Yeſterday at Noon it was currently reported, that Doctor *Hill* had got ONE Subſcriber to his Book on *God* and *Nature*; but we can now aſſure the Public, that the ſaid Report is without Foundation.——

NUMB. 81. GRAY'*s*-INN, *Saturday, May* 4, 1754.

Prorſus jucundè Cænam produximus illam. HOR.

Nil admirari propè res eſt una, Numici,
Solaque quæ poſſit facere & ſervare beatum.
HOR.

NOT to admire, is the golden Rule, eſtabliſhed by *Horace*, for the Acquirement of inward Peace and Happineſs, and alſo for ſecuring the Tenure of them, when once obtained. The ſame Precept may alſo be enforced as the ſureſt Method to form a ſound Underſtanding, and to preſerve the Judgment free and undiſtempered. Mr. *Pope*, in his *Eſſay on Criticiſm*, a Poem, in which good Senſe and Poetry are beautifully combined, has given this Obſervation the Sanction of a Maxim;

For Fools ADMIRE, but Men of Senſe APPROVE.

In our greener Years indeed, when the young Affections are, to uſe the Poet's Phraſe, *tremblingly alive all o'er*, when every Object preſents itſelf in ſome new and ſtriking Attitude, fond ADMIRATION may be then allowed to gaze, and each Incident in the Scene of Life may call forth the juvenile Expreſſions of Wonder and Aſtoniſhment. But ſurely, when we become ſomewhat hackneyed in the Ways of Men, when Habit has coated over that Quickneſs of Senſation, which attends the raw and inexperienced Mind, the elevated Brow of Amazement may be expected to ſubſide to the ſober Caſt of Reflection and Knowledge. I am at preſent acquainted with a Gentleman, who has made ſo many ſenſible Animadverſions on the various Occurrences of

Life, that, I am convinced, nothing can arrive to excite in his Breaſt any Emotions of Surpriſe, and I have often heard him ſay very humorouſly, "Lord! I have "already known ſo many unexpected Turns and Re-"volutions of Things, that were I to ſee the Monu-"ment walk down *Cheapſide*, and take out St. *Paul's* "Church to dance a Minuet, it would make no Manner "of Impreſſion on my Spirits, no more than when I "read that it will be High-water at *London-bridge*, at "Half paſt Ten."

But in the general Maſs of Life, there is ſuch a lamentable Inanity in the Minds of moſt People, and the Groſs of Mankind are ſo ſcantily furniſhed with Ideas, that there are but few, who, when taken from their manual Occupations, or their other Buſineſs, do not fall into a ſluggiſh Oſcitancy, for Want of a Sufficiency of Matter to employ their intellectual Faculties. Thus by an habitual Remiſſneſs in reviewing the ordinary Notices of Things, the Power of arranging and comparing our Ideas in their manifold Relations to each other, which we commonly call Judgment, lies indolently dormant, and the Conſequence is, that upon every Emergence, the idle Paſſions of Aſtoniſhment take Poſſeſſion of the Soul. It is obſervable, that, this Diſeaſe is not always confined to the unenlightened Part of Mankind, but we may ſometimes perceive this mental Debility, among thoſe, who, from their Education, and from their Intercourſe with the World, might be expected to be ſomewhat more ſolid. There are, perhaps, in the Circle of my own Acquaintance, at leaſt Half a Score Perſons, poſſeſſed of Talents capable of extenſive Diſcernment, and of thinking very juſtly upon any ordinary Topics of Converſation, and yet, through an Habit of Inattention, ſuch a total Relaxation unſtrings their intellectual Powers, that they in Fact appear to have impotently pinned their Faith on other Men's Sleeves, and to have loſt all Kind of Capacity of judging for themſelves. It is among ſuch People, and ſuch only, that The Comical Fellow, or The Agreeable Devil, whom I have deſcribed in a former Paper, acquires his prodigious Reputation for Wit and Humour. Sir *Andrew Wonderful* has for ſome Time paſt been eſteemed a Knowing-one by his Neighbours in the Ward of *Farringdon-without*, and in his Buſineſs, he is accounted a Man of very notable Dexterity; but ſpend the Evening with Sir *Andrew* at any Tavern on the St. *James*'s Side of *Temple-bar*, and he is all Amazement from the Time he enters the Room, until his old, rumbling Coach conveys him back to the City. If you mention to him the Lye of the Day, that the Lady of a certain noble Lord was caught in Bed with a Lieutenant of the Guards, "Good Law! ſays Sir *Andrew*, you don't "ſay ſo!"—It's very true though, and this Morning early a well-dreſſed Man walking acroſs *Lincoln*'s-*Inn Fields* fell down dead—"Dear Heart, ſays the Knight, "you ſurpriſe me!"—Late laſt Night a Game at *Whiſt* was played at *White*'s Chocolate-houſe, on which upwards of three thouſand Pounds depended—"Three thouſand Pounds! I never heard of ſuch a "Thing in my born Days—three thouſand Pounds! —Good Law!—three thouſand Pounds!"

Every Man, who is actuated with the laudable Ambition of being a rational Creature, ſhould endeavour to fix within himſelf ſuch Habits of thinking, as will keep him collected, and prevent his Thoughts from being ſcattered into wild Surpriſe upon every little Emergence that offers. There ſhould certainly be cheriſhed in every Breaſt an honeſt Pride in preſerving its own free Agency, and maintaining an Independency of Underſtanding, ſelf-impelled, and ſelf-directed; awakened into thinking by the Impreſſions of its own Ideas, and adopting all its Principles and Maxims from the Suggeſtions of its own Judgment. For, ſurely, there cannot be any Thing more unmanly, than leaving either the Faculties of the Soul, or the Muſcles of the Face to be played upon by the Will and Pleaſure of another. To have a Titter ready whenever the COMICAL FELLOW chuſes to be facetious, and to hold a Man's Belief at another's Diſpoſal, according as he chuſes to decide upon any Subject, moſt inconteſtibly indicates a weak and frivolous Underſtanding.

I was led into this Tract of Thought by a Reflection on the Manner, in which I ſpent an Evening, this Week, with three Gentlemen, who had ſolicited the Meeting with earneſt Importunity. During the laſt ſix Weeks, I never met any one of them, but he inſtantly began, "Well! my dear Boy, when ſhall we have an "Evening—you know it is what we have long wiſhed "for?"—At length the *Rendezvous* was fixed, and at the appointed Hour I met my Friends, not without very high Expectations of a pleaſant Evening. A Bottle of *Allen*'s in an Inſtant appeared on the Table, and circulated with uncommon Celerity. I then expected my Friends to open ſome Vein of Diſcourſe, but all continuing in determined Silence, in Order to break the Ice, I began with an ordinary Topic, and enquired about *Elizabeth Canning*. "I ſuppoſe, ſaid "I, the Government is reſolved to let her ſee foreign "Parts."—That's *Humour*, ſaid one of the Gentlemen to his next Neighbour, and then they all burſt into a loud Laugh. I did not perceive the Joke, but, continued I, "whether ſhe is guilty or not, it will do "her no Prejudice to ſee the World."—"*Humour* "again," ſays the Gentleman who ſat oppoſite to me; "You're a fine young Fellow," ſays a ſecond; "This "is high," ſays the third, and then all three formed a Chorus of Laughter. "The Captain, who carries "her abroad, added I, will have a good Contract of "it; for he need give her nothing but Cruſts and "Water for ſix and twenty Days, and ſhe'll ſubſiſt upon "that." *Another Touch*, ſays my Friend over the Way. *Admirable!* cries his Neighbour, and the Gentleman next to me, alarming me with a Slap on the Shoulder, roars out—"Odzouns," and then *Laughter, holding both his Sides*, took Poſſeſſion of them for the Space of ten Minutes.

Upon this, I perceived that my Company held more of ADMIRATION, than of JUDGMENT, and I became heartily tired of the Party; though, were I inclined to Self-approbation, they omitted nothing that could adminiſter to my Vanity; the Gentleman oppoſite to me frequently teſtifying his Approbation with that's *Humour!*

Humour! the ſecond, repeating, *you're a fine young Fellow!* and my next Neighbour thundering in my Ear his rapturous *Odzouns!* which extraordinary Interjections were abſolutely the Sum total of all the Converſation, that I heard from theſe three notable Blanks in the Creation. I accordingly took Occaſion to break up the Meeting as ſoon as poſſible, and upon retiring Home to my Chambers could not help drawing up this looſe Eſſay, which I have ordered my Publiſher to ſend to each of the Gentlemen, in Order, if poſſible, to cure them of their ſervile Admiration, and inform them, if they deſire to be ranked among Free-agents, that their only Title to it conſiſts in thinking and judging for themſelves.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Bedford Coffee-houſe, *May* 4.

THE Board of Criticiſm ſat late laſt Night upon the following Copy of Verſes, and by the Fretfulneſs of ſome of the *Malevoli*, who are never ſo unhappy, as when they have Reaſon to be pleaſed, it is imagined that the Lines are elegant, and deſerve to be inſerted in this Paper.

On travelling with a LADY.

AS at my pretty Pilgrim's Side,
A long the ſultry Day;
A timorous, but a faithful Guide,
I choſe the dubious Way:

With anxious Care, and watchful Pace,
The ſmootheſt Paths I trod;
Contriving pleaſing Tales to eaſe
The tedious, irkſome Road.

I told of gallant Knights, who fir'd
By gentle Ladies Eyes,
To more than mortal Feats aſpir'd,
Their Love the precious Prize.

I watch'd from far the black'ning Storm,
And wafted off the Air,
That preſs'd with rude Aſſault to harm
My fearful Traveller.

Now, ſtopping with unheeded Stealth,
I catch'd her wand'ring Eyes,
Whilſt the dear Queſtion of her Health,
A kind Pretence ſupplies.

To Proſpects that from far invite,
I teach her Eyes to roam,
While raviſh'd with no other Sight,
I feaſt my own at Home.

If Chance ſome lonely Cot I ſpy,
Retreat of happy Pair;
I ſigh, and ſay, how bleſt, were I
Was *Cælia* Miſtreſs there!

When thro' ſome ſtraggling Town we go,
Their honeſt Joy I ſhare;
As round the gaping Ruſtics bow,
In Homage to my Fair.

Thus, for ſo dear a Partner's Sake,
Might I for ever rove,
And Life's long tedious Journey make
A Pilgrimage of Love!

NUMB. 82. GRAY's-INN, *Saturday, May* 11, 1754.

HIC *ſecura quies & neſcia fallere vita,*
Dives opum variarum; HIC *latet otia fundis,*
Speluncæ, vivique lacus, HIC *frigida Tempe,*
Mugituſquè boum, molleſque ſub arbore ſomni.

VIRG.

THE following Letter contains ſo many Touches of rural Imagery, and ſo ſeaſonable an Invitation to viſit the Country, in this ſoft Period of the

Year, that I ſhall make it ſerve to furniſh out the Entertainment of this Day.

To CHARLES RANGER, *Eſq*;

Dear CHARLES, *Richmond, May* 10, 1754.

WERE I not to inform you, you would certainly never be able to gueſs at what Hour I have now ſet down to write to you. It is now almoſt Six in the Morning, and I have already ſpent Half an Hour in an agreeable Attention to ſome certain domeſtic Cares, which have taken Poſſeſſion of me ſince my Retreat to the Country. I am here a Kind of *Paterfamilias* with all my little Brood of Hens and Chickens around me. I look upon myſelf to be greatly intereſted in their Welfare; their Wants and their Inconveniencies it is my earneſt Care to remove. I am entirely converſant with their different Tempers, and can tell you the ruling Paſſions of each of them. I can here ſhew a *Bantham* Coquette, and a Prude from the other Side of the Line; among the Males I have a Coxcomb, a Bully, a Coward, and, in ſhort, almoſt all the Characters that offer in human Life.

Since my riſing from my Pillow, I have interpoſed in two violent Feuds, and in this Manner am I entertaining myſelf, while my Friend *Ranger* is, perhaps, reeling Home from ſome Tavern; or, it may be, like your admired *Horace*, tumbling and toſſing in reſtleſs Impatience for the Arrival of ſome deluſive Fair, whoſe Perfidy has carried her to a Rival's Arms.

— — — *Mendacem ſtultiſſimus uſque puellam*
Ad medium expecto noctem. — — —

If this is not the Caſe, you lie in enervating Repoſe, and ſlumber away the Prime of Life, in a few Hours more to wake from a diſtempered Dream, with a troubled Spirit, a throbbing Pulſe, and with Nerves enfeebled and relaxed. Give me Leave here to addreſs you in the Words of the excellent Author of the Seaſons.

Falſly luxurious, will you not awake,
And, riſing from the Bed of Sloth, enjoy
The cool, the fragrant, and the ſilent Hour,
To Meditation due and ſacred Song.

Believe me, dear *Charles*, the moſt jovial Three in the Morning at the *Shakeſpear*, never can afford ſuch home-felt Delight, as plays around the Heart-ſtrings in this calm Period of the Morning here. The Mind is then chearful and ſerene; Fancy is light and airy, and ſeems to threaten I know not what prodigious Things; every Object excites finer Feelings and more delicate Perceptions, that can be ſuggeſted to the *heat-oppreſſed Brain*, as *Shakeſpear* phraſes it.

Pr'ythee, honeſt *Ranger*, how long is it ſince you ſaw the Sun riſe? I dare believe not ſince we were together at *Eton.* But ſurely, if this Phænomenon had not very expanſive Beauties, the Poets would never have been ſo fond of ſeiſing every Opportunity to deſcribe it. Since I have mentioned this Circumſtance among the Poets, I muſt obſerve, that our great Dramatic Bard has in two Paſſages excelled all the Writers from the Days of *Homer*, down to the preſent State of modern Poetry, in their favourite Openings of the Morn. The Saffron-tinctured Fingers of *Aurora*, the Sun riſing from *Thetis'* Lap, the Daughter of the Dawn coming from the Bed of *Tithonus*, are, in my Opinion, all poor and ineffectual, when compared with the more natural Deſcription in *Romeo* and *Juliet*;

— — — — *Jocund Day*
Stands tiptoe on the miſty Mountains Top.

I have compared this admirable Piece of Imagery, for ſeveral ſucceſſive Mornings, with the real Object in Nature; and I really am at a Loſs which to admire moſt; like the travelling *Perſian*, who, when the Reflection of the ſolar Rays (as happens ſometimes in thoſe Countries) have formed in a Cloud another imaginary Sun, gazes at both with reverential Eyes, in doubt with himſelf to which he ſhall offer his Morning

Adoration. The ſecond Paſſage I mean, is, in the Tragedy of *Hamlet*, where after ſeeing the Ghoſt of the deceaſed King, *Horatio* breaks off with,

> *But ſee the Morn, in Ruſſet-mantle clad,*
> *Walks o'er the Dews of yon high eaſtern Hill.*

You know the Poets are fond of perſonalizing both phyſical and moral Qualities, in Order to give Animation to their Poetry, and to throw Things as much as poſſible into Action; and here, ſurely, we have that creative Figure in its high Perfection; the whole Picture could not receive finer Colourings from the Hand of *Titian*; the Drapery is beautiful, and the Action in which this poetical Being is repreſented, is admirably deſcriptive of the firſt Dawnings of the Day.—

My Dear *Ranger*, come, and let us criticiſe upon this Phenomenon; let us enjoy that Delight, which the Mind takes in comparing the Objects of Imitation, with the Finiſhings of mimic Art. Let me aſſure you, that to ſee this gradual Expanſion of the ſolar Influence on the Face of Nature, will give ſuch a calm Flow of Spirits for the enſuing Vocations of the Day, as cannot be experienced in a City Life. You will poſſibly ſay, you had rather loiter in your Chambers, than endure the intolerable Rage of the Sun tending to his meridian Height. In this Caſe, *Richmond-park* affords its umbrageous Walks, where the Noontide Ray has no Acceſs. How ſweet here to loſe one's ſelf in pleaſing Error, to recline under an impervious Shade; and there, in lettered Indolence, converſe with *Maro*, *Tully*, *Pope*, *Shakeſpear*, *Milton*, *Spencer*; or with *Waller* cry out,

> *O! how I long my carele*ſ*s Limbs to lay*
> *Under a plantane Shade, and all the Day*
> *With am'rous Airs my Fancy entertain!* &c.

Or, if inclined to diverſify the Scene, and ramble about in gentle Exerciſe, what Place ſo fit as theſe very Gardens, which afford all the Variety in Nature? Do you delight in trim Hedges, uniform Viſtas, ſmooth Paſtures, and ſtudied Regularity? Your Taſte may here find enough to gratify it. Or are you rather like the Perſon of a truer Senſe of Things deſcribed by *Martial*, *Rure vero barbaroque lætatur*, one who likes true Country, rude, barbarous, and unſpoiled by the Elegancies of Art? Here you are ſuddenly ſurpriſed to find yourſelf upon a barren Heath, loſt to the World, and nothing preſents itſelf to View, but the withered Shrub, and the blaſted Clump of Trees, and Hares and Rabbits running athwart the dreary Scene. From hence, it may be, you wander into ſome Foreſt, and hear the Woodman at his Labour; then iſſue out upon the ploughed Land, and behold around you nothing but buſy Tokens of rural Induſtry; then, led by the Hand of Contemplation, loſe yourſelf in the Solitude of the Hermitage, or wander into

The Thruſh-haunted Coppice, where lightly leaps
The fearful Fawn the ruſtling Leaves along.

If, at length, you are ſatisfied with this Retreat, *Richmond-hill* invites your Steps, from whence you may command a boundleſs Proſpect of all the Country round. There Villas, ſtately Buildings, Groves, Meadows, the Woodland, fertile Paſtures, Hills and Vales offer themſelves to the Sight in mixed Variety. The barren Heath, and the Sun-burnt craggy Soil appear with all thoſe Softenings to the Eye, which Diſtance throws upon a Landſcape; and Nature all around appears with all her ſtriking Majeſty and all her ſofter Graces.

To crown the Whole, at the Bottom of the Hill *Thames* expands his rural Stream. To purſue it in its ſeveral Windings, fertilizing the Country round, is at once a Refreſhment to the Eye, and the conſtant Succeſſion of new Objects takes off from that Stillneſs, which would otherwiſe overſpread the Whole. Here, my dear *Charles*, we enjoy that Tranquillity of which *Virgil* ſpeaks ſo feelingly; here we have Innocence, living Lakes, embowering Shades, indolent Repoſe beneath an Arbour, and the Mowing of the Cows; Muſick, believe me, far preferable to the *Savoyard*, or a City Concert. Beſides this, let me aſſure you, you will find the Muſes more coming Girls here, than in the Noiſe and Smoke of *London.* But, I fear I have lengthened this Letter beyond all Bounds; I can only tell you, after an eminent *French* Writer, had I Time enough, I would make it ſhorter; but take it as it is, looſe, rambling, and deſultory, and believe me to be,

Dear RANGER,

Your ſincere Friend,

and humble Servant,

* * * * *.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

From the Court of Cenſorial-enquiry, May 11, 1754.

IT being repreſented to this Court, that the preſent ſoft Seaſon of the Year gives every Mind, more or leſs, a Biaſs to Poetry, and an Affidavit being made by a Gentleman of undoubted Veracity, that his Barber, while he was ſhaving him, ſaid, with a peculiar Air of Enthuſiaſm, "Now the genial Spring is opened, the "pretty Choiriſters of the Wood begin to pour forth "their little Notes,"—and this being thought by no means ſuitable Language for a Barber, and it being apprehended that the Diſtemper may become epidemic, it is ordered by this Court, that no Man, who has ſomething elſe to do, ſhall verſify until the Dog-days are over, and of this all Paſtoral Poets, and all amorous Sonneteers are to take proper Notice, upon Pain of the higheſt Diſpleaſure of this Court.

Copia vera. Charles Ranger.

ADVERTISEMENT.

To all Gardeners, and others whom this may concern.

If any Perſon wants a large Number of Tin-caſcades, imaginary Fountains, or unreal Water-works of any Sort, very proper for all Gardens during the Summer-ſeaſon, they may be ſupplied at reaſonable Rates, by *John Burleſque*, who is at preſent engaged in Preparations to throw the whole Stage under Water next Winter, in Order to give ſome Ideas of *Enfield-waſh*, in a new Scene to be added to *Harlequin Fortunatus.*

NUMB. 83. GRAY'*s*-INN, *Saturday, May* 18, 1754.

Miſce ſtultitiam conſiliis brevem:
Dulce eſt deſipere in loco. HOR.

AFTER having peruſed the new Tragedy of *Creuſa*, with all that Pleaſure which reſults from a well-conducted Story, and intereſting Situations of the *Dramatis Perſonæ*, I was at length ſtruck in a very particular Manner with the ſecond Epilogue, which the Author has annexed to it. A Parliament of Women ſuggeſts many Ideas of a pleaſant Nature to the Fancy, and there is a Variety in the Turn of Expreſſion, for which this little Piece may very juſtly be called a pretty Compoſition. Having laid aſide the Book, I found that the female Houſe of Commons had taken entire Poſſeſſion of my Imagination; I fancied to myſelf, to ſee my amiable Countrywomen engaged in a deep Debate; the lovely *Whigs* and *Tories* carried on their Party-diviſions with great Warmth, and vehement Elocution; the Words *Court* and *Country* Intereſt, *Britiſh Conſtitution, Patriotiſm, Virtue, Bribery* and *Corruption, Liberty* and *Property, free uninfluenced Election, arbitrary Power*, with a long *Et cætera* of Phraſes, were methought banded about by theſe beautiful Repreſentatives, with as much Zeal and Impetuoſity, as ever they could poſſibly have been from the Days of *Hampden* down to the preſent happy Period. Their Fans, I imagined, prettily diverſified with various emblematical Figures; and, inſtead of love-ſick Virgins, Jeſſamine Bowers, Rural Swains playing on the Flute, they diſplayed to View nothing but Scaffoldings, Executions, Scenes of Broils and Battles, Sea-pieces, embattled Squadrons, the Spirit-ſtirring Drum, as *Shakeſpear* has it, the *Ear-piercing Fiſe*, the *Royal Banner*, and *every Circumſtance of glorious War*. The Patch no longer ſerved as a mere Embelliſhment of Beauty, but carried with it a very expreſſive Energy, and denoted the Attachments of the Ladies to the Court or Country-party. *Blue* and *Yellow* Ribbons adorned the Head-dreſs, and hung out a Kind of Flag of Defiance to the oppoſite Party. Elections were ſtrongly conteſted all over the Kingdom: The *Old* and *New Intereſt* claſhed in *Oxfordſhire*, and ended at laſt in a double Return. In *Kent*, a Lady of antient and honourable Family was thrown out. The People of *Briſtol* paid a voluntary Compliment to a Lady of diſtinguiſhed Genius, who had been inſtrumental in bringing *Briſtol* Stone-buckles into Faſhion. After a very warm Conteſt for the City of *London*; upon finally cloſing the Poll, the Numbers ſtood thus;

Lady *Betty Alworthy*, She-knight, and *Milliner*	3650
Mrs. *Mary Meanwell*, *Haberdaſher*	3570
Lady *Fanny Comely*, She-knight, and *Perfumer*	3125
Mrs. *Elizabeth Sugarcane*, of *Billinſgate-ward*	2950
Lady *Harriet Luteſtring*, She-knight, and *Mercer*	2603
Lady *Deboran Gideonite*, She-knight and *Malt-diſtiller*.	2521

Whereupon the four firſt were declared duly elected, and the laſt mention'd Lady, it was ſaid, would be brought in for ſome other Place at the Recommendation of an old Dutcheſs at Court. The Writs being all returned, I ſuppoſed the Parliament aſſembled, the Ladies in the Upper-houſe, and the Commoners in the Lower. The Female Commons immediately proceeded to chuſe a Speaker, which was a Point of great Difficulty, every one being eager for that Office, upon a Suppoſition, that the Speaker was to have the largeſt Share of the Debate; but being undeceived in this Point, the Matter was at length adjuſted, and they then went upon Buſineſs. As ſeveral Occurrences offered themſelves to my Thoughts on this Occaſion, I ſhall throw the Buſineſs of this Part of my waking Dream, into the Form made Uſe of on theſe Occaſions.

⁂

Numb. 27.

VOTES of the Female House of COMMONS.

Veneris, 17 *Die* Maij, 1754.

AN ingroſſed Bill from the Ladies, intitled, *An Act, for repealing an Act, made in the laſt Seſſions to prohibit ſhort Aprons, and bring the ſame into Faſhion again,* was read a ſecond Time, and committed.

An ingroſſed Bill from the Ladies, intitled, *An Act for repealing another Act, made in the laſt Seſſions for preventing clandeſtine Marriages, and other Purpoſes therein mentioned,* it being the Senſe of all Ladies of Condition, that they ſhould have a diſcretionary Power to marry Mr. *Thomas* the Butler, or *John* the Coachman, or 'Squire *Hazard* the Gameſter, or *Bob* the Footman, or any other Perſon according to their own Whim and Fancy, was read a ſecond Time and committed.

Ordered,

That Leave be given to bring in a Bill to amend ſeveral Laws relating to the paying and returning Viſits in the Cities of *London* and *Weſtminſter*, and that Mrs. *Letitia Loveit* do prepare and bring in the ſame.

A Meſſage from the Ladies, by Mrs. *Tattle* and Mrs. *Gobetween*, that the Ladies have paſſed a Bill, intitled, *An Act for Sale of a Capital Meſſuage in* Groſvenor-ſquare, *in the County of* Middleſex, *and the Gardens, and Outhouſes thereunto belonging (Part of the Eſtate of the preſent Lord* Townly) *and veſting the ſame in* William Pounce, *of* Lombard-ſtreet, *Banker, and for laying out the Purchaſe-money in Diſcharge of Lady* Townly's *gaming Debts, and for other Purpoſes therein mentioned*; to which the Ladies deſire the Concurrence of this Houſe; and alſo,

That the Ladies have paſſed a Bill, intitled, *An Act for veſting Part of the Eſtate of* George Fiddlefaddle, *Eſq*; *in the County of* Suffolk, *and Part of his Eſtate in the* Iſle of Wight, *in Truſtees, to receive the Rents of the ſame, and apply the Iſſues in Payment of Mrs.* Fiddlefaddle's *Pin-money, to defray the neceſſary Expences at-*

tending Routs and Drums, the keeping of a Faro-bank, and other Purpoſes therein mentioned; to which the Ladies deſire the Concurrence of this Houſe;

And then the Meſſengers withdrew.

An ingroſſed Bill from the Ladies, intitled, *An Act to diſſolve the Marriage of Lady* Betty Witleſs, *with Lord Viſcount* Manly, *on Account of his inſolent Preſumption in controlling his ſaid Wife, and to enable her to marry again, and for other Purpoſes therein mentioned*; was read a ſecond time, and committed to a Committee of the whole Houſe.

Reſolved,

That this Houſe will upon this Day ſevennight, reſolve itſelf into a Committee of the whole Houſe upon the ſaid Bill.

Mrs. *Gadabout* moved for Leave to bring in a Bill to enable Mrs. *Tarbarrel* to keep a Dozen Card-tables, in Spight of her unruly Huſband, Captain *Tarbarrel*, juſt returned from the *Eaſt-Indies*, who is Brute enough to ſay, he'll have no ſuch Doings in his Houſe.

Ordered,

That Mrs. *Gadabout* do prepare and bring in the ſame.

Mrs. *Bizarre* (according to Order) reported from the Committee of the whole Houſe, to whom the Bill to repeal ſeveral Laws to prohibit the Importation of *French Laces* and *Cambricks*, and for an Act to ſuppreſs the *Spittle-field* Weavers; and relating to Paint, Waſhes, Fans, Gloves, *&c.* and for the better Encouragement of *French* Hair-cutters, and to authoriſe the Payment of the Bounty to *John Exotic*, and others, upon a Ship fitted out for *China*, in order to import Teas, and China-figures of all Sorts, and loſt near *Madagaſcar*, was committed; and ſhe read the Report, and afterwards delivered the Bill, with the Amendments, in at the *Tea-table*, where the Amendments were read, and agreed to by the Houſe.

Ordered,

That the Bill, with the Amendments, be ingroſſed.

Ordered,

That Mrs. *Trifle* have Leave to make a Motion:

And ſhe moved the Houſe accordingly.

An ingroſſed Bill from the Ladies, intituled, *Act Act to enable* Pompey the little, *Lap-dog to Lady* Mary Creature, *to relinquiſh the ſaid Name of* Pompey the little, *and aſſume for the future to him and his Heirs the Stile and Name of* MARQUIS, was read the firſt Time.

Ordered,

That the ſaid Bill do lie upon the *Tea-table.*

Ordered,

That Mrs. *Bragwell* have Leave to make a Motion.

And ſhe moved the Houſe accordingly.

And an ingroſſed Bill from the Ladies, intitled, *An Act for changing the preſent current Stile in this Kingdom, and to convert Night into Day*, was read the firſt Time, and ordered to be read a ſecond Time.

An ingroſſed Bill, intitled, *An Act for impowering Lady* Stakeall *to cut down and ſell Timber ſtanding and growing upon the Eſtate of Lord* Stakeall, *her Huſband, in order to enable the ſaid Lady* Stakeall *to purchaſe Monkeys, Parrots, and other Neceſſaries, and alſo to make a very large Bet at the next Maſquerade, and for other Purpoſes therein mentioned*; was read the third Time.

Reſolved,

That the Bill do paſs.

An ingroſſed Bill, called by the Vulgar, *the Stark-naked Bill*, but more properly intituled, *An Act for aboliſhing the preſent Form of Dreſs among Ladies of Faſhion, and reducing it as near, as modern Manners will permit, to the primitive Cuſtom of our firſt Mother* Eve, *by ſhortening the Petticoat, and lowering the Stays, againſt the approaching* Vaux-hall *Seaſon*; was read a third Time.

Reſolved,

That the Bill do paſs.

Ordered,

That Mrs. *Fetch* do carry the Bill to the Ladies, and deſire their Concurrence.

And then the Houſe adjourned till To-morrow Morning Nine of the Clock.

By Virtue of an Order of the Female Houſe of Commons, I do appoint William Faden *to print, and* Paul Valliant *to publiſh thoſe Votes ; and that no other Perſon do preſume to print the ſame.*

ELIZABETH GRAVEAIR, Speaker.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Bedford Coffee-houſe, May 18.

THE Board of Criticiſm came to a Reſolution laſt Night, not to adjourn until Mr. *Garrick* cloſes the Theatrical Seaſon. The Commanding Officer of the *Covent-garden* Forces has diſmiſſed the *Subalterns* to their Country Quarters, They have carried with them a Store of Thunder and Lightning, very proper for the Summer-ſeaſon, a Flying *Mercury* troubled with a Rupture, the Straw being ready to fall out of his Abdomen ; a Bowl of Poiſon *(wants new gilding)* ſeveral caſt off Dominos for *Romeo* and *Juliet*, a well toned Bell, *&c.* ſo that it is not doubted, but the Country People will have as much *Start*, *Strut* and *Roar*, for their Money, as ever was exhibited at the Theatre-royal.

Since our laſt arrived a Main from *Vaux-hall*, which brings Advice, among other Particlars, that Miſs *Burchell*'s Voice charms every Hearer with its Melody, and there are great Crowds every Evening to refreſh themſelves with the *Tin Caſcade.* It is further ſuggeſted, that there is a great Struggle among the minor Poets, which ſhall be elected *Vaux-hall* Poet for the enſuing Seaſon. Mr. *Lyrick* and Mr. *Spondee*, have each of them given in Specimens of their Talents, in thoſe little Deſigns, that are amorous, and yet innocent, as Mr. *Bayes* ſays ; but, the Waiters are of Opinion, that it will be decided in Favour of *Quinbus Fleſtrin*, the unborn Poet, whom we have already mentioned, he being a Perſon of undoubted Appetite, and paſſionately fond of the Amuſements of this Place, both in eating and drinking.

⁂

Numb. 84. Gray's-Inn, *Saturday, May* 25, 1754.

Contemptor Divûm Mezentius —— Virg.

AT the Meeting of our Club, of which I muſt conſider myſelf an unworthy Member, as I have not of late attended them with proper Punctuality, my Friend Captain *Gulliver*, whom I formerly introduced to the Acquaintance of my Readers, produced a Paper, which, he ſaid, he had brought with him from *Cairo*, amongſt ſeveral other Manuſcripts of the ſame Nature. After peruſing it, I judged it would make no improper Entertainment for my Readers, and I therefore have ordered it a Place in this Day's Paper.

In the Days when the Empire of *Bagdad* ſpread Terror round the Nations, and their conquering Arms added a conſtant Acceſſion of Honour and Wealth to the Califfs, *Aboulcaſem*, a Youth of extenſive Parts and boundleſs Ambition, had the Addreſs to raiſe himſelf to the firſt Honours of the State, and in Proceſs of Time, he arrived to the Dignity of Vizier. In this Office his Conduct was ſuch as might be expected from a Perſon of his exalted Parts. His Renown for Genius and a bright Underſtanding diſtinguiſhed him above the reſt of the Miniſters, and the Name of *Aboulcaſem* was wafted on the Wings of Fame through all the Regions of the Eaſt.

But amidſt all the Effulgence of his Glory, *Aboulcaſem* was hurried away by the Violence of his Paſſions, which were rapid as the Cataracts of the *Nile*, and violent as the Whirlwinds in the Deſart. His Soul was apt to kindle into a Blaze at the Sight of Beauty, and in the Height of his national Buſineſs he would frequently ſport away his Hours in wanton Dalliance with a *Circaſſian* Beauty, with whom he would often betake himſelf to the Baths, and there, in amorous Diſſipation, write Letters upon Matters of the utmoſt Conſequence to the *Califf*, and the whole Empire of *Bagdad*, and diſpatch them to his Agents, whom he had ſent to other neighbouring Courts. At length, he was ſuſpected to favour the Cauſe of the baniſhed Prince *Abdallah*, who was then wandering about the Deſarts of *Arabia*; and though no convincing Proofs could be alledged againſt him, yet not being able to vindicate himſelf from the Imputation, he was obliged to fly his Country.

Aboulcaſem immediately betook himſelf to the Prince *Abdallah*, and finding his Cauſe totally ruined, without any Poſſibility of re-inſtating him, he then exerted all his Induſtry to obtain Leave to return Home. As Things of this Nature cannot be compaſſed in a ſhort Time, in Order to hinder his Mind in the mean Time from falling a Prey to Melancholly, and all the Horrors of diſappointed Ambition, he applied himſelf to the Labours of the wiſe Men in Order to relieve his Mind. Here he penned his Thoughts upon Exile, and many other important Points of ſpeculative Morality. He lived like an Hermit in the Deſarts of *Arabia*, and there, illuſtriouſly hid, he carried on his Reſearches into the Study of Nature, Hiſtory, and all the Branches of human Learning, which could adorn and enrich ſo accompliſhed a Mind.

Thus furniſhed with all mental Embelliſhments, *Aboulcaſem* was in Time permitted to return, but he was not reſtored to his Honours. As Ambition is ever unrelenting, he was no ſooner fixed in his own Abode, than he inſtantly became an implacable Enemy to the Vizier, who had conſented to recal him. He drew from the Stores of Knowledge, which he had formerly treaſured up, ſome of the ſevereſt Reflections, which could be made upon the Miniſter's Adminiſtrations, and this in ſuch a powerful Strain of nervous Eloquence, that he may very juſtly be ſaid to have had a great Share in his Downfal. *Aboulcaſem* was ſo happy as to have accompliſhed this Buſineſs, which was for a long Time the grand Object of his Intentions; but it was no ſooner done, than he perceived himſelf as diſtant as ever from regaining his Prince's Ear. He therefore betook himſelf to his Country-houſe at a ſmall Diſtance from *Bagdad*, where he employed himſelf in reading all the Moraliſts of *Arabia*, and in ſhort, all the fine Eaſtern Writers. In this Receſs he cultivated an Acquaintance with two of the firſt Geniuſes of his Time, *Selim* and *Mirza*; the former was remarkable among the Eaſtern Sages for elevated Strains of Poetry, and the latter for thoſe Oriental Tales, which are generally called the *Tale of a Tub*, and the Adventures of *Gulliver*, the Merchant of *Bagdad*. Theſe two undertook the Defence of *Aboulcaſem*'s Character, and ſpared no Pains to blazon his Fame to the World.

Mean Time *Aboulcaſem* purſued his Reſearches into all the Branches of human Wiſdom; the civil Polity of States was to him a Store-houſe, which diſcloſed a conſtant Fund of Supply; he then turned his Eye inwards upon the Texture and Make of his own Mind; he uſed to ſay, that the Mind was a concealed Repoſitory of Riches, and that it behoved every Man to find out the Secrets of it: This accordingly he did; but he did not enjoy the ſecret, ſelfiſh Gratification of many, who, when in Poſſeſſion of a Treaſure will never let it be ſeen by human Eyes; on the Contrary, he was glad to have every Opportunity of diſplaying himſelf, and this rather to a Degree of Oſtentation. From this Branch of Study, *Aboulcaſem* proceeded to examine into Matters of Religion; the various Syſtems of the Eaſtern Sages were all to him perfectly well known; he laughed at the *Koran*; the Syſtem of Morality which *Confucius* taught, *Aboulcaſem* held in Contempt; *Mahomet*'s Paradiſe was to him a mere *Chimera*, and he declaimed with a pompous Flow of ſounding Eloquence againſt all theſe various Opinions; the *Bramins* were always the Objects of his ſevereſt Contempt; in the Dictates of natural Religion, he would ſay, we have no Occaſion for ſuch Guides, and in the Explanation of eſtabliſhed Forms, they are highly dangerous; he was an Enemy to all Forms of Worſhip offered in the Temple of the Prophet; he endeavoured to ſubvert the Principles upon which this Worſhip was founded, and to introduce a new Form of Thinking of his own. Since *Aboulcaſem* could have no Share in the Direction of State-affairs, he was determined to ſoar above ſublunary Things, and to have the Lead in Matters of higher Importance. He was highly dogmatical in his Aſſertions, and he carried his Extravagance ſo far, as to advance, that there was no Difference between the human Species and Brutes; and that it was highly probable that Dogs and the reſt of the animal Creation were endued with Souls as well as Mankind; and in the general he aſſerted that all Souls were material.

In the Midſt of theſe Diſquiſitions, *Aboulcaſem* was ſitting one Night in his Study, his Lamp burning before him, when of a ſudden, Thunders rolled deep and awful over his Head; the Mountains were ſhaken and they groaned; keen Lightenings flaſhed athwarth the Hemiſphere; the third Heaven was opened, and a Flood of Radiance deſcended upon the Earth. The Solemnity of the Scene appalled the Heart of *Aboulcaſem*: Trembling ſeized his Limbs; he fell proſtrate and adored the Meſſenger from God, who now ſtood before him, and ſpoke in Accents which chilled the Blood within him, and made him ſtand convinced of his vain Philoſophy.

" *Aboulcaſem*, ſaid he, receive my Sayings with an " Ear of Attention. Know then, that the Eye of " him, who is in the third Heaven hath beheld thee; " he hath viewed thy Ways with Compaſſion, and he " hath made this Viſion a Vehicle of Inſtruction unto " thy Soul, which is at preſent loſt and bewildered in " a Maze of idle and fooliſh Philoſophy; for thy Philoſophy is not calculated to advance true Knowledge, " Virtue, and Wiſdom, but has its Source in Oſtentation. Oſtentation and Vain-glory have induced " thee to diſplay thy imagined Superiority of Parts, " which pretends to pervade all Syſtems of Religion, " and thy Heart's Conceit will approve of none. Thy " Studies are ill directed, and their Drift is only to " alienate the Minds of Men from any ſettled Form " of Worſhip, which you are in the Wrong to diſturb, " as your own Inſufficiency cannot ſubſtitute a better " than what is deſigned to keep Society in a due Senſe " of Reſignation to a Supreme Being, and to preſerve " the Bands of civil Compact religiouſly unbroken.

"Caſt but thine Eye upon yonder Vale; behold what "is there tranſacted. There thou may'ſt ſee Men "diveſted of all Forms of Worſhip, and rendered perfectly conformable to thy vain Notions of Religion. "There thou may'ſt ſee what is the State of Man ungoverned by ſettled Forms of Devotion; they have "ſhaken off all Regard to the Prophet, and behold "them immerſed in all Manner of vicious Practices: "Uncontrouled they invade each other's Rights; they "make War to gratify their Ambition; freely without "Reſtraint they proſcribe whom they pleaſe; the Bonds "of Society are broken, and the Contempt of divine "Laws has introduced a Contempt for all human "Inſtitutions. To promote this Scene of Confuſion "are thy Writings calculated; but know, and dread "the Truth I am now to utter, that it will better "behove thee to pay Submiſſion to the eſtabliſhed "Forms of Worſhip of thy Country, than to diſturb "the Peace of the Faithful, and thereby fill their Minds "with Doubt, with Jealouſy, Miſtruſt, Suſpicion, and "all the Horrors of an overweening Imagination."

At theſe Words the Radiance, which ſpoke, withdrew from his Eyes, and left *Aboulcaſem* in the utmoſt Conſternation; the Impreſſion was, however, very ſoon effaced; for notwithſtanding this Admonition, he perſervered in his ill Deſigns; but the Thread of his Days was cut ſhort before he could vent them abroad into the World. However, his Intentions were not totally fruſtrated, for the Hand of Death had no ſooner ſmote him, than his Compoſitions fell into the Hands of *Namaran*, another Eaſtern Writer, who ſold them for a certain Number of Sequins of Gold, and by thoſe Means the Writings of *Aboulcaſem* came into every Body's Hands, and ſpread their baneful Influence on the Minds of all the Inhabitants of *Bagdad*.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Hay-market, May 25, 1754.

Laſt Night the new *Engliſh* Opera of *Eliza*, ſet by Mr. *Arne*, and performed here laſt Week with univerſal

Applauſe, was ſuppreſſed by an Order from a ſuperior Power, by which many Perſons of Taſte were deprived of a very elegant Entertainment; and it is now ſaid, that Mr. *Arne*, inſtigated by this Diſappointment, will apply for a private Bill to *unnaturalize* him, that he may then enjoy the *Privileges of an Engliſhman*,——as well as any *Foreigner* of them all.

Bedford Coffee-houſe, May 25.

The Parliament of Criticiſm will be prorogued on *Friday* next——Laſt Night they broke up early, after returning Thanks to an ingenious Gentleman for his new-invented *poetical Quadrant*, by which a Critic may take an Obſervation of the *Altitude* of modern Wit. The ſame Perſon has alſo a *Microſcope*, to diſcover the Faults of the *Ancients*, and Merit of the *Moderns*, very proper to be had in all Coffee-houſes, and fit for all Critics, Templers, *&c.*

N. B. The Caravan is not to come here any more this Seaſon; the *Loungers* begin to baſk, like *Chelſea* Penſioners in the Sun-beams, and Wit and Humour have bid us farewel, till the Middle of *September* next.

* * *

NUMB. 85. GRAY'ſ-INN, *Saturday, June* 1, 1754.

Vere magis, quia vere calor redit oſſibus— VIRG.

THE gloomy Month of *November* is diſtinguiſhed by Foreigners, as the Heighth of the Seaſon for *Engliſhmen* to hang and drown themſelves; but from a diligent Obſervation I can venture to affirm, that the Month of *May* is always attended with a larger Bill of Mortality than any other Part of the Year. It is the Spring-time of Love, when the Blood has received a Renovation of Warmth, and young Minds are then more eaſily melted down in the amorous Fire. A Bookſeller, whom I now and then chat with at his *Circulating Library*, informs me, that he can tell when the Poiſon of Love begins to rankle in the Breaſt, that he can trace it in its Progreſs, and knows exactly when it is become quite general in its Influence. Romances, he ſays, in the Beginning are more and more call'd for; as it encreaſes, *Lord* Grey'*s Love Letters*, the *Loves of* Octavia *and* Philander, Abelard *and* Heloiſe, *Letters from a Nun to a Cavalier*, &c. come into Play; and when the Infection is grown epidemic, then the Tragedies of *Romeo and Juliet*, *All for Love, or the World well loſt*, *Theodoſius or the Force of Love*, &c. cannot be ſupplied quick enough to anſwer the wonderful Demand for them. My ingenious Friend will ſometimes take me into his back Room, and "Friend *Ranger*," ſays he, "can't you touch us up ſome ſecret Memoirs, or a "Love-tale, or ſomething by Way of Novel—If green "Peas come in faſt—the Seaſon for Peas is always fa"vourable to love-ſick Minds—I can manage to put "you off—let me ſee—ay, about a Couple of Thou"ſand by Midſummer—yes, thereabouts—I could get "—if you will put your Name to it,—a Matter of fif"teen hundred ſubſcribed among the Trade—how "will you make it end?—happy or unhappy?—for "there will be a Difference in that—but, that muſt be "determined by the Chapter of Accidents—a North"eaſt Wind chills the amorous Heat—in that Caſe, "you had better make them die—but, if the ſouthern "Gale continues, they may, in the Concluſion, be *con*"*ducted by the laughing Loves to the nuptial Bower*— "the Book will ſoon be in every Body's Hands, at "*Tunbridge*, *Bath*, *Scarborough*, &c."

Thus is this ſkilful Perſon in his Trade for taking Advantage of that Succeſſion of Foibles, which are conſtantly riſing and falling in the moſt whimſical Viciſſitude in this Metropolis. The Truth of it is the Playhouſes, the Circulating Libraries, the public Gardens about Town owe very much of their Succeſs to the love-ſick Minds of Boys and Girls. It is this univerſal Paſſion which rolls ſo many of the Youth of both Sexes down the ſoft Declivity in *Greenwich-park*, it is this which is ſo fond of taking Cold at the Tin Caſcade in *Vaux-hall* Gardens, and it is this which pours forth ſo many Groupes of Enamoratos along the Fields and Meadows about *London* every *Sunday* Evening.

Notwithſtanding the extenſive Influence of this ſoft Infection, it is ſomewhat ſurpriſing that among all the Writers, who have endeavoured to deſcribe it, very few of them have ſucceeded in any tolerable Degree. What Numbers of *Engliſh* Tragedies have been ſunk into an inſipid Languor by the ineffectual Whim of Epiſodic Love? The Tragedy of *Romeo* and *Juliet*, excepting now and then ſome glittering Conceits, which we may ſuppoſe to be Transfuſions from the *Italian Novelliſt*, who furniſhed *Shakeſpear* with the Story, affords a beautiful Repreſentation of two young Minds touched with this tender Sympathy. Many of the Tragedies of *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, though they are now too much neglected, diſplay the delicate Senſations of Love, in all their native genuine Simplicity. I am not clear whether the fine Interchange of Sentiments between *Jaffier* and *Belvidera* ſhould come within the Precincts of Love; becauſe the Deſire of Poſſeſſion, which fires the tender Imagination into a gentle Enthuſiaſm, has then ſubſided into a ſympathetic Friendſhip between Man and Wife; and accordingly the moſt pathetic Touches are derived, not from the Lover's fond Hope of mutual Bliſs to come, but from a Retroſpect to thoſe vaniſhed Hours, when *Jaffier* lay for three whole happy Years in his *Belvidera*'s Arms; and thus the Tranſition from their former Endearments to their preſent Miſery, excites thoſe intenſe Emotions of Pity for their Fate. Perhaps, after the Writers juſt mentioned, the Tragedy of *Tancred* and *Sigiſmunda* has the faireſt Claim to any Degree of Reputation; in this Piece the Love of the young Prince is manly, and never dwindles into childiſh Conceit; the Feelings of *Sigiſmunda* are delicate and ſenſible, and through all the Scenes the Softneſs of their Paſſion is ennobled by Sentiments of Honour and moral Dignity. But, among all the Books, which the enamoured of both Sexes are apt to call for at this Seaſon of the Year, there is none which can exhibit ſo lively a Picture of Love, as the fourth Book of *Dryden*'s *Virgil*, which I would recommend to my young Readers, not by Way of adding Fuel to the Fire, but to warn them of the Dangers of the growing Flame; as they will here perceive all the Viciſſitudes of the Paſſion, till at length it terminates in a melancholly Cataſtrope.

I ſhall conclude this Paper with an Extract from an unpubliſhed Pamphlet, written by an ingenious Gentleman, who has given me Leave to make my own Uſe of it. It is called the Hiſtory of *Roſamond's Pond for the Month of May*, and, though ſome of the Incidents are not the Effects of Love, it will, however, ſhew many of the Diſaſters that attend that ſweet, but dangerous Senſation.

The Hiſtory of Roſamond's Pond for the Month of May.

A young Lady of Faſhion, whoſe Name it is thought proper to ſuppreſs, flung herſelf into the Pond, becauſe ſhe had an Amour with *Thomas* the Footman; ſhe was taken up by the Centinel, and only damaged a Gauze Capuchin.

Miſs *Betty Threadneedle*, Milliner, in the *New Exchange*, threw herſelf in, on account of Ill-uſage from Monſieur *Capriole*, a *French* Figure-dancer at *Drury-lane* Playhouſe; the Coroner's Inqueſt ſat upon her Body, and brought in their *Verdict*, *Lunacy*.

William Ponderwell was in Love with a celebrated Coquette, and after paying an Attendance of ſeveral Months, he was at length quite tired out, and walked very demurely to the Brink of the Pond, where he ſtood for ſome Time fixed in Thought, then changed his Mind, and walked Home very cooly.

Bob Dare-devil, having very paſſively received a Kicking from an Officer, threw himſelf in the oblivious Lake, that he might not ſurvive the Loſs of his Honour; he was taken up, and now lights your Honour acroſs the Way about *Drury-lane* Playhouſe.

John Henpeck drowned himſelf after walking very ſoberly with a Friend in the *Bird-cage* Walk. There were found in his Pocket, a Cork-ſkrew, a Tobacco-ſtopper, *Paſſeran* upon Self-murder, and a Piece of Paper, on which were written the following Lines,

A frowning World, and a ſcolding Wife,
Is the Cauſe of my putting an End to my Life.

Dick Nimblewriſt, alias *Crookfingered Jack*, fell in Love with a Gentleman's Handkerchief, but being diſcovered in the Attempt to ſteal it, he was ducked by the Mob, in Order to cool his unruly Paſſion.

Dick Wildfire threw himſelf in about Six in the Evening, which drew together a large Concourſe of People; but it being only a Frolic for a Wager, he ſwam acroſs and got out again.

N. B. He took Cold, and died in a few Days of a raging Fever.

Sappho, the famous Poeteſs, fell in, while ſhe was reſounding aloft an Ode of her own compoſing, upon the new Building at the *Horſe-guards*.

Freſh-coloured Moll was tired of the World, and went to fling herſelf into the Pond, but meeting a young *Templer* at the fatal Brink, ſhe adjourned with him to the little Iſland, and inſtead of ſending a Perſon out of the World, it is confidently ſaid, that in nine Months, ſhe uſhered a Foundling into it.

N. B. She now ſells Apples and picks Pockets in the Piazza of *Covent-garden*.

Monſieur *Languedoc*, a *French* Gentleman, who came over here for his Religion, was challenged to box by a Pick-pocket in the *Mall*, whereupon he drew his Sword, which ſo enraged the Populace, that they took him to the Pond and ducked him three Times.

Mrs. *Fretful*, Wife of *John Fretful*, threw herſelf in, becauſe her Siſter was better married, and kept more Card-tables than herſelf—Upon being taken out ſhe ſaid, "There was no ſuch Thing as bearing it, and that "ſhe was the moſt unhappieſt Woman in the World."

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Bedford Coffee-houſe, June 1, 1754.

LAST Night the Parliament of Criticiſm met here, when Mr. *Town* came with his uſual *Apparatus*, and gave his Aſſent to the following Bills.

An Act to prevent a conſtant Repetition of the ſame worn-out Tragedies throughout every Seaſon.

An Act to oblige every capital Actor to bring at leaſt two new Parts into the Stock every Winter, by Way of ſhewing how he paſſed his Time, in his Receſs from Buſineſs during the Summer, and to ſeveral public and private Bills. After which Mr. *Town* made the following moſt gracious Speech.

My Friends and Critics,

As we are now come to the Concluſion of the critical Seſſions, I cannot diſmiſs you, without returning you Thanks for that Peeviſhneſs and Petulance, which you have manifeſted during this laſt Seaſon. It is with the utmoſt Pleaſure I now let you know, that ſeveral Pretenders to Poetry have wrote new Tragedies and Comedies, and in ſuch a Manner as will afford the higheſt Joy, as they will all moſt infallibly be damned, whenever they appear.

Gentlemen of the City,

Your clapping and hiſſing, with implicit Deference to my Judgment, at both Playhouſes, during this laſt Winter, ſhews your Affection for me and my Cauſe.

My Friends and Critics,

It is with an unſpeakable Regret I am now to tell you, that Criticiſm does not agree with my Conſtitution, and therefore I muſt retire from thoſe weighty Cares, until Providence ſhall pleaſe to reſtore my hiſſing Powers, which are now ſomewhat impaired. On this Account I muſt now diſſolve the Parliament of Criticiſm, and, whenever you are ſummoned together again, I hope you will adhere to the noble Principles of *Maleveliſm*, which it has ever been my Study to inculcate. *And the Parliament of Criticiſm was diſſolved accordingly.*

⁂

NUMB.

Numb. 86 Gray's-Inn, *Saturday, June* 8, 1754.

—— *Veteres ita miratur laudatque Poetas.*
Indignor quidquam reprehendi, non quia craſſè
Compoſitum illepidève putetur, ſed quia nuper. Hor.

To CHARLES RANGER, *Eſq;*

SIR,

I Know the Importance of an Author to himſelf is ſo very great, that he looks upon it as abſolutely neceſſary, that the Public ſhould be informed of every particular Circumſtance relating to his Body or Mind; as for Inſtance, at what Hour he goes to Bed, on which Side he compoſed himſelf to Sleep; whether his Slumbers were interrupted, and above all, the Purport of his Dreams, *for Dreams deſcend from Jove.* This Practice I believe, is perfectly juſt; but I hope Mr. *Ranger* will not monopolize Dreaming, and that he will give an occaſional Writer the Liberty of communicating to the Public, how he paſſed the Night. My Hopes of ſucceeding in this Requeſt are the more ſanguine, as the intellectual Scene, of which I mean here to give ſome Account, was occaſioned by a Peruſal of a Viſion of your own, in which you deſcribe a *Sacrifice to the Graces.*

The Images, which that Piece excited in my Fancy, incorporated, if I may ſo call it, with the Ideas, that have been uppermoſt in my waking Thoughts for ſome Time paſt, and I imagined in my Sleep that there was a general Election in *Parnaſſus* for proper Members to repreſent the Rupublic of Letters. It ſeems, *Apollo* was induced, by frequent Murmurs and Complaints, to diſſolve his Parliament; ſome Malecontents among the Moderns being of Opinion, that the Antients had arbitrarily voted themſelves perpetual Dictators in Wit; whereas, upon a free, uninfluenced Election, they believed themſelves capable of returning a larger Number than the ſaid Antients. The Party for the Moderns was led on by Monſieur *De la Motte, Perrault* and *Wotton*; the two former were vigorouſly oppoſed by *Boileau*, Madam *Dacier*, and the latter by Mr. *Pope* and Doctor *Swift*. *Swift* ordered a new Edition of his Battle of the Books to be publiſhed forthwith, and *Pope* took Occaſion to reprint his Eſſays and Criticiſms upon *Homer*. The *Old* and *New-intereſt* were the Words by which each Party ſignified their Attachments, and Reams of *Lampoons, Acroſtics*, and *Rebuſſes* were iſſued out by the Moderns, which were all anſwered by Epigrams, Fables, and Burleſque Pieces, written by the Friends of the Antients.

At length the Writs were iſſued out to the proper Officers, to chuſe Repreſentatives for the ſeveral Counties and Borough-towns in *Parnaſſus*; ſome Places, by poetic Licence, having Leave to return as many Members, as could fairly prove a Qualification. *Homer* and *Virgil* were declared for epic Poetry; *Milton* was ſet up by the Encouragement of ſeveral Friends, and they were all three accordingly choſen. *Homer* had four and twenty upon the Poll, and *Virgil* twelve; *Milton*, by an Aſſeſſment a little before the Election, created two new Votes, by which he alſo reached the Number twelve, and *Virgil* was ſo modeſt that he made no Objection to it. *Taſſo*, and Sir *Richard Blackmore*, were declared Candidates, but the former was proved to have bribed with *Clinquant*, and the latter could not make out a Qualification.

In the Regions of Tragedy, *Sophocles* and *Euripides* joined Intereſts, and *Ariſtotle* undertook to canvaſs for them; but *Shakeſpear* carried it by a great Majority; *Corneille* and *Racine* ſtood next upon the Liſt, but a Scrutiny was demanded in Favour of the *Old-intereſt*, upon a Suſpicion that ſeveral *Copy-holders* had polled for the Moderns, and the *New-intereſt* employed ſome *French* Critics to go through their Anſwer; it was thought it will at laſt end in a double Return; and it was further ſaid, that *Otway* and *Rowe* would be declared duly elected. *Dryden* and *Lee* joined Intereſts, and though many gay and flighty Perſons were very warm in their Cauſe, their Schemes were looked upon by the Cool and Judicious, as rather too wild and romantic. The *French* Critics threatened, that at ſome future Election, they ſhould be able to make more Members, being reſolved to put up *Crebillon* and *Voltaire* even againſt *Shakeſpear*, to which End, ſeveral Libels againſt the laſt mentioned Genius were already drawn up by *Voltaire.*

In the comic Territories, the Antients loſt their Election by a very great Majority; *Moliere*, *Ben Johnſon*, *Congreve* and *Vanbrugh*, being declared duly elected. *Shakeſpear* was made an honourary Member for this Quarter, and was univerſally allowed to be a Repreſentative of both Places. *Dryden* found Means, by the Aſſiſtance of a *Spaniſh* Friar, to inſinuate himſelf into this Place, and it was given out, that when *Colley Cibber* arrives here, he will be put up as a Perſon duly qualified, though it is apprehended that his Quarrel with *Pope* has deprived him of ſeveral Votes.

The *New-intereſt* exulted greatly upon their Conqueſt in the laſt Election, and in Order to complete their Triumph, proceed further into the Regions of *Humour* and *Ridicule.* *Homer* was here again put up by *Ariſtotle*, who urged the *Margites* as a ſufficient Claim; but the Writings of that Eſtate being loſt, he was obliged to decline the Poll. After this, an Advertiſement was publiſhed, deſiring the Votes and Intereſt of all the true Sons of Merriment for *Ariſtophanes*, *Menander*, *Plautus*, and *Terence*, who had juſt loſt their Election in another Place; *Lucian* ſet up upon his own Intereſt. The *Moderns* declared *Cervantes*, *Rablais*, *Swift* and *Butler* joint Candidates, being all Gentlemen heartily attached to true Wit and Humour. Votes were alſo ſolicited for ſeveral other Perſonages; Monſieur *la Sage*, *Scarron*, *Marivaux*, and *Addiſon*, were ſtrongly recommended; but the latter being returned in Conjunction with *Terence* and *la Sage* for the Borough of POLITE-MIRTH, Sir *Richard Steele* appeared on the Huſtings, and withdrew his Friend's Name. *Swift* mixed with the lower Sort of People; joked with the Women about their Dreſſing-rooms, and republiſhed his Account of the ſtrange Man juſt arrived in Town.

Rablais contributed a good deal to the general Mirth; *Cervantes* occaſionally gave vent to a Vein of low Humour, but *Lucian* could not make himſelf univerſally underſtood, and many of his Turns did not allude to modern-practiſed Life. *Scarron* got together a Company of Strollers, and exhibited Entertainments in Booths with great Succeſs. *Ward*, *Concanon*, and *Tom Brown*, offered themſelves on this Occaſion, but were rejected with Contempt. At length the Books were cloſed, and *Lucian*, *Cervantes*, *Butler* and *Swift* were declared duly elected. At which the Managers for the *New-intereſt* were highly inflamed; they lodged a Petition in Favour of *Rablais*, but ſuch a Vein of Extravagance ran through the Whole, and ſome Paſſages were worked up into ſuch a Strain of unintelligible Frolic, that it was generally ſuppoſed it would be given againſt him. However, his Friends were determined to bring him in for an inferior Borough, and *Scarron* and *Marivaux* were alſo aſſured of their Election. Whenever *Fielding* ſhall arrive to his Eſtate in this Part of *Parnaſſus*, there is a Borough ready to elect him.

To have ſo many Moderns choſen for the laſt Diviſion was highly agreeable to the *New-intereſt*; they were however a good deal dejected at the Election for *Hiſtory*, for which the Conteſt was ineffectual. *Thucidydes*, *Salluſt*, *Livy*, and *Tacitus*, being choſen by a great Majority. *Faminianus Strada* endeavoured to hurt the Election of the laſt mentioned Writer, in Order, as it was thought, to ſubſtitute himſelf; but *Peers* being allowed to appear at Elections in *Parnaſſus*, Lord *Bolingbroke* gave all his Intereſt to *Tacitus*, and aſſured him that his Works were of infinite Uſe in all his political Tracts. *Salluſt* recommended St. *Real*, an approved *French* Hiſtorian, to a Borough. *Julius Cæſar* was put up without his Conſent, a literary Fame not being the Object of his Ambition; Lord *Clarendon* was for a long Time decried by a Party, but was at laſt declared duly elected.

Demoſthenes and *Cicero* harangued from the Huſtings, and were unanimouſly choſen for *Oratory*; and it was thought that ſome, who have made a conſpicuous Figure in the *Britiſh* Parliaments, would be admitted to the

Honour of a Seat with thoſe immortal Geniuſes. A Party of *Frenchmen* endeavoured to make a Stand, upon the Strength of ſome certain Funeral Orations, but in a few Hours they found themſelves greatly out-polled.

Horace, *Boileau*, *Dryden*, and Mr. *Pope*, were made the Repreſentatives of *Satire*; *Juvenal* and *Perſius* having ſet up for Places upon their own ſeparate Intereſts; as ſoon as the Election was over, Mr. *Pope* thanked the Conſtituents for the Honour conferred upon him, and ſignified his Inclination to take his Seat for *Ethics*, to which he was recommended by the Lord Viſcount *Bolingbroke*, and the Voters came to a Reſolution to fill up the Vacancy by putting up the famous Doctor *Young*, though in his Abſence.

Lord *Bacon*, and Mr. *Locke*, were returned for real and uſeful Philoſophy, at which *Ariſtotle* was violently enraged. He was, however, ſomewhat comforted to find himſelf the firſt on the Poll for *Criticiſm*; *Longinus*, *Quintilian* and *Bohours* were alſo declared duly elected. There was a great Number of Boroughs in this County, moſt of which were repreſented by *Frenchmen*, the Chief of whom was the *Abbé du Bos*, Author of the Reflections upon Poeſy and Painting. Mr. *Addiſon* was alſo returned in this Diſtrict, but deing previouſly choſen, he thanked the Voters in general, and told them they would not be at a Loſs for a proper Repreſentative for that Place, whenever the Author of the *Polymetis* ſhould be willing to ſtand the Poll.

In the Regions of miſcellaneous Poetry, *Dryden* had an Offer from almoſt every Place; *Spencer* was elected for a Borough, ſaid to be over-run with Witches and Fairies; in *Paſtoral*, *Ambroſe Philips* exerted his utmoſt Intereſt; but it was ſaid that Mr. *Pope*, though he did not chuſe to be the Repreſentative himſelf, had reſolved to hinder *Philips* from coming in. *Virgil* thanked the Country People for the Offers made to himſelf, expatiated on rural Happineſs, and ſaid he ſhould always be a Lover of *Woods* and *Rivers*; but begged Leave to recommend in his room *Vaniere*, Writer of the *Prædium Ruſticum*, and the late Mr. *James Thompſon*, Author of the Seaſons.

Æſop, *Phædrus*, *la Fontaine*, and *Gay*, where choſen for the fabulous Country, where a new Party was ſpringing up for the Author of the Fables for the *female Sex*, and, alſo for the Fables lately addreſſed to the Prince of *Wales*. With theſe Proceedings the *New-intereſt* had no Reaſon to be diſſatisfied, though they were highly diſappointed in ſeveral Places. However, they were determined to keep up their Spirits with a Shew of general Victory. I fancied their Acclamations of Joy were ſo loud on the Occaſion, that I was awaked from my Dream. *I am*, *S I R*,

Your moſt obedient Servant,

Oxford, *June* 7, 1754. J. NIGHTMARE.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Sam's *Coffee-houſe*, *Exchange-alley*.

VArious are the Sentiments which the Frequenters of this Place have formed to themſelves of the Articles of Intelligence, collected by Mr. *Ranger* in the *Gray*'s-*Inn Journal*. After Half an Hour's cloſe Study, a Gentleman of profound Penetration called upon *Major* for farther Information. What, ſays he, " is all this " true ?" " No, Sir, replied *Major*, it's only his comical " Way," Mr. *Vandergut* ſeems highly pleaſed with the Scheme, and obſerves, that the *Gray*'s-*Inn Journal* is very humourſome, and on every *Saturday* his firſt Queſtion is, what, is *Ranger* punny to Day? but after peruſing it, he generally ſhakes his Head, and laments that the Author never entertains his Readers with a Letter from the *Hague*.

Rainbow Coffee-houſe, *June* 8.

Yeſterday at a Board of PRIGGISM held here, it was pretty warmly debated between *Jemmy Spindle* and *Jack Dupe*, *whether a Gentleman acquires more Honour by whoring than by gaming?* When Mr. *Spindle* begg'd Leave to ſay, that the little Reputation he held in the World was entirely owing to his appearing every Night, during the Winter Seaſon, between two Girls in the Balcony—here Mr. *Dupe* interrupted him, and obſerved, that undoubtedly whoring was eſſentially neceſſary towards eſtabliſhing the Character of a Man of Spirit; but that, in his Opinion, gaming ſhewed more the Man of Conſequence; for, ſays he, the firſt Men in the Kingdom are Gameſters, and—here *Harry Edging* cried out, *d—n me, there's a pretty Girl going by*; upon which the Board was broke up, and the Point left undecided, to the great Diſappointment of *Jerry*, who was all Attention, and waited the Event of the Diſpute, with open Mouth, which plainly ſhews an eager Appetite for Knowledge.

* * *

NUMB. 87. GRAY'ſ-INN, *Saturday, April* 15, 1754.

Ire iterum in lacrymas, iterum tentare precando
Cogitur, & ſupplex animos ſubmittere amori.
VIRG.

MY Friend, Mr. *Candid*, deſires that he may diſcharge his Promiſe to give ſome further Animadverſions on the Tragedy of King *Lear*; as he has run into a long Eſſay, I ſhall reſign to him the entire Paper of this Day.

Notwithſtanding what is ingeniouſly urged by the Gentleman, who obliged me with a Letter upon my former Criticiſm of King *Lear*, I cannot, after a Review of that Tragedy, find any Reaſon to retract my Aſſertion, that the aged Monarch's Madneſs is occaſioned by the Ingratitude of his Daughters. The Folly of a Parent's putting himſelf in the Power of his Children, muſt incidentally appear in a Play, founded on ſuch a Story as that of *Lear*; but, had thoſe Children not proved ungrateful, I apprehend there is no Reaſon to imagine the King's Mind would have taken the fatal Turn it did. But the beſt Way of knowing, with any Degree of Certainty, the ſecret Cauſes of thoſe Effects, which diſcloſe themſelves in ſundry Appearances in human Life, is by gaining an Inſight into the private Tempers of Men. *Lear*, conſidered in this Manner, ſoon diſcovers to us the latent Seeds, which are likely to kindle into a Blaze, upon the Revolt of his Daughters. The Impreſſion which *Cordelia*'s artleſs Anſwer had upon him is deſcribed by himſelf:

— — — — O moſt ſmall Fault,
How ugly didſt thou in Cordelia *ſhew,*
Which, like an Engine, wrench'd my Frame of Nature
From the fix'd Place; drew from my Heart all Love,
And added to the Gall ——

This plainly evinces where the old Man's Paſſions were moſt acceſſible, and how ſtrong the Workings of them were likely to be, when he ſhould find a total Diſaffection: No Wonder if then his Frame of Nature is wrench'd from the fix'd Place, and, indeed, his Tendency that Way ſoon diſcovers itſelf, when he breaks out into theſe Words:

I will forget my Nature;—ſo KIND *a Father!*—

Were the Loſs of Royalty uppermoſt in his Thoughts, his Remarks would moſt aſſuredly take their Tincture from thence, and he would rather blame himſelf as a WEAK *Father*, who had given all to his Children. But the Circumſtance of his having given all, is never mentioned, unleſs it be to aggravate the Ill-uſage he has met with, and when he ſays to himſelf, *To take't again per-force*, it is plain, that it is not merely for the Sake of regaining loſt Grandeur, but to avenge his Wrongs; and he immediately ſubjoins, *Monſter Ingratitude!*—and a little after, *let me not be mad; not mad, ſweet Heaven!*—The Fool, indeed, taunts him with the Folly of his having diveſted himſelf of his Power, and put the Rod, as he calls it, in his Children's Hand. Theſe Ideas are ſo obvious, that *Shakeſpear* knew they would ſtrike even the moſt ſuperficial Mind; but we find it is no Conſideration with the Father, who never dwells upon it, though it is ſuggeſted to him ſo frequently. On the other Hand, how acute are his Feelings, whenever he recurs to his Daughters Want of filial Piety! He that can read the following Lines, without being ſoftened into Tears, muſt, as Mr. *Addiſon* has ſaid upon another Occaſion, have either a very good, or a very bad Head:

— — — — *Oh!* Regan, *ſhe has tied*
Sharp-tooth'd UNKINDNESS *like a* VULTURE *here*—
—I ſcarce can ſpeak to thee—thoul't not believe
With how depraved a Quality—Oh! Regan!—

What a Picture of a Mind have we here?——The Strugglings with his Sorrows, the Breaks of Paſſion, the Attempt to ſpeak, and the inſtant Suppreſſion of his Powers, are the moſt natural and pathetic Touches. Can the human Imagination, in all her Treaſury of Language, find Words to expreſs at once the deteſtable Crime of Diſobedience to our Parents, and the exquiſite Feelings of an injured Father, like the following Paſſage?

— — *She has ſtruck me with her Tongue*
Moſt Serpent-like upon the very Heart!

Who is there, that does not inſtantaneouſly find himſelf in a Guſh of Tears on reading theſe Lines? And more particularly, when, a little afterwards, he comes to the Speech which cloſes with,

— — — — — *You think I'll weep;*—
No, I'll not weep—tho' I have full Cauſe of weeping—
—This Heart ſhall break into a thouſand Flaws
Or e'er I'll weep—O Fool, I ſhall go mad——

The laſt Touch in this Speech, is the fineſt Cloſe of a Climax of Paſſion that can be conceived; and even then the old Monarch feels that his *Wits begin to turn*, for which melancholly Situation, *Shakeſpear* all along finely prepares us, by ſkilfully marking each Step the Mind takes, in all its Workings, towards that ſettled State of Grief.

I have dwell'd thus long on the Cauſe of *Lear*'s Diſtraction, becauſe the Arguments, offered by my ingenious Correſpondent in the Eſſay of the 19th of *January*, carry ſome Degree of Plauſibility; but from what has been premiſed, together with what I have urged in my former Paper, there cannot, I think, remain any Doubt about it. Thoſe that are not ſatisfied with this reaſoning are referred to the nobleſt Commentary, this, or any Poet ever had; I mean Mr. *Garrick*'s Performance of *Lear*, in which there is diſplayed ſo juſt a Knowledge of the human Mind under a State of Madneſs, together with ſuch exquiſite Feelings of the various Shiftings of the Paſſions, ſo finely at the ſame Time enfeebled with the Debility of Age, that I believe, whenever this admirable Actor ceaſes to play this Part, the unhappy Monarch will loſe more than *fifty of his Followers at a Clap.*—

Though our great Poet pays us very amply for all his Tranſgreſſions againſt the Laws of *Ariſtotle*; yet, I have frequently wiſhed, that the noble Wildneſs of his Genius had not rendered him ſo unbounded in his Fables. Had this Tragedy been planned with more Art, without an Underplot to draw off our Affections from the principal Object, it had been a Piece for all the united Efforts of *Greece* to envy. However, the Epiſode, in which the *Baſtard* is acting the ſame unnatural Part as *Lear*'s legitimate Daughters, is not entirely detached from the main Subject; the Misfortunes of the good old *Glo'ſter*, who endeavours to aſſiſt the forlorn King, muſt touch every Breaſt, and the Character of *Edgar* muſt appear amiable in every Eye.

The Cloſe of this Tragedy is full of Terror and Commiſeration, and our great Poet has here given us a Death, which is not often to be found in the Playhouſe Bill of Mortality, *viz.* the Death of *Lear*, without the Dagger, or the Bowl. But, perhaps, after all the Heart-piercing Senſations, which we have before endured through the whole Piece, it would be too much to ſee this actually performed on the Stage; from the Actor whom I have already named, I am ſure it would; though, I ſhould be glad to ſee the Experiment made, convinced at the ſame Time that the Play, as it is altered, will always be moſt agreeable to an Audience, as the Circumſtances of *Lear*'s Reſtoration, and the virtuous *Edgar*'s Alliance with the amiable *Cordelia*, muſt always call forth thoſe guſhing Tears which are ſwelled and ennobled by a virtuous Joy. The Alteration is juſtified by another Reaſon, which is, that *Lear* was really reſtored to his Crown, if we may believe *Spencer*, who gives the following remarkable Narrative, with which I ſhall cloſe this Paper, making no Doubt, but it will afford great Entertainment to the Reader, who has not before amuſed himſelf with the Compariſon, to ſee *Shakeſpear*'s Story related by ſo great a Poet as *Spencer*, in his tenth Canto of the *Fairy Queen*.

27.

NEXT him King *Lear* in happy Peace long reign'd,
But had no Iſſue male him to ſucceed,
But three fair Daughters, which were well uptrain'd,
In all that ſeemed fit for kingly Seed:
'Mong whom his Realm he equally decreed
To have divided. Tho', when feeble Age
Nigh to his utmoſt Date he ſaw proceed,
He call'd his Daughters, and with Speeches ſage
Inquir'd, which of them moſt did love her Parentage.

28.

The eldeſt *Gonoril*, 'gan to proteſt,
That ſhe much more than her own Life him lov'd;
And *Regan* greater Love to him profeſs'd,
Than all the World, whenever it were prov'd.
But *Cordeil* ſaid, ſhe lov'd him, as behov'd;
Whoſe ſimple Anſwer, wanting Colours fair
To paint it forth, him to Diſpleaſance mov'd,
That in his Crown he counted her no Heir,
But 'twixt the other twain his Kingdom whole did ſhare.

29.

So wedded one to *Maglan*, King of *Scots*,
And th' other to the King of *Cambria*,
And 'twixt them ſhar'd his Realm by equal Lots:
But without Dower the wiſe *Cordelia*
Was ſent to *Agenip* of *Celtica*.
Their aged Sire, thus eaſed of his Crown,
A private Life led in *Albania*,

With *Gonoril*, long had in great Renown,
That naught him griev'd to been from Rule depoſed down.

30.

But true it is, that, when the Oil is ſpent,
The Light goes out, and Wike is thrown away;
So when he had reſign'd his Regiment,
His Daughters 'gan deſpiſe his drooping Day,
And weary wox of his continual Stay.
Tho' to his Daughter *Regan* he repair'd,
Who him at firſt well-uſed every Way:
But when of his Departure ſhe deſpair'd,
Her Bounty ſhe abated, and his Chear empair'd.

31.

The wretched Man 'gan then aviſe too late,
That Love is not where moſt it is profeſs'd,
Too truly try'd in his extremeſt State.
At laſt, reſolv'd likewiſe to prove the reſt,
He to *Cordelia* himſelf addreſs'd,
Who with entire Affection him receiv'd,
As for her Sire and King her ſeemed beſt;
And after all an Army ſtrong ſhe leav'd
To war on thoſe, which him had of his Realm bereav'd.

32.

So to his Crown ſhe him reſtor'd again,
In which he dy'd, made ripe for Death by Eld,
And after will'd it ſhould to her remain;
Who peaceably the ſame long Time did weld,
And all Men's Hearts in due Obedience held;
Till that her Siſter's Children, woxen ſtrong,
Thro' proud Ambition againſt her rebell'd,
And overcomen, kept in Priſon long,
Till weary of that wretched Life, herſelf ſhe hong.

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NUMB. 88. GRAY'ſ-INN, *Saturday, June* 22, 1754.

Tum Dea nube cavâ tenuem ſine viribus umbram,
In faciem Æneæ, viſu mirabile monſtrum,
Dardaniis ornat telis: clypeumque jubaſque
Divini aſſimulat capitis, dat inania verba,
Dat ſine mente ſonum. — — VIRG.

WHEN *Turnus* in the tenth *Æneid*, is buſied in Fields of Slaughter and Devaſtation, an interpoſing Goddeſs ſhadows forth an illuſive Appearance of the adverſe Warrior, arms the Phantom with an air-drawn Javelin, gives an imaginary Shield and Creſt, adds a mimic Voice, and Sounds innocent of Thought, and then makes the unreal Mockery fly before the Ranks, in Order to divert the real Combatant, and engage him in a vain Purſuit. The Impoſition takes Effect, and the General is ſeduced from the Field, when the fugitive Illuſion vaniſhes into Air, and then too late the Hero perceives, that he had quitted the Field of Glory, and the neceſſary Duties of his Calling, to diſtinguiſh his martial Proweſs againſt a fictitious Enemy, where no Honour could be reaped. In the Warfare of the Pen, ſomething like this very commonly happens, and a Writer is no ſooner obſerved to be engaged in a right Courſe, but a counterfeit Genius is inſtantly ſet up in Oppoſition to him. Mother *Dulneſs*, who is always as careful of her Favourites as any Goddeſs in epic Poetry, is ſure to make ſomething appear in the Shape of a Writer; ſhe arms him with a Gooſe-quill, furniſhes Ink and Paper, ſupplies him with empty Words, and unideal Sounds, without any thinking Faculty. *Dat inania verba, dat ſine mente ſonum.*—

I have ever looked upon the warlike Hero, in the former Inſtance, to be in a very ridiculous Situation, and ſurely the Author, who can quit the Purſuit of nobler Game, to follow an idle Scribler in the Form of a Pamphlet, a Letter to a Friend, an unmuſe-like Poem, or a pointleſs Epigram, muſt, in the Eyes of the Judicious, appear to act unworthily, and very much beneath himſelf. On this Account it is, that *Ranger* has hitherto kept himſelf clear of all Diſputes with his Brethren of the Quill, and has inceſſantly purſued his Plan, though there have not been wanting Things, "that "would be Poets thought," who have endeavoured to moleſt him in his Career.

But deaf to all ſuch Avocations, I have attended only to the Proſecution of the Deſign this Paper firſt ſet out with, *viz.* to conduce my utmoſt to the Entertainment and Inſtruction of my Readers. The former of theſe Views, I flatter myſelf, has in ſome Degree ſucceeded, and with Regard to the latter, I do not pretend to have enlightened the Underſtandings of all my Cotemporaries, nor to have brought about a general Reformation of Men and Manners. The Truth of it is, I cannot conſider the *Gray*'s-*Inn Journal*, as a general *Panacea* for the Defects of Mankind, though my Bookſeller and many of my other Friends (*i. e.* Enemies) have been pleaſed to compliment me on that Score. When I declare thus much, I beg, I may not be ſuppoſed to envy the Fame of a very elegant and ingenious Brother-writer, who very pleaſantly congratulates himſelf on the extenſive Amendment of Mankind ſince the Commencement of his Paper, and aſſures us, that there is no ſuch Thing at preſent as Cards at *White*'s, or naked Shoulders at *Ranelagh*; and from the general Ceſſation of Vice, conceives the *Millennium* to be at Hand; at which happy Period he is determined to lay down his Pen.

For my Part, I ſhall not wait for the *Millennium*; for I muſt own, I have met with very different Succeſs in my Diſtrict, and therefore I am reſolved not to cry out, in Imitation of *Falſtaff* to the vanquiſhed *Hotſpur*, "there "lies Vice; an the King will reward me;—ſo;—if "not,—let him write the next Paper himſelf." So far from having any Title to this Boaſt, I have at preſent only one Letter by me, teſtifying the ſurpriſing Cure wrought by my Lucubrations, which is as follows.

To CHARLES RANGER, *Eſq*;

S I R,

FOR twenty Years laſt paſt, I have been afflicted with a moſt extraordinary Species of Pride, which affected my Head to ſo great a Degree, that I could never, during that Time, bow it to any one, who was not poſſeſſed of a Fortune of ten thouſand Pounds; which reduced me to ſuch a Situation, that all my Acquaintance ſhunned my Company. But upon Peruſal of your Paper of the 24th of *November*, I immediately found ſuch a Relaxation in the Sinews of my Neck, that I can already make a ſlight Bow to my Equals, and there is ſuch an Amendment in my Organs of Speech, that I can pronounce, *Sir*, or *Madam*, to any decent Perſon of either Sex. The Truth of the above I am willing to atteſt on Oath, when called upon, and am,

S I R,

Your moſt obedient Servant,

GEORGE STIFFNECK.

This is the only Certificate I can produce at preſent of the Succeſs of theſe Papers; and, though I ſuppoſe that Individuals have occaſionally profited by them; yet my Intelligence ſays, that moſt of the faſhionable Vices and Follies of this Metropolis are carried on with as much Alacrity as if, to uſe the Phraſe of *Moll Bluff*, Charles Ranger *had never been in the Land of the Living*.

By Advices from the City I learn, that, while the Huſband is cheating for a Groat behind the Counter, the Wife is venturing Hundreds at a Rout; that the Courſe of Exchange was on *Thurſday* laſt very much influenced by the *Jew*-Brokers; that the Stocks continue to be iniquitouſly raiſed or lowered in *Change-alley*; and that Criticiſm ſtill prevails at *Sam*'s. Orator *Henly*, I am told, ſtill continues to rave among his Butchers; the Calf of the Leg and the Pit of the Stomach, I am credibly informed, are ſhewn by all the young Ladies of Faſhion every Night at *Vauxhall* and *Ranelagh*; and

Mr. *Aſhley* on *Ludgate-hill*, who ſells Punch *pro bono publico*, is the only Patriot I can any where hear of.

But though this general Contagion of Vice and Folly ſtill prevails, I hope it will at leaſt be found ſome Degree of Merit to have oppoſed it, and I perſuade myſelf, that throughout theſe little Volumes, my Satyr has been ſo levelled, as not to have deſerved the Diſpleaſure of any worthy Character. As to the anonymous Invectives of little Scriblers, I have already declared my Opinion of them, and ſhould a whole Inundation be hereafter diſcharged againſt me, I ſhall not be ſurpriſed, after peruſing the following Piece, which fell into my Hands by an extraordinary Accident a few Days ſince, and appears to have been iſſued out almoſt at the Commencement of this our Undertaking.

The Society of Grub-ſtreet, *by the Influence of Dulneſs-head-college of* Great Britain, *Defender of Abſurdity, and ſo forth; to all our dearly beloved Members, to whom theſe Preſents ſhall come, greeting:*

Whereas *Charles Ranger*, Eſq; has taken upon him to publiſh once a Week, namely, every *Saturday*, a Paper entitled the *Gray*'s-*Inn Journal*, and hath endeavoured, as far as in him lies, to introduce into all Coffee-houſes Eſſays of Wit and Humour, according to the Practice of the Authors of the *Spectator*, &c. whom we have always held in the higheſt Deteſtation; and farther, whereas the ſaid *Charles Ranger* hath avowed himſelf an Enemy to all modern Critics, ſtigmatizing them by the Name of the *Malevoli*, and to all foreign Monſters, Oſtriches, Pantomimes, *&c.* we hereby enjoin you all and ſeveral of you, to abuſe, revile, traduce, calumniate, and defame him, the ſaid *Charles Ranger*, ſo as to make him uneaſy in his Province, and oblige him, if poſſible, to lay down his Pen.

And we further command our Dearly Beloved, the Authors of the *Monthly Review*, (a Work hitherto devoted to our Cauſe) either not to mention the Works of the ſaid *Ranger*, or to damn them with faint Praiſe, or groſly and ſcandalouſly to condemn them, as they have done to every Thing praiſe-worthy for ſome Years paſt; and for ſo doing, this ſhall be your ſufficient Warrant. Given in *Grub-ſtreet, December* 1, 1753.

By Order of the Society,

John Bobadill,
Quinbus Flestrin, } Secretaries.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Lloyd's *Coffee-houſe, Lombard-ſtreet.*

BUſineſs being pretty well adjuſted among the Frequenters of this Place, about One o'Clock every *Saturday*, the *Gray*'s-*Inn Journal* is peruſed over a frugal Diſh of Coffee by the Wits, Jokers, Sly-ones, &c. who reſort hither. Many of them receive their firſt Impreſſions from *James*, who ſometimes delivers his *Judgment*, and ſometimes *Tea*, with an Air of Importance peculiar to himſelf. *James* is really a very good Judge of Sugar, and when a Ship is ſold by the Candle, he frequently hints to his Friends, whether ſhe is a Bargain or not. From this Sphere he will at Times condeſcend to ſpeak of this Paper, and it is really not unpleaſant to hear him pronounce; "I don't "like the Eſſay To-day, but the News is well enough," and *Vice verſâ*. Upon the Whole, we muſt ſay of *James*, that he has too much Wit for the City, which plainly appears from the Sugar-bakers ſhaking their Heads at him; and we muſt further declare, that, if he had been bred at the Court-end of the Town, he would have been ranked among the beſt Critics, and would in all Probability have engroſſed the Name of Mr. *Town* to himſelf.

Bedford Coffee-houſe, June 22.

We have lately ſet up in this Place a new-invented Machine, in Imitation of the Weather-glaſs, by which we can, by ſure Prognoſtics, tell in the Morning the Riſe, and Fall, of Wit and Humour for the whole Day. The ſeveral Stages which are fixed for its Progreſs are in a gradual Aſcent from Dull, Muzzy, HEAVY, HOWISH, FINE, very FINE, HIGH, GREAT, IMMENSE BY G—D. The Mercury has not aſcended this whole Week paſt further than GREAT, and it is thought, that it will not reach IMMENSE BY G—D till next Winter; it is rather feared, that there is a Tendency downwards, it being at preſent below HOWISH, and therefore the Loungers are requeſted to attend, in Order to diſſipate the Gloom that at preſent hangs over us.

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NUMB. 89. GRAY'*s*-INN, *Saturday, June* 29, 1754.

> *Multa renaſcentur, quæ jam cecidere; cadentque,*
> *Quæ nunc ſunt in honore vocabula, ſi volet uſus,*
> *Quem penes arbitrium eſt, & jus, & norma loquendi.*
> ——*Sermonum ſtet honos, & gratia vivax.*
>
> HOR.

To CHARLES RANGER, *Eſq*;

SIR,

THE Languages of all Nations have ever been in a State of Fluctuation, and we find this Complaint is conſtantly made by the Senſible and Judicious in every Age. Tho' the Diction of the *Romans* is likely to endure as long as Time ſhall ſubſiſt; yet we find that *Horace*, in the Words of my Motto, is aware of the Decay of Words and Phraſes, which die away, and are conſtantly ſucceeded by a ſudden Birth of new Terms and Modes of Phraſeology. In ſeveral other Paſſages of his Writings, there are ſhort Reflections upon this literary Phænomenon, in which he always delivers himſelf with Sorrow and Regret. They fall, ſays he, like Leaves, and are replaced by a new Product; like young Perſons, they flouriſh for a ſhort Time, and then tend to Oblivion. The Compariſon is moſt certainly very juſt; and as young Men in their Bloom and Vigour are ſaid to be *upon Town*, it is the ſame with Words; they are alſo *upon Town* for a Time, and then totally periſh. I have often thought, that a *weekly Bill* of Words would not be unentertaining to Men of Letters, and if there was a proper Regiſter-office for the Purpoſe, where their ſeveral Births and Burials might be recorded with Accuracy and Preciſion, I ſhould imagine it would furniſh no diſagreeable Hiſtory. A Diſtinction might be made between a Kind of Sex in Words, according as they are appropriated to Men or Women; as for Inſtance, *D—n my Blood* is of male Extraction, and *Pſhaw, Fiddleſtick,* I take to be female. Upon this Plan the weekly Bill might ſtand in this Form.

Born this Week	Males	300	Buried	Males	400
	Females	900		Females	990
		1200			1390

Decreaſed in the Burial of Words this Week 57.

If, for the Satisfaction of the Curious, a Liſt ſhould be furniſhed of the ſeveral Terms that are born, or that die away, with a ſhort Account of the Life and Character of each Phraſe, whether it be born of honeſt Parents in *England* or *Ireland*, what Company it kept, whether it was Whig or Tory, Popiſh or Proteſtant, it would, in my Opinion, be an agreeable Addition to this verbal Hiſtory. There might further be added an Account of ſuch Expreſſions as might happen to be naturalized, with the Objections of the Learned, who ſhould think proper to proteſt againſt ſuch a Naturalization of Foreigners among the Natives of this Land. Such a Procedure could not fail to yield Satisfaction to the Curious; and, though it would not prevent the Inſtability of our Language, it would at leaſt diſplay the gradual Steps towards Improvement or final Deſtruction. For my Part, I have ever looked upon the Permanency of our Language to be of greater Conſequence than the Stocks, of whatever Denomination, and for that Reaſon, I ſhould be glad that ſome Means were deviſed to hinder the Diction of our *Shakeſpear* and *Milton* from being obliterated, and to ſuſpend the Evils, which Mr. *Pope* threatens us with, when he ſays.

And ſuch as Chaucer *is, ſhall* Dryden *be.*

The Dictionary, which the Erudition of Mr. *Johnſon* is preparing for the Public may, in ſome Meaſure, anſwer this End, and, in Aid to that Deſign, I have been for ſome Time paſt planning a Dictionary of ſuch Words, as appeared to me, from a Concurrence of various Cauſes, to be moſt likely to be totally forgot. In Order to forward this Undertaking, I have annexed a Specimen of the Work, not as yet reduced into alphabetical Order, but drawn out in ſuch a Manner as may ſerve to convey ſome Idea of the intended Work. When the Whole is completed it may ſerve as a proper Companion to the *Spectator*, the *Tatler*, and all the Works of Morality, which have been publiſhed in this Country, and it may be contributing to make our Poſterity have ſome faint Notion of what is meant in many Places, when the viſible Tendency of our Manners to an entire Change from antient Simplicity has almoſt effaced the Ideas, which the Author of the Times intended to expreſs.

A Specimen *of an* Engliſh Dictionary.

CREATURE, A Term to ſhew our Contempt of any Perſon whom we diſlike, chiefly uſed by the Ladies.

THING, Very often uſed to imply our Diſlike, but chiefly uſed to ſignify our higheſt Approbation. Thus it is ſaid of a fine Lady; "She's the very Thing," or of a young Fellow, "O, Ma'am, he's the very Thing;" and ſometimes with Limitation, as, "yes, very well, "but not the Thing."

PATRIOT, A Man who ſpeaks againſt the Court till he gets a Place or Penſion.

HONEST, This Term is derived from the *Latin* Word *Honeſtum*, which among the *Romans* implied every Thing that is honourable in a Character. From thence *Pope* was induced to ſay,

An honeſt Man's the nobleſt Work of God.

This is the original Meaning of the Word; in its conſequential Senſe it is ſtrangely altered. *Honeſt* now ſignifies Gaming, Drinking, and Debauchery of every

Sort; it being common to ſay of a Man who is addicted to all theſe faſhionable Vices, that he's an "*Honeſt Fellow.*"

GOOD-NATURE, an old *Engliſh* Word uſed by our Anceſtors; it is plain, that it carried with it ſome Alluſion to the Cuſtoms and Manners of thoſe Times, but there is no tracing it to its Source.

RELIGION, an old *Engliſh* Word for the Worſhip of a Supreme Being, and the Practice of ſocial Duties to our Neighbours; probably a Cuſtom known to the antient Druids.

HUMBUG, A Lye.

WORTH, originally it meant laudable Qualities of the Mind; at preſent 'tis ſolely confined to a Man's Fortune. Thus a Scoundrel of fifty Thouſand is a Man of *Worth*, and an honeſt Man in Indigence is *worth* nothing.

PARTY, formerly ſignified Diviſions in the State, at preſent it means a Jaunt to *Vauxhall*, *Bedlam*, *Church*, or any Place of Diverſion.

TRAGEDY, a Name by which *Shakeſpear*, *Otway*, and ſome others entitled their dramatic Writings; the Moderns retain the Word, but have totally loſt the original Senſe of it.

COMEDY, probably a Piece in which our rude Anceſtors repreſented the Follies and Characters of the Age; nothing of this Sort is at preſent known amongſt us.

DAMNED, when Prieſtcraft prevailed in this Country, the People were frightened with ſtrange Ideas of *Hell*, or a Place of Torture, where the departed Spirits of bad Men were ſuppoſed to be confined. At preſent it ſignifies the higheſt Praiſe we can confer. Thus we ſay, "A damned fine Woman; a damned charming Creature; a damned fine Fellow, *&c.*"

DRUM, an Inſtrument of warlike Muſic uſed at the March of an Army, or in Time of Battle to animate the Soldiery: Hence ſtiled by *Shakeſpear* the *Spirit-ſtirring Drum.* It has not been uſed to any Purpoſe by the *Engliſh* ſince the Days of the Duke of *Marlborough.*

In its metaphorical Senſe it means a Party of Cards, (Vide *Rout.)*

FRIENDSHIP, an old *Engliſh* Word uſed by our Anceſtors to ſignify the complex Idea of Affection and Eſteem between two or more Perſons, founded upon a virtuous Sympathy of Tempers, and congenial Habits of Virtue *(for the Meaning of the Word* VIRTUE, *ſee in its reſpective Place.)* This Cuſtom was totally baniſhed in the Reign of King *Charles* II. and few or no Traces of it have been diſcovered ever ſince.

GOD, The antient *Druids*, it is probable from all Hiſtorians, imagined that a ſuperior Being ſuperintended the Direction of the Univerſe, and the Term GOD, it is not unlikely, originally ſignified this ſuperior Being; but ſince it has been happily found out, that every Thing was made by *Chance*, or that *Nature*, *(Vide* Nature *in its proper Place)* produced every Thing we behold, and ſince the Properties of Matter have been ſufficiently detected by Lord *Bolingbroke* and others, the Term *God* is totally exploded, as merely expreſſive of ſome Chimera, which has no Exiſtence.

MODESTY, alludes to ſome Cuſtom among the antient *Britiſh* Ladies.

EARTHQUAKE, a Party at Cards. (Vide *Rout*, *Drum*, or *Hurricane.)*

FASHION, a polite Term of Excuſe for all the Vices that can be thought of.

NATURE, Nothing at all; it is often called *Plaſtic Nature*, *univerſal Nature*, &c. but the Idea is always the ſame.

ROUT, formerly ſignified the Defeat of an Army, and when the Soldiers were all put to Flight or to the Sword, they were ſaid to be routed. The Ladies, in Order to preſerve ſome Idea of *Creſſi*, *Poitiers*, *Blenheim*, &c. have agreed to call their Aſſemblies by the Name of *Routs*. This, it is thought, they do with more Propriety, as frequently at theſe Meetings whole Families are entirely *routed* out of Houſe and Home.

SOUL. It was formerly believed, that in each human Creature there exiſted ſomething incorruptible, which was not to periſh with the Diſſolution of our Bodies, but to be removed to ſome other Part of the Univerſe, and there to enjoy the Reward due to Virtue, or ſuffer condign Puniſhment for all Tranſgreſſions, while in this State of Probation. But the happy Diſcovery of the Properties of Matter has alſo baniſhed this abſurd Doctrine, which ſerves now to embelliſh the Fictions of Poets.

IMMENSE, an Epithet of Praiſe, thus we ſay "an "immenſe fine Woman, &c. (Vide *Damned.*)"

VIRTUE, The antient *Druids* made it a Rule to keep all their Paſſions in due Government, by which Means they were never known to prejudice their Neighbours, or hurt their own Conſtitutions by Intemperance; and this Practice, it is probable, was ſignified by the Word *Virtue.* It is uſed by *Shakeſpear*, *Spencer*, *Milton*, *Pope*, and other Poets, as a pretty Ornament for their romantic Performances. (Vide *Friendſhip.*)

PITY, This is alſo an old *Engliſh* Word, the Meaning of which cannot be traced; it is now a Word of Courſe, when we do not care a Farthing for a Friend in Affliction.

Yours, &c.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Hanover-ſquare, June 29.

LAST Night the Dowager Dutcheſs of *Hurricane* had a grand *Rout* at her Grace's Houſe in this Place. It was computed by Mrs. *Sugarkey*, the Houſekeeper, that there were at leaſt about two hundred People of all Ranks and Denominations preſent. There were no leſs than ſeven Brag-tables, and ſeveral unmarried Ladies had ſuch trying Luck, that it was thought they diſcovered their Tempers, full as much as they did their Breaſts. The reſt of the Company were decently compoſed at *Whiſt*, except a ſmall Party, who amuſed themſelves at *Cribbage* and *All-fours.* At the laſt mentioned Game, a Diſpute aroſe concerning ſome difficult Point, and the Company, not being able to decide it, *Bryan Rapaway*, a Chairman, was called up, who ſettled the Affair with great Preciſion, and then withdrew, with Half a Crown for his Trouble, conferring ſeveral good Wiſhes on the Company as he walked down Stairs, ſuch as, *Long Life to you*; *the Beggars Bleſſing to you*; and many other Expreſſions of the ſame Import, flowing from a Heart thoroughly filled with Gratitude.

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NUMB. 90. GRAY'*s*-INN, *Saturday, July* 6, 1754.

— — — *Res antiquæ laudis & artis*
Ingredior, ſanctos auſus recludere fontes.
VIRG.

OUR Club met a few Nights ſince at the *Devil* Tavern, when the Converſation principally turned upon Topics of Literature, and particularly dramatic Poetry. Many of our beſt modern Tragedies were examined, and I obſerved it was frequently ſaid of Pieces confeſſedly inartificial in the Fable, unforcible in Sentiment, and deſtitute of Character, that they contained a very fine Vein of Poetry. Our Profeſſor of Criticiſm immediately objected to the Propriety of the Expreſſion. He did not underſtand how a bad Play could have fine Poetry, and he has formed a Plan for a Set of Papers, which may throw ſome Light on this Matter. I ſhall this Day preſent my Readers with one, which I think may ſerve as an Opening to the Deſign,

In Order to decide upon the Excellence or Imperfection of any Art, it is neceſſary to know the original Intent and Aim of that Art, and alſo the ſeveral Means by which it accompliſhes its Deſigns. The better to inveſtigate this, with Regard to any Branch of Literature, it will be expedient to trace all Manner of Compoſition to its Source, and thence to purſue the ſeveral Rivulets which have ſtreamed from it. This has been done with great Perſpicuity and Elegance by the Author of the *Eſſays* on the *Characteriſtics*, who has very juſtly determined the three primary Branches of Compoſition to be, *Poetry*, *Eloquence*, and *Argument*. He adds, that a juſt Coalition of the three forms the conſummate Beauty of fine Writing, and then, continues he, "it would be perhaps both a new "and pleaſing Speculation to point out the Writers in "their ſeveral Kinds, who have been moſt remarkably "excellent, or defective, with Regard to the juſt "Union of theſe three Species of Compoſition. At "preſent it muſt ſuffice to have hinted ſuch a Criti- "ciſm, which the Reader may eaſily proſecute." Such a Criticiſm might diſtinguiſh the reſpective Graces of all Kinds of Writing, and furniſh the Criterions by which to judge of the proper Beauties of each different Species. I ſhall now beg Leave to offer a few curſory Reflections on this Subject; and, in Order to proceed with the greater Perſpicuity, ſhall attempt a ſhort Account of the Riſe of the three Modes of Writing already mentioned.

Man being a ſociable Creature, it was neceſſary, that certain Signs, univerſally agreed upon, ſhould be uſed for the reciprocal Conveyance of his Ideas. Sounds, which we call Words, were the quickeſt Vehicles, and therefore grew into general Uſe. According as our Stock of Ideas enlarged itſelf, the Demand for Words became more extenſive, and as Societies were framed, and People aſſembled by civil Policy, Intercourſe begot further Acquiſitions, and thus, Language was daily enlarged. But it being impoſſible that every diſtinct Idea ſhould be expreſſed by a Term appropriated to it, the Mind naturally had Recourſe to the Faculty of Reaſon, which compares, diſtinguiſhes, and ſeparates the Ideas which have paſſed through the Senſes, or have been formed into different Combinations by the Power of Imagination. By theſe Means, a Similitude was diſcovered between ſundry various Images, and thence it followed, that Things were expreſſed by borrowed Names, on account of a Reſemblance exiſting between them. The Term thus transferred was called a *Metaphor*, and, as it happens in the commercial Intercourſe of Mankind, what was at firſt introduced out of Neceſſity, became, in Proceſs of Time, an abſolute Luxury. This the Poets ſoon perceived; and as it was their Buſineſs to lead uncultivated Multitudes from their Huts and Dens, by ſeizing their Imaginations with their Songs and Ballads, the Metaphor ſoon appeared to them to be an effectual Means of painting Things in warmer Colours to the Fancy, which is ever greatly delighted when any new and unforeſeen Aſſemblage is offered to its View. The Epithet which denotes the Qualities inherent in all Objects, lent its auxiliary Aid, and Poetry, with theſe adventitious Ornaments, became the Delight of Mankind.

But the Matter did not reſt here; as Cities were multiplied, and as States enlarged themſelves, artificial Paſſions began to operate; Ambition then began to graſp at Power and Pre-eminence, and *Envy*, *Jealouſy*, *Revenge* and *Malice* ſowed the Seeds of Diſcord and mutual Diſtruſt; and thus while they were diſtracted with inteſtine Commotions, the adjacent States, deſirous of extending their Poſſeſſions, made Inroads upon them. In theſe Emergencies there was not Time for the meaſured Writer to produce his poetic Compoſition; an immediate Addreſs was requiſite to influence the Paſſions of the Multitude, and therefore Men of Genius came forth, and deſtitute of Number, addreſſed the People in humble Proſe. But here, ſtill the Attention was to be fixed, and therefore they could not diveſt themſelves of all the Properties of Poetry, but continued to addreſs themſelves to the Imagination of their Auditors, and thus to influence their Paſſions and perſuade them to their own Good. As the leaſt Appearance of a Deſign upon their Underſtandings on theſe Occaſions would totally defeat itſelf, it thence reſulted, that all thoſe ambitious Ornaments, and all thoſe gaudy Colourings, which Poetry ſpreads ſo laviſhly on every Subject, were here introduced with a more ſparing Hand, and the Imagination was only addreſſed as it affords various Acceſſes to the Paſſions. In this Manner Eloquence deduced its Being; and was only a leſs luxuriant Kind of Poetry, which endeavoured to practiſe the Arts of Perſuaſion, and to win over the Paſſions of the People to its own End and Uſe.

In Proportion as Mankind became enlighten'd, as Arts and Manufactures encreaſed, and as Science extended itſelf, it was not enough that *Poetry* charmed with its graceful Combinations, and that *Eloquence* awakened and agitated the Paſſions; *Reaſon* began then to exert its Influence, to look for Utility and Truth in every Compoſition, and ſtripping away the Luxuriances of laviſh Deſcription, it began coolly and diſpaſſionately to conſider every Thing that was offered. Hence ſprung the *Didactic*, or the Argumentative; *Demoſthenes* was obliged to proceed by fair Deductions, and as much as poſſible to conceal his Art from a People, who were ſo poliſhed, that they would have deſpiſed thoſe Arts of Perſuaſion, which *Tully* practiſed with Succeſs upon Minds leſs artful and leſs informed than the *Greeks*.

In this Manner, it appears to me, theſe three primary Branches of Compoſition aroſe in the World, each being plainly deducible from the very Principles of our Conſtitution. For as the Imagination is the warmeſt Faculty of the Soul, *Poetry*, whoſe principal Intent is to pleaſe, is particularly addreſſed to this Power of Perception. *Eloquence*, though more chaſte and reſerved in its Embelliſhments, ſtrikes chiefly at the Paſſions, and as they are then moſt powerfully excited, when Fancy pictures ſtrong Appearances of Good or Evil. *Eloquence* is obliged to have Recourſe to the Regions of Imagination, in Order to render its Colourings ſtronger and more glowing; and further, as the Province of *Reaſon* is to compare its Ideas, and to form various Affirmations or Negations relative to them, the *Didactic* is principally confined to this Province. There are not not in human Nature any other Inlets of Perception, or any other Faculties of Senſation to which the Art of a Writer could apply, and therefore the Imagination, the Paſſions, and Reaſon, are juſtly the three Springs of Compoſition. But Men of Refinement and Reflection, perceiving what a powerful Influence any one of theſe Branches of Writing has upon the Mind, have thence inferred, that the joint Force of all three united, muſt carry the Power of Genius to ſtill a greater Degree of Perfection, and, therefore, in whatever Way they were engaged, they have made it their Buſineſs to make Excurſions into their Neighbours Territories, and borrow thence ſeveral Improvements to heighten their Productions. As for Inſtance, in like Manner, as *Eloquence* has learned from *Poetry* to warm and enliven the Imagination, *Poetry* has marked the Influence of *Eloquence* on the Paſſions, and has endeavoured to glide to the Heart through the ſame Inlets; and both have alſo found it neceſſary to recommend themſelves to *Reaſon*, and have occaſionally ſtrengthened themſelves with Inſertions of the *Didactic.* The reaſoning Faculty has, in its Tutn, perceived, that a mere Train of Deductions would be too dry, and therefore it takes Occaſion to adorn itſelf with the Flowers of Imagination, and in ſome Speculations, it even endeavours to awaken the Paſſions.

Hence then it appears, that a Concurrence of the primary Branches of Writing is requiſite in all Works of Genius; but, as there is ſome Danger of running Riot, and making too frequent and unjuſtifiable Progreſſes into each others Territories, it was neceſſary to fix the Boundaries of each Kind, and to determine how far any one of them may indulge itſelf in its Approaches towards the others, in Order to preſerve the eſſential Difference in every Compoſition, to obſerve the proper Qualities, and the juſt Colourings of each; or, as *Horace* has it,

Diſtinctas ſervare vices operumque colores.

There are in Nature but few original Colours, and it is from the Meltings and Softenings of theſe into each other, that all other Appearances to the Eye derive their Origin. It is the ſame in Writing; the ſeveral Species of it, which are now practiſed, are Modes of *Poetry*, *Eloquence* and *Argument* differently blended. How far the Union is juſt, ſhall be occaſionally examined in a few detached Eſſays; and by theſe Means we ſhall ſee the peculiar Merit of an *Epic Poem*, a *Tra-*

gedy, a *Comedy*, &c. and the Reader may at his Leiſure carry the Reſearch into ſeveral ſubordinate Branches of Writing.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Rainbow Coffee-houſe, July 6.

IT having been obſerved by ſeveral People that *Jerry* has been for ſome Time paſt, greatly wrapped up in Thought; we think proper to acquaint the Public, that the King of *Pruſſia's* Memorial has given him a great deal of Uneaſineſs, and that he is preparing ſome very judicious Remarks upon that Performance, which, it is apprehended, will ſurpriſe the World.

Wedneſday laſt the *Abbé de Bagatelle*, Embaſſador Extraordinary from the Republic of Criticiſm in *Paris*, landed at the *Tower*; and we hear, that he intends to make his public Entry into the *Bedford* Coffee-houſe, about the latter End of the Month.

Laſt Week *Robert Noodle*, Eſq; Son and Heir of Sir *Robert Noodle*, Bart. of *Shallow-hall* in *Yorkſhire*, ſet out with his Governor Mr. *Archibald Glingary*, in Order to paſs through *France* and *Italy*, and return Home again.

Letters from *Paris* adviſe, that the venerable Mrs. *Douglas* of *Covent-garden*, has been lately ſent to the *Baſtile*, for attempting to inveigle a Lady of the firſt Diſtinction at Court, who has been for many Years paſt the principal Favourite of his Moſt Chriſtian Majeſty.

Laſt *Thurſday* died Mr. *Abraham Tally*, an eminent Stock-jobber; a Gentleman poſſeſſed of every good Quality —— in a Fortune of 30,000 *l.*

By Advices from *Vauxhall* and *Ranelagh*, we are informed, that more pretty Legs and Shoulders have been ſhewn there lately by the Ladies, than has hitherto been attempted in this Country, which cauſes various Speculations, and it is ſaid a certain *Iriſh* Gentleman is ſo pleaſed with this Phœnomenon of the Deſcent of the Stays, and Aſcent of the Petticoat, that he expects ſhortly to ſee both Ends meet.

NUMB.

Numb. 91. Gray's-Inn, *Saturday, July* 13, 1754.

Felices ter, & ampliùs
Quos irrupta tenet copula.— Hor.

To CHARLES RANGER, *Eſq;*

SIR,

YOU have long ſince liſted yourſelf in the Service of the Fair; as a Volunteer in the ſame Cauſe, I now take the Liberty to addreſs this Letter to you, which will, before I have done, ſufficiently unfold me and my Calling. I am induced to it, by an Advertiſement in the common News Papers, calculated merely for the Uſe of the rougher Sex, without any Regard to the weak, but lovely, Part of the Creation, who ſtand moſt in Need of adventitious Aids, to guide them in an Age of Vice and Folly. The Advertiſement I mean is as follows:

“ *Gentlemen that are inclined for Marriage.*

“ *I have daily freſh deplorable Reaſons to preſs you to fly*
“ *to me to prepare for that important State; if my Advice*
“ *only is wanting, you ſhall have it, without any View*
“ *of Return, and, let what will be wanting, be aſſured*
“ *the Emolument or Pleaſure I ſhall have from the Inſtitu-*
“ *tion, will chiefly conſiſt in that ſweeteſt of Senſations,*
“ *which the Heart feels in having relieved the Diſtreſſed,*
“ *or inſpirited the Languid. I have, by hard Study, found*
“ *out Medicines that will give perfect Redreſs to any af-*
“ *flicted with the venereal Infection, or Weakneſs of Bo-*
“ *dy, from any Injuries, in a ſhort Time—from Mr.* J. O.
“ *Hoſpital Surgeon, oppoſite the* Auditor's-office, *in* Up-
“ per Scotland-yard, *near* White-hall.
“ *N. B. The ſtricteſt Honour may be depended on.*”

Would not one imagine, upon Peruſal of the firſt Part of this Advertiſement, that it is the Effuſion of Benevolence in ſome Clergyman, prompted by a laudable Zeal to encourage the Obſervance of the Commandment for the Propagation of the Species, and add his Efforts to ſtrengthen the late Marriage Act. *To prepare for that important State:*—Does not this Expreſſion ſuggeſt Ideas of our awful Religion, and the ſolemn Inſtitution eſtabliſhed by it?—And then how diſintereſted is the ſweeteſt of his Senſations!—It does not lie in the Palm of his Hand, but plays around his generous Heart, and is an Indication of a pure and extenſive Charity. On reading a little further, it however appears, that Mr. *J. O.* has only aſſumed the Appearance of a Parſon, like Sir *John Brute* in the Play, for a Frolic, and, when you are juſt upon the Point of enquiring if he has any Cure, he cries out very frankly, "*an excellent Cure for a Clap.*" As Surgery is now arrived to a very great Degree of Perfection, I do not doubt but the laſt Aſſertion may be very true; but as to his Preparations for the important State of Matrimony, we are quite left in the Dark. But be it the Buſineſs of the Men to make farther Enquiries about this his boaſted *Noſtrum.* As I do not propoſe to concern myſelf, in the Courſe of my Practice, with the Lords of the Creation, being devoted entirely to the Service of the Ladies. I ſhall now proceed to offer my own Advertiſement, which, I hope, will be attended with very good Conſequence.

" *To the Ladies inclined to Matrimony.*

" *Never were nervous Decays leſs frequent than at preſent, which has induced me to preſs you to enter into the married Life, as you will not, in the preſent Glow of Health, be in any Danger of converting your Bed-chamber to Nurſeries for your Huſbands, nor have any Occaſion to lie with your Footmen. To prepare you for the important State, I have, with infinite Pains, deviſed a* Recipe, *which cannot fail to procure you good Offers very ſhortly, and to make the married State completely happy.*

" N. B. *I have the Honour of having Mr.* Keith, *late of* May-fair, *to vouch for my being regularly bred at the* Hand and Pen, *and always a zealous Promoter of*

"*Marriage before the late Act.* *From* Q. D. G. *near* "May-fair Chappel."

I know the World in general is apt to form very diſadvantageous Ideas of us advertiſing Doctors; but I beg Leave to aſſure Mr. *Ranger*, that the above is not in the ordinary Way of puffing, but to promote the real Benefit of the Community. I have obtained a Patent for the ſole vending my Compoſition for the Space of fourteen Years; and, to convince you of its Efficacy I will hereby inform the World of the Ingredients, which are in the Poſſeſſion of ſo few, that I am not apprehenſive of having my Buſineſs taken out of my Hands. The component Parts of thoſe admirable Powders, with which Heaven has enabled Doctor *James* to preſerve, as it were by Proxy, the Lives and Conſtitutions of Millions, are all very well known; but it is in the Proportion of the Mixture, and the whole Proceſs of the Preparation, that the Secret lies. In like Manner, my Medicine will ſave me the Trouble of crying out, "*Beware* "*of Counterfeits, for ſuch are abroad.*" As it will be impoſſible to offer any Mixture to the Public, that will not immediately be liable to Detection, the Ingredients are as follow: "*Good-manners, Good-humour, an Abſtinence* "*from Politics, an Averſion from Cards, modeſtly to* "*keep the Neck and Shoulders covered, Diſlike of Scan-* "*dal, Pride, Levity, Folly, Humility, Diſcretion, Scorn* "*of Fools, Reſerve, Diſſimulation, Vanity, Frankneſs,* "*Truth, Neatneſs, Honour, Sobriety and Mirth.*"

Among theſe it appears there are ſome Poiſons; but theſe, properly tempered, and counterbalanced by oppoſite Qualities, will, I venture to pronounce it, get a young Lady a Huſband, and enſure mutual Happineſs, better than any Thing hitherto deviſed.

Inſtead of producing a large Number of Vouchers for the ſalutary Effects already felt from my Medicine, I ſhall cloſe my Letter with the Hiſtory of two female Reigns; for every Beauty is, for a Time, the Queen of her Admirers. The firſt is that of a beautiful Tyrant, who made a wrong Uſe of her Power; the ſecond of a more diſcreet Sovereign, who had Recourſe to the above Recipe.

MARIA aſcended the Throne of Beauty in the eighteenth Year of her Age; immediately upon her Acceſſion, ſhe diſſolved her Parliament, turned out of her Privy-council every Perſon of Senſe and Diſcretion, and introduced, in their Room, a *French* Hair-cutter, two Milliners, a Chambermaid, and many other Perſonages of equal Rank and Condition. By the Advice of theſe Aſſiſtants ſhe reigned with deſpotic Sway. She heard the Complaints of her Slaves, without ever feeling the leaſt Propenſity to a Redreſs of their Grievances, which occaſioned violent Heart-burnings, and at length called forth a Shoal of Writers againſt her Government, as generally happens in all political States, when the ſupreme Power is abuſed. A Number of Sonnetteers, Libellers, and Epigrammatiſts, who daily poured forth Treaſon againſt her Beauty, and pronounced her born to enſlave Mankind. She had a very particular Pleaſure in ſigning metaphorical Death-warrants for her Votaries; and ſhe looked upon the whole Race of Mankind formed to flatter her Vanity, and to pay her Adoration. She exacted Tributes of Admiration at ſuch an exorbitant Rate, that at laſt an *Hampden* aroſe, who diſputed with her a Contribution of Incenſes which ſhe inſiſted upon. This Proceeding opened the Eyes of the reſt of her Subjects, who all conſpired to dethrone her in the twenty-third Year of her Age; and then fell the Tyrant *Maria*, without one to lament her Fall, after a ſhort Reign of five Years, in which ſhe conquered with ſo wild a Rage, as the Poet has it, that, with the univerſal Joy, ſucceeded to her, the fair *Elizabeth*, whoſe Reign commenced, like a mild Evening after the violent Scorching of a hot Summer's Day.

ELIZABETH endeavoured to render herſelf the Miſtreſs of all willing Hearts, and valued herſelf more upon the Love of her Subjects, than any idle Flattery ſhe might extort from them. The Poet's Deſcription was perfectly adapted to her;

Favours to none, to all ſhe Smiles extends;
Oft ſhe rejects, but never once offends.

She had no She-friends in her Cabinet-council, but guided herſelf entirely by the Directions of Prudence, Virtue, and good Senſe. An *Eſſex*, at length, inſinuated himſelf more particularly into her good Graces; but ſhe had ſuch a Command over her Paſſions, that ſhe never diſgraced him by a Blow, but, in the End, took him as an Aſſociate into her Empire, which ſhe, in a ſhort Time, finally reſigned, in Order to enjoy the calmer Gratifications of a domeſtic Life, where ſhe now ſhines with every amiable Grace, while *Toaſts* and other ambitious Beauties fatigue their Eyes, and weary every Feature, in vain, to gain them Admirers.

I am, Mr. Ranger'*s moſt humble Servant,*

Q. D. G.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Court of Cenſorial Enquiry, July 13, 1754.

A Motion being made in this Court, on *Wedneſday* laſt, againſt the Authors of a Pamphlet publiſhed every Month, and entituled the *Monthly Review*, for certain evil Practices; Writs were immediately iſſued out for the apprehending all or any of the ſaid Authors, ſo that he, ſhe, or they, may be brought to Trial, and be obliged to ſhew Cauſe for aſſuming a Deciſion upon literary Performances, to give an Account of themſelves, who, and what they are, and by what Authority they have erected themſelves into Judges of literary Merit.

The Public ſhall have a ſpeedy Account of them when taken, and the Proceedings on the Trial ſhall be inſerted at large in this Paper.

Bedford Coffee-houſe, July 13.

By Advices from ſundry Parts of the Country, we learn, that Blood and Blank-verſe have had a ſurpriſing Effect upon the Minds of the Country People, during the Summer-expedition of the Actors; particularly from a Country-town, on the Borders of *Wales*, we are informed of the following remarkable Incident: A Gentleman, arriving at an Inn, after a long Day's Journey, with a Hare, which was given him as a Preſent on his Way, and with which he intended to regale at Night, ordered it to be roaſted for his Supper; but the Landlord told him, it could not be. Why ſo pray?—Why, I'll tell you Maſter—We have a Company of Players in Town.—Well, what then?—Why I'll tell you, Maſter—I have lent them the Wheel we always roaſt with.—Lent 'em the Wheel!—What for?—Why, you muſt know—they act *Venice Preſerved*, Maſter—and *Pierre*, you know, is to be broke on the Wheel, in the laſt Act, and ſo they have got our's to do it with, and alſo the Chain; becauſe you know *Pierre* is to wear Chains. The Reſult was, the Gentleman was obliged to wait the *Cataſtrophe* of the Play, before he could have Execution done on his Hare, when the Landlord begged hard for a Part of it for his favourite *Pierre*, who, he ſaid, was a brave Man.

* * *

NUMB. 92. GRAY'*s*-INN, *Saturday, July* 20, 1754.

Aut prodeſſe volunt aut delectare Poetæ,
Aut ſimul & jucunda & idonea dicere vitæ.
HOR.

Non ſatis eſt pulchra eſſe poemata; dulcia ſunto,
Et quocunque volent, animum auditoris agunto.
Ibid.

THE Author of my Motto was one of the beſt Critics the World has ever produced, and he has, in the above Lines, compriſed the three principal Qualities of Poetry. Its Aim, ſays he, is to afford at once Utility and Delight, to offer what may be agreeable to the Fancy, and alſo what may conduce to the Advantages of human Life. He further adds, it is not enough for a Poem to abound in Prettineſſes, it muſt alſo have a ſweet Acceſs to the Heart, and ſhould be able to agitate the Soul with what Paſſion it pleaſes. This Deſcription involves all the leading Requiſites of Poetry; and, it is remarkable, includes the three primary

mary Branches of Compoſition, exhibited in a former Paper, *viz.* the Art of addreſſing our *Reaſon*, in Order to be uſeful, the Imagination, to be agreeable, and the Paſſions, in Order to perſuade and gain upon our Affections. Here then we have *Poeſy*, *Eloquence*, and *Argument* united, and moſt aſſuredly, that Performance will be found the moſt excellent in its Kind, which is the moſt highly finiſhed with Regard to theſe three Eſſentials.

Epic Poetry has always had the Pre-eminence, and, I ſuppoſe, the Reaſon of this Determination, is, becauſe it affords the freeſt and moſt ample Room for a Diſplay of the three primary and original Species of Writing. It is by obſerving how theſe friendly Colours mix and blend with each other, that we are to deduce a Judgment upon the different Authors, who have proved any Way eminent in the literary World, refering to the firſt Principles, being the only Criterion in every Art. *Boſſu* and other Critics have informed us, that the epic Fable muſt involve one entire Action; that this Action muſt have a Beginning, a Middle, and an End: They have told us, that the Poet muſt not take up the Thread of his Narrative too near the Clue; but that he muſt haſten into the Midſt of Things, and occaſionally give a Retroſpect to ſuch Things as are neceſſary to be known. They have treated largely of the Machinery, of the Time the Fable ſhould include, with many other Particulars, which though proper to be explained, do not any Way conduce to the Refinement of Taſte, or the Improvement of true Genius. It is moſt certain, by obſerving from what Principles in the human Frame each Art is deducible, that any real or valuable Criticiſm can be formed.

It is manifeſt then, that the epic Writer has free Latitude of inſerting all the Graces of every Kind of Compoſition. All Nature lies at his Command; whereever he caſts his Eyes, he is Lord of the Manor; he can turn a Road, by poetical Act of Parliament, through Lawns and Groves, and Scenes of Paſturage; the four Seaſons obey his Directions, and he need never be at a Loſs for agreeable Exhibitions of Nature, to pleaſe the Imagination. The whole Syſtem of Ethics is alſo his; he may frequently take Occaſion to improve his Readers by ſhort Sentences, and tranſient Reflections on human Life, and by theſe Means he may gain upon our Reaſon to approve his Performances. The whole Art of Eloquence is likewiſe perfectly open to the epic Author, and from thence he may derive an irreſiſtible Power over our Paſſions. In this laſt mentioned Requiſite the *Abbé du Bos* places the conſummate Perfection of fine Poetry. Certain it is, the Mind of Man never feels ſuch intenſe Pleaſure from any of the imitative Arts, as when its Paſſions are awakened, and it finds itſelf rouſed from an impaſſive State, and unexpectedly agitated by the ſkilful Touches of a Maſter-poet. The Author juſt quoted aſcribes this ideal Appearance to the Satisfaction which the Soul enjoys at the Perception of its own Activity: May we not add to this, what is ſuggeſted, if I remember right, by the Author of *The Pleaſure of the Imaginations?* "Our moral Senſe receives on the Occaſion an additional Delight, to ſee "that the ſocial Affections are in Harmony and Proportion, and feelingly awake to the due Senſations "of Humanity; and this, in Conjunction with the "Gratifications, which we are apt to take in comparing "the Ideas, which Reality has ſuggeſted, with thoſe "excited by the Art of Imitation, conſpire to render a "warm and well-executed Paſſage in Poetry, ſo agreeable to all Mankind in general."

Were I to declare in which of the three Powers of the Mind, already mentioned, I think *Homer*, *Virgil* and *Milton*, to be moſt eminently ſhining; I ſhould aſcribe to *Homer* the ſtrongeſt and moſt vigorous Efforts of Imagination, and an amazing Faculty of alarming us with noble and amazing Deſcriptions of all the magnificent Objects in Nature. As to our own *Milton*, I ſhould be inclined to declare him a Rival of the *Greek* Poet, for a comprehenſive Sublimity of Conception; and *Virgil*'s Excellence I ſhould place in beautiful Touches of poetic Eloquence. His whole fourth Book I take to be a Maſter-piece in this Way. The various Agitations of Mind which *Dido* endures, her Love, her Jealouſy, her Rage, her Tenderneſs, her many mixed Emotions, are perhaps the fineſt Strokes in Poetry. In his ſixth Book alſo there are ſeveral Scenes of the moſt tender Nature; and, in the ninth Book, the Grief of the Mother, after the Death of *Niſus* and *Euryalus*, and the Lamentations of *Evander*, are all to be ranked in the ſame Claſs, and, in my Opinion, afford a Pleaſure, not to be met with in either of the other Poets, even though *Homer* has ſucceeded ſo well in *Hector*'s laſt Scene with *Andromache*, and though our great *Milton* has a great deal of finely impaſſioned Dialogue in his juſtly celebrated Poem. *Virgil* more frequently applies himſelf to the Paſſions of his Readers than the other two; and, notwithſtanding ſome pretty ſtrong Improbabilities, he does not ſo frequently ſhock our Reaſon, as the *Grecian* Poet, who certainly, in ſome Particulars, is extravagant to the higheſt Degree. *Milton* has the Advantage of having founded his Story upon Traditions, which our Religion has ſanctified, otherwiſe I ſhould conſider his fallen Angels, and the War waged by them, together with the Invention of Cannon, and many other Circumſtances, highly chimerical, even though they expand our Fancy with grand and ſurpriſing Appearances.

I ſhall take another Opportunity to conſider how far Tragedy may diſpute with the Epic for the Preference, and ſhall only add at preſent, that I have ever been of Opinion, that all the Writers of heroic Poeſy have, in general, been too fond of the Marvellous. By this I would not be underſtood to cenſure the Uſe of Machinery, which, when introduced with Sobriety and Diſcretion, ſerves to preſent agreeable Scenery to the Mind; and I could wiſh that the Correctneſs of Mr. *Glover*'s Judgment had not entirely excluded it from his Poem of *Leonidas*, which certainly has many Paſſages of warm poetic Eloquence, many Pieces of beautiful Imagery, and ſeveral Strictures of uſeful and improving Morality, artfully interwoven with the Ground-work of his Fable.

I ſhall beg Leave to conclude with an Obſervation, which is not entirely foreign to the Purpoſe. It is remarked

marked by Mr. *Addiſon*, that *Virgil* has but one Conceit throughout his Poem, and that, ſays he, is put into the Mouth of the young *Iülus*, when, with a Kind of punning Ambiguity, he obſerves, that they are eating their Tables. But ſurely the great Critic had forgot the Paſſage, where the Poet tells us, that *Æneas*, in running round a Tree after the flying *Turnus*, follows the Man who follows him.—*Sequiturque ſequentem.*

This, tried by the Rule of *Bohours*, appears to have Truth for its Foundation; but it is ſo childiſh a Truth, that I am ſorry to find it intermixed with the Majeſty of the *Æneid*; but, perhaps, it is like the Fly on the Picture, which a minute Obſerver was going to bruſh away, and then found it was placed there on Purpoſe by the Hand of the Artiſt.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Bedford Coffee-houſe, *July* 15.

THE frequent Showers of Rain, which fell Yeſterday Evening, drove the *Loungers* from their Summer-ſauntering Places, into this Coffee-houſe. One of the Company produced the following Copy of Verſes, which, he ſaid, were written *extempore*, by a celebrated Actor, upon Sir *G*—— *L*——'s aſking him, if he did not intend to quit the Stage, and go into Parliament.

The ANSWER.

THINK not, Sir *George*, 'twas ever my Intent
To wear the *Cap* and *Maſk* in Parliament;
To change the Scene, and fooliſhly transfer
My Skill from *Drury-lane* to *Weſtminſter*.
Had I my Wiſh, I'd quit the mimic Art,
Nor *ſtrut and fret my Hour* in any Part.
No more in public Life would I engage,
Or play the Fool or Knave on any Stage.

After peruſing theſe Lines, it was lamented that the Court of Criticiſm was not ſitting, that it might be known what Decree the *Malevoli* would paſs on them. They happened, however, to pleaſe the Company then preſent, which encouraged the ſame Gentleman to produce another ſhort Piece, written, as he hinted, by the ſame Hand.

On the Academy for teaching grown People to dance.

MARSEILLES no more ſhall boaſt his Art,
 Which form'd the Youth of *France*;
For you inſtruct, great *Duke* and *Hart*,
 Grown Gentlemen, to dance.

He only bent the pliant Twig;
 You ſtrike a bolder Stroke;
You ſoften Rocks, make Mountains jig,
 And bend the knotted Oak.

Numb. 93. Gray's-Inn, *Saturday, July* 27, 1754.

— — *Fulgente trahit conſtrictos gloria curru*
Non minus ignotos generoſis. Hor.

Vendidit hic auro PATRIAM, *dominumque potentem*
Impoſuit; fixit leges PRETIO *atque refixit.*
Virg.

MIRGEHAN was a Peaſant in the Deſarts of *Arabia*; he frequently begged an Alms of the Travellers in the paſſing Caravan. For a long Time he drove the loaded Camel over Mount *Pharan* for a Jeweller of *Cairo*, and having at length, by an amazing Parſimony, got together a few Sequins of Gold, he followed the Occupation of his Maſter. Affairs thrived ſo well with him, that in the Courſe of a few Years *Mirgehan* began to aſſume to himſelf the Pride of Wealth, and his Countenance, which formerly was humbled by Poverty and Dejection of Spirits, began to brighten into Gleams of Self-ſatisfaction. In Order to extend his Intereſt, and enlarge his Schemes for the Accumulation of Wealth, *Mirgehan*, now baſking under the Sun-ſhine of his Fortune, reſolved to remove to *Baſra*, where he was ſoon diſtinguiſhed as the moſt eminent Merchant of the Place. As it is the Nature of Ambition to be ever reſtleſs and unſatisfied, after having, in the Courſe of ſix Years Reſidence, amaſſed a very ample Fortune, he determined with himſelf to change his Abode once more, and ſettle himſelf, with all his immenſe Wealth, at *Bagdad.*

Mirgehan was no ſooner fixed at *Bagdad*, than the Reputation of his Affluence ſpread itſelf abroad. In all convivial Meetings among the reſt of the Merchants, as ſoon as his Lips ſeemed to open, every Tongue was ſuſpended with Silence, every Eye gazed at him with Admiration, and every Ear devoured the Periods of his Story with greedy Earneſtneſs. His Voice, which naturally was as rough as the Sound occaſioned by a Colliſion of Billows on the Ocean, now ſeemed as ſoft as the fragrant Gale, which pants upon the Leaves of the *Arabian* Trees.

By this Time *Mirgehan*'s Credit was become ſo extenſive, that People of all Ranks and Conditions depoſited their Money with him, and he had every Day a very great Number of Servants counting over the Sequins of Gold, which he was either to receive or pay away for others. In the Midſt of all theſe Smiles of Fortune, it happened, that the Relict of a rich Merchant, lately ſnatched away from the Face of the Earth by the Angel of Death, attracted his Attention. Her Name was *Dardane*, born in the City of *Damas*, and now in the Poſſeſſion of very great Wealth. From the Habits, which Education and Time had implanted in her, ſhe was in her Temper of a moſt greedy Avarice, and a powerful Ambition to be counted richer than the reſt of her Acquaintance; urged by theſe Inſtigations, ſhe beſtowed her lovely Form upon *Mirgehan*, who, in a ſhort Time, ſo contrived it, that the Roſes faded on her Cheek, the Lilly appeared of a yellower Hue, and, by ſlow Degrees, her Conſtitution received ſuch ſevere Strokes from his Severity, that ſhe totally pined away, and, in a ſhort Time, lay breathleſs on her Bed,

Mirgehan was now happy in the Completion of his Wiſhes; he had got rid of a Wife, whom, notwithſtanding her exquiſite Beauty, his Soul ever abhorred, and he exulted in the Review of the vaſt Acceſſion to his Fortune, which, through her Means, he had obtained. His Heart now began to expand with greater Alacrity, and he reſolved to ſpend the Remainder of his Days in Eaſe, in Elegance, in Luxury, and every delicate Enjoyment. The Dainties of the Eaſt did not ſuffice to crown his Board; he would ſend to the Weſt for *Turtle*, and every Corner of the Globe adminiſtered to his Gratifications. Not far from *Bagdad*, he purchaſed a moſt elegant and magnificent Houſe, where he determined to fix his Country Retreat. The Rooms eternally reſounded with Singers and Minſtrels; Amber and Aloes contributed their rich Perfumes; and his Tables were covered with Vaſes of Agate, filled with the moſt delicious Liquors. Painting and Sculpture concurred to adorn his Apartments. *Mirgehan* was led into all this Profuſion by an irreſiſtible Vanity, from which he derived many exquiſite Senſations of Pleaſure; when he found his Wealth and his Poſſeſſions admired, he the more readily ſuffered himſelf to be governed by this Turn of Mind, from a Conviction, that all his grand Appearance of Affluence, ſerved to extend his Reputation, and that, in Conſequence of his extenſive Credit, he ſhould have ample and frequent Opportunities of re-imburſing himſelf, by the Uſe he knew to make of the pecuniary Confidence, which others repoſed in him.

Mirgehan was now happy in all the Enjoyments which Riches could procure him; his Heart danced to perpetual Tunes of Joy, and the Meanneſs of his Birth he thought ſufficiently compenſated by the Luſtre and Dignity of his preſent Way of Life. And now, to complete his Elevation, and to raiſe himſelf to that Point of Eminence, from which he imagined, he might look down upon moſt of his Fellow-creatures, Fortune, who had for a Series of Years ſmiled propitiouſly upon all the Undertakings of *Mirgehan*, at length preſented an Opportunity.

It happened, that the Emperor of *Bagdad* had Occaſion, on a particular Emergence in his Affairs, to call together an Aſſembly of the wiſeſt and ableſt Heads in his Territories, in Order to aſſiſt his Councils, to help him in framing ſalutary Laws, for the due Regulation of his Subjects, and to point out proper Meaſures for him to levy the Monies neceſſary towards defraying the Expences of his Soldiers, and other Contingences in Government. The *Califf* reſolved upon this Step, with the Advice of his *Vizier*, and, in a few Days, Mandates were diſpatched to ſundry different Parts, commanding the Provinces and Towns to depute to the general Divan, two Perſons the moſt renowned for Sagacity and Judgment. *Mirgehan* was at his Country-ſeat, when he heard this News, and his Paſſions being violent as the eddying Sand during a Tempeſt, he inſtantly conceived a Deſire to be enrolled among the moſt diſtinguiſhed Politicians of *Bagdad*.

Accordingly he forthwith ſet out upon this Expedition; but he had not gone far from his own Habitation, when travelling a ſolitary Road, over a long extended Mountain, the Heat of the Day, together with the Fatigue he had undergone, inclined him to ſtop under a ſhady Retreat, and refreſh his Senſes with a gentle Slumber. From this he was ſoon awakened by a Strain of Muſic, which thrilled ſo melodiouſly in his Ears, that he thought Gleams of Paradiſe were opening to his dazled Sight. He looked around, and ſaw a reverend Form advance towards him; *Mirgehan* aroſe from the Arbour in which he was reclined; and inſtantly throwing himſelf on his Knees, he worſhipped the venerable Appearance which ſtood before him. This Perſonage was an holy Hermit, who long inhabited a ſmall Manſion on the Side of a Rock, which terminated the Proſpect on the left Side of the Mountain. Being endowed with a magic Power, he called forth to his Sight ſuch beautiful Scenes, as looked like a new Creation. *Mirgehan*'s Heart throbbed with holy Rapture. At length the hoary Sage began. "*Mirgehan*, I know thy Purpoſe; I am acquainted "with thy Deſign in this thy Journey. But reflect, "O Man! on the Obſcurity of thy Birth, and the "Meanneſs of thy Education. Canſt thou confer "Light to the Councils of the Wiſe? Canſt thou "diſpel the Miſt from before their Eyes, and let in "powerful Irradiations of Truth upon their darkling "Underſtandings? Deſiſt, vain Man, from thy ill-"founded Purſuits." At theſe Words, the venerable Hermit waved his Wand, and ſuddenly the Scene vaniſhed like a Morning-dream from *Mirgehan*'s Eyes. After having again raiſed his Arm; "Now, ſays he, "let the Objects that are placed before thee inſtruct "thy Soul; there behold how eaſily thou mighteſt "have ſquandered away all thoſe Poſſeſſions, which "thy Soul delights in for a mere empty Bubble. "There ſee an Election for two Perſons to aſſiſt in the "Debates for the Eaſe and Happineſs of the Califf, "and his People; ſee the Blind, the Lame, the Old, "the Infirm, the Sick arriving in Caravans, to vote "for thoſe who pay them higheſt. See how they all "ſolemnly vow by the holy Prophet, that Money has "no Influence upon them; and yet behold how in "private they graſp the Sequins of Gold! Does not "thy Heart, which has fixed all its Affections upon "thy yellow Dirt, tremble within thee, to think that "in this Manner all thy Wealth might be ſquandered "away, and thou not be able to render the leaſt Ser-"vice to the Califf, thy Country, or thy Family? "That this is the Fate of many, who, like thee, "have aroſe from mean Beginnings, and have, in "their old Days, proved mere Spendthrifts, thou "may'ſt receive ocular Demonſtration, by ſurveying "thoſe Wretches, who are now deſpiſed by their "Country, deteſted by their Relations, and deſpiſed by "the *Vizier*, in whoſe Service they exhauſted all their "Treaſures."

Here *Zemroude* (for that was the Hermit's Name) perceiving the Affections of *Mirgehan* perfectly changed, diſperſed into the Air his new Creation, returned with ſolemn Step to his Cell under the Rock, and *Mirgehan* ordered his Camels to be turned towards *Bagdad*, where he ſpent the Remainder of his Days in Eaſe and Content; and at his Death, he left thoſe Sums of Gold, which he was going to ſquander in viſionary Schemes, among his Relations, who now live in Affluence, and the Memory of *Mirgehan* is reſpected among them.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

WE hear from *Richmond*, that a young Gentleman fell very deeply in Love there, at the laſt Aſſembly, as a young Lady was giving her Hand to him in a Minuet. It ſeems ſhe performed it with ſuch graceful Eaſe, that his Knees entirely faultered under him, and he ſpent the Remainder of the Night in Libations of Claret to her Health. The next Morning, it is ſaid, he went in a penſive Manner towards *Ham* Walks, carved Verſes on every Tree in his Way, and he ſtill continues ſuch an Enthuſiaſt, that it is imagined he will either marry immediately, or turn Poet; in the latter Caſe, the Magazines will certainly be much the better for him.

From the Daily Advertiſer.

A Turtle, which weighed three hundred Weight, has been preſented to the Gentlemen of *White*'s Chocolate-houſe, and on *Monday* it laid five Eggs. *We ſhould rather expect that a Turtle at this Place would have laid five Pounds!*

Yeſterday Morning *William Purl* and *Walter Wormwood* were taken together in a Flock-bed in *Fleet-ſtreet*, on Suſpicion of being concerned in the *Monthly Review*. They were carried before a Magiſtrate, and committed by him to Goal.

Alſo Yeſterday at Noon *Edmund Groundivy* was taken at the *Bedford* Coffee-houſe, in *Grub-ſtreet*. He has deſired to be admitted as an Evidence, and has given Information againſt ſeveral not yet taken.

NUMB. 94. GRAY'ſ-INN, *Saturday*, *Aug.* 3, 1754.

Ille per extentum funem mihi poſſe videtur
Ire Poeta, meum qui pectus inaniter angit,
Irritat, mulcet, falſis terroribus implet,
Ut magus; & modò me Thebis, modò ponit Athenis.

HOR.

THERE is not a Species of Writing which has not had its particular Admirer, and various Affirmations have been made concerning the Excellence of each. The famous Doctor *South* was of Opinion, that a complete Epigram is the Maſter-piece of Compoſition; and Mr. *Addiſon* calls a *perfect Tragedy the nobleſt Production of human Nature.* The Truth of it is, each Perſon has delivered his Sentiments agreeably to his own private Temper, and his own peculiar Turn of Thinking. Doctor *South* excelled in lively and ſurpriſing Strokes of Wit; every new Combination, which he formed in the vivacious Sallies of his Imagination, was Epigram in itſelf, and we find all his Writings ſown extremely thick with unexpected Aſſemblages; and on this Account we may ſuppoſe him inclinable to extol his own favourite Talent. In like Manner, Mr. *Addiſon* had employed many of his Hours in planning his Tragedy of *Cato*, and after it had received the moſt conſummate Poliſh, which his Skill could beſtow upon it, it was to be exhibited as the greateſt Production of human Wit. But the Aſſertions of great Men, when they are unſuſtained by Argument, are not to be conſidered as Decrees from which there can be no Appeal. Tragedy moſt certainly can only claim the ſecond Place, becauſe it is manifeſt, that all the Powers of Genius, *viz. Imagination*, *Eloquence*, and *Reaſon*, may be exerted in their full Force in the Epic Compoſition, whereas in Tragedy they frequently ſuffer great Limitation. The ſame Thing, which on many

Occaſions makes Tragedy the moſt powerful Performance, ſerves alſo to diveſt it of thoſe Advantages which give great Brilliancy to heroic Poeſy, and that is, its coming immediately before the Eye. It is juſtly remarked by *Horace*, that what is conveyed to our Notice through our Ears, acts with a more feeble Impulſe upon the Mind, than Objects that paſs through the Organs of Sight, thoſe faithful Evidences in a mental Court of Judicature.

Segniùs irritant animos demiſſa per aurem,
Quàm quæ ſunt oculis ſubjecta fidelibus, & quæ
Ipſe ſibi tradit ſpectator. — — — —

For this Reaſon many Paſſages, in which the epic Writer warms and expands the Imagination of his Readers with the nobleſt Exhibitions of poetic Imagery, are entirely excluded from the dramatic Scene; the Eye will not ſuffer itſelf eaſily to be deluded, and all the Amazement of Machinery is alſo, for the ſame Reaſon, totally ſuperſeded. A God, ſays the Critic, ſhould not be introduced, unleſs the Occaſion ſhould peremptorily require a ſupernatural Agent; he had ſaid better, if he had abſolutely interdicted the Appearance. We may in reading ſuffer ſuch an Incident to be impoſed upon us; but the Eye would be too much ſhocked with ſuch Repreſentations, and, of Courſe, the Marvellous is entirely baniſhed. Beſides Tragedy will not admit any extraordinary Diſplay of *pure Poetry*, or Deſcription; the heroic Poet for the moſt Part ſpeaks in his own Perſon, and it is expected of him to pay great Court to our Imagination; but the Dialogue of Perſonages, engaged in a Sphere of Action, intended to intereſt the Auditors, will not allow them to take up the Scene with florid Exhibitions of rural Imagery; ſuch as Brooks, murmuring in ſcanty Rills through pebbled Channels, *&c.* The following Lines in the Mouth of *Caliſta* in the *Fair Penitent* may be extremely picturesque, if conſidered as pure Deſcription, but if conſidered with Regard to the Situation of Character, they are certainly very inartificial and undramatic.

— — — — My ſad Soul
Has form'd a diſmal melancholy Scene:
An unfrequented Vale, o'er grown with Trees,
Moſſy and old, within whoſe loneſome Shade
Ravens and Birds ill-omen'd only dwell;
No Sound to break the Silence, but a Brook
That bubbling winds among the Weeds.

Hence then we find, that in the Regions of Fancy, the *Drama* muſt yield to the Epic, and as this is a very conſiderable Part of Poeſy, I think it determines the Precedence. In the Art of Eloquence, and in all Applications to our Reaſon, Tragedy can boaſt full Room for the moſt vigorous Exertion. The *Drama* may be full as ſentimental as any other Kind of Writing, nay its Excellence frequently conſiſts in being ſo, and with Regard to the Paſſions, the Mode of Imitation renders its Influence more forcible, and when we are deceived into a Notion that the Perſonages are actually ſuffering Diſtreſs before our Eyes, the Performance aſſumes a Kind of Reality, and more keen and intenſe Senſations agitate our Breaſts, than in Pieces where the Deſcription is left to operate upon us without any other Aid than that of lively and impaſſioned Expreſſions. *Virgil*, I apprehend, was as ſkilful a Maſter of the Paſſions as any Writer, ancient or modern; and though the Paſſions of his *Dido* are drawn with as ſtrong and glowing Colourings, as Language can beſtow; though their various ſtrugglings are all finely and cloſely marked, though all their Viciſſitudes, Veerings and Doublings, if I may ſo call them, are finely touched; yet, I believe, *Shakeſpear*'s *Lear* and *Othello* have made much more lively and deep Impreſſions upon an Audience, than ever the former has done upon his Admirers in the Cloſet.

Theſe Advantages, however, are derived to the tragic Queen from ſupernumerary Embelliſhments, and from the Labours of another Art, I mean that of acting, which is in itſelf a Mode of Imitation, and ſerves to render the Touches of the Writer more ſtriking, and more feelingly expreſſive. This Superiority the Drama certainly has over the Epic, and in Conſequence of all its additional Aids, it can boaſt a more powerful Command over the human Heart. It imitates the very Voice of Nature, and ſpeaks the ſame ſimple and affecting Language. All that Profuſion of Figures, which mere Poetry admits, is diſcarded from the Stage. When I mention Figures, I muſt obſerve, that Men of critical Knowledge have juſtly diſtinguiſhed between Figures of Speech, and Figures of Sentiment; the former including Metaphor and all Tranſlations of Phraſes, and the latter conſiſting of ſuch Breaks and Tranſitions in Diſcourſe, as the Mind is known to make when under the Compunction of warring Paſſions. As for Inſtance, when the Poet ſays of *Dido*, that ſhe is devoured by an inward Flame,

Et cæco carpitur igne.

He then expreſſes Love by a figurative Expreſſion; but when he ſays,

Ignoſcenda *quidem*, *ſcirent ſi* ignoſcere *manes*.

The Repetition expreſſes the natural Workings of the Mind, when other Ideas are awakened, and ſerve to excite a new Conflict of Paſſions. The Uſe of theſe kind of Figures in Tragedy ſhould be as free and bold as poſſible, and with Reſpect to Expreſſion, no other Regard is to be paid to it, than to chuſe ſuch Words as may be moſt ſignificantly pictureſque, in Order to have the more lively Effect on the Imagination, the Paſſions being then in a ſtronger Ferment when lively Images are preſented to the Fancy.

I believe our *Shakeſpear* is almoſt the only Poet who has excelled in a maſterly Power of ſtriking the *Imagination*, the *Heart*, and our *Reaſon*, all at once; but in him Poetry, Sentiment and Paſſion are combined in the moſt agreeable Aſſemblage. In his Tragedy of *Macbeth*, there are ſeveral ſurpriſing Strokes of this *Nature*. Amidſt a great Variety of Inſtances, the following Lines are introduced with a Solemnity ſuitable to the Occaſion, and they carry with them a pleaſing Kind of gloomy Imagery:

—E'er

— — Ere the Bat hath flown
His cloiſter'd Flight, e'er to black Hecate's *Summons*
The Shard-born Beetle, with his drouzy Hums,
Hath rung Night's yawning Peal, there ſhall be done
A Deed of dreadful Note. — — —

The Soliloquy in the Tent-ſcene of *Richard the Third* is alſo a further Inſtance of the ſame Beauty, though by the Way it may not be improper to obſerve, notwithſtanding we muſt allow that Mr. *Cibber* was in the right to tranſplant *Shakeſpear*'s own Words, that they are not perfectly ſuitable to the Character of *Richard*; and I believe had our great Poet thought of ſhewing his Hero in this Situation, he would have ſhewed *Richard*'s Feelings quite otherwiſe on ſuch an Occaſion.

To conclude: *Ariſtotle* was certainly miſtaken when he called the Fable the Life and Soul of Tragedy; the Art of conſtructing the dramatic Story ſhould always be ſubſervient to the Exhibition of Character, our great *Shakeſpear* has breathed another Soul into Tragedy, which has found the Way of ſtriking an Audience with Sentiment and Paſſion at the ſame Time.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

EARLY on *Monday* Morning laſt *John Bobadil*, the Herbaliſt, was taken in the Fact of *culling Simples* in *Chelſea* Phyſic-garden; he was carried before a Magiſtrate, and, his Pockets being ſearched, a Proof-Sheet of the *Monthly Review* was found upon him; on which he was committed to the proper Goal.

The ſame Day *Alexander Mac Gregor*, the Preſbyterian Parſon, and *Oliver Tattoo*, famous for his Republican Principles, were apprehended as Aiders and Abettors of the ſaid *Monthly Review*, and committed for further Examination.

From my Regiſter-office, Aug. 3.

The following Copy of Verſes was tranſmitted to me by an ingenious Gentleman at *Cambridge*, being a Tranſlation of a little Piece of Poetry greatly admired by the celebrated *Bohours*. The Inaccuracies, which that great Critic points out in the Original, are converted into Beauties in the *Engliſh*, and will, I doubt not, be highly pleaſing to every Reader, who has a Taſte for ingenious Thoughts, with Truth for their Foundation.

An Ode on a Looking-glaſs.

I.

MIrrour, who happily doſt foil
The nobleſt Works of *Raphael*'s Race,
Who, without Pencil's Aid, or Oil,
Giv'ſt back each Air of Mien and Face.

II.

All of myſelf expreſs'd in thee,
Except my Language, I deſcry:
You only want a Voice to be
As much inform'd with Life as I.

III.

Thou, what eſcapes the Painter's Art,
Can'ſt clearly to my View betray;
The various Paſſions of my Heart,
As in my various Looks they play:

IV.

You, to my Humour, and my Age,
Pliant to each Impreſſion bend:
Change as I will, in every Stage,
Their Changes you as quick attend.

V.

An Artiſt, with unwearied Pains,
(His Skill the Fruit of toilſome Years)
The Canvaſs with a Portrait ſtains,
Which, but a Moment, like appears:

VI.

You, brilliant Painter, at a Hit
A vague inconſtant Picture frame;
A Picture, to our Nature fit,
For ever like, yet ne'er the ſame.

NUMB. 95. GRAY'ſ-INN, *Saturday*, *Aug.* 10, 1754.

— — — *Sævitque animis ignobile vulgus.*

VIRG.

AMONG all the Writers, who have deſcanted on the *Britiſh* Conſtitution, I have not met with any one, that ſeems to be thoroughly acquainted with the Subject. An ingenious Friend of mine, who furniſhed me with an Eſſay ſome Time ſince, reduces our preſent Party-diviſions into *Garrickeans* and *Barryiſts*; but this is not going to the Bottom of Things. The famous *Monteſquieu* has performed, in my humble Apprehenſion, as little towards a Detection of the Root of the Evil, tho' he ſeems to perceive, with a Kind of prophetic Spirit, the Declenſion of *Britiſh* Liberty. The great *Locke*, who has treated, in a very maſterly Manner, of Government, does not any where give us a Clue to guide our Reſearch, and after glowing with *Bolingbroke* through a Number of Pages, we are as much in the Dark as ever. *England* can never be undone but by a Parliament, ſays the excellent Author of *the Uſe and Abuſe of Parliaments*; but even there, we are again put upon a wrong Scent. The Truth of the Mattter is, ENGLAND CAN NEVER BE UNDONE BUT BY THE MOB. I am aware, this may at firſt Sight appear a Paradox; but a Retroſpect to the Behaviour of that Body of People, will convince every intelligent Mind of the Truth of this Aſſertion.

The Generality of political Writers have waſted a great deal of Paper in ſettling the various Forms of Government; one, ſay they, is a Monocracy; another is an Ariſtocracy; a third is a Democracy: And the *Britiſh* Conſtitution, they inform us, is of the mixed Species; conſiſting of a Coalition of all three. But ſurely a little Obſervation will point out to us, that they have all paſſed by unnoticed another Mode of civil Policy, which cannot be called by a better Name than a *Mobocracy*, under which this Country has been for many Years paſt, and in all human Probability will continue ſo for a long Period ſtill to come; nay, I will be bold to ſay, until Monocracy, Ariſtocracy, and Democracy, are all ſwallowed up by this alone.

There is hardly ever a Bill brought before the honourable the Houſe of Commons, but the Scope of it is immediately canvaſſed in an Aſſembly of the *Mobocracy*; where if it paſſes in the Negative, a Deputation is forthwith ſent by them to the Parliament-houſe, where, though their Remonſtrances are not heard at the Bar, they nevertheleſs enforce their Arguments with ſuch a truly *Britiſh* Eloquence, that they never fail to have a due Degree of Influence upon the Debates within Doors. On theſe Occaſions, they generally make Uſe of a Rule of Logic, which indeed is not mentioned by *Ariſtotle*, but which is always found of great Efficacy in all Diſputes. The Mode of Reaſoning I mean, is the *Argumentum Baculinum*, a nervous Exertion of which, accompanied with all the Force of the moſt vigorous Lungs, has over-ruled many an intended Act, when it happens not to pleaſe in the Councils of the common People. The *Mobocracy* have further the legiſlative and executive Part of their Laws in their own Hands, and we find them very frequent in a diligent Attention to them. For Inſtance, though the common Law of *England* has provided a proper Puniſhment for Pickpockets. The *Mobocracy* has reconſidered that Matter, and, after mature Deliberation, have deviſed a Correction, in their Opinion, more adequate to the Offence, and whenever any one is found to incur the Penalty of their Law, they immediately proceed to Execution, without Judge or Jury, which, in their Apprehenſion, ſerve but to retard the Courſe of Juſtice, and therefore they ſeize the Delinquent, and, without Delay, duck him in the River, the Canal in St. *James*'s Park, or the next Pool of Water. On all theſe Occaſions, it is obſervable, that they take infinite Delight in ſeeing the proper Puniſhment inflicted, as may be obſerved from the Acclamations, the Huzzas, *&c.* wherewith their Burſt of Joy rends the Air. In like Manner, the Pillory is ſome

Times ordained by the Statute Law of *England*, in Order to expoſe ſuch Tranſgreſſors as deſerve to be ſet up the Marks of public Shame; on every Occurence of this Nature, Wiſdom is ſure to cry out in the Streets, and the Award of the Judges is determined by a popular Circle to be juſt or unjuſt. When once they have pronounced Sentence, the Perſon doomed to make his Appearance is ſure either to meet with their Protection, or to call forth the utmoſt Indignation of an incenſed Populace. Nay, it has been known that theſe perpetual Dictators have proceeded ſo far as to reſcue Felons, condemned to ſuffer Death, from the Hands of the proper Officers, and generouſly to have recalled the Death-warrant. In many Parts of *England* they have an implacable Averſion to Turnpikes, and it is ſaid they will never be at Reſt, until they have entirely demoliſhed thoſe diſagreeable Paſſports. I remember to have heard a Story of theſe People, which I think may ſerve to give the Reader a tolerable Idea of their arbitrary Power. Not very long ſince three *Indian* Kings came to viſit this Metropolis, and, after they had ſeen moſt Places of Curioſity, a Play was at length advertiſed, by Command of their *Indian* Majeſties. The *Mobocracy*, who have entirely exploded all Notions of the Right Divine of Kings, and who, in Fact, conſider crowned Heads as no more than common Men, took Care to attend at the Theatre-royal in *Drury-lane*, in Order to ſurvey the ſwarthy Monarchs. At length the Curtain drew up, but in vain did the Players attempt to begin the Diverſion of the Night. The *Mobocracy*, who had Poſſeſſion of the Upper Gallery, declared that they came to ſee the Kings, "and ſince we have paid our Money, the Kings "we will have." Whereupon Mr. *Wilks*, who was then one of the Patentees, came forth and aſſured them that the Kings were in the Front-box; to this the *Mobocracy* replied, that they could not ſee them there, and deſired that they ſhould be placed in a more conſpicuous point of View, "otherwiſe, by G--d, *Jack*, there ſhall "be no Play." Mr. *Wilks*, who was not in his Heart of Mobocratical Principles, yet loved his own Intereſt ſo well, that he always knew how to be an occaſional Conformiſt, aſſured them that he had nothing ſo much at

Heart as their Happineſs, and accordingly got three Chairs and placed the Kings on the Stage, to the no ſmall Satisfaction of the *Mobocracy*, with whom it is a Maxim to have as much as poſſible for their Money. From hence it appears that the Power of the Multitude is perfectly Dictatorial; and, indeed, in all Ages the Managers of Playhouſes have acquieſced under the Gallery-juriſdiction. Mr. *Garrick*, I am credibly informed, notwithſtanding the ſubmiſſive Bows he occaſionally makes them, is not entirely reconciled to their Government, and, it is ſaid, is very apt to quote certain treaſonable Words from *Horace*, implying that the Vulgar have no Claim to Infallibility. *Interdum Vulgus Rectum videt, eſt ubi peccat.* My Intelligence further adds, that he has ſuppreſſed many Schemes for adding Novelty to the Amuſements of the Public, from a Fear he has conceived of the many-headed Monſter of the Gallery; nay, he will at Times carry Matters ſo far as to pronounce their Behaviour illegal, arbitrary, *&c.* and, when they broke all the Windows of his Dwelling-houſe, ſo diſcontented a Spirit poſſeſſed him, that he would by no Means acknowledge the Juſtice of their Proceedings.

Be that as it may; it is certain one diſaffected Perſon cannot withſtand the *Mobocratical* Power, which it is manifeſt has gained great Strength of late Years, and, I am perſuaded, will continue to flouriſh more and more every Day. They have many wiſe Maxims by which they govern themſelves; ſuch as, "no wooden Shoes, —"Liberty and Property and no Exciſe — no *French* "Dancers—no Mounſeers—Let every Man toaſt his "own Cheeſe, *&c.*" Such prudential Axioms, founded on the ſobereſt Senſe, muſt undoubtedly contribute to render their Adminiſtration both wiſe and proſperous. It does not appear that they have made any great Progreſs in the modern Art of War; on the Contrary, there is Reaſon to ſuppoſe that they all hold it in Contempt; as it is certain that on many Occaſions, when our mixed Form of Government has endeavoured to oppoſe them, by ſending the Soldiery againſt them, they have always laughed at the Military Force, and repelled them from the Aſſault, without their daring to Fire. Their Military Diſcipline ſeems to be derived from the *Romans*; they know no Uſe of Cannon, Fire-arms, *&c.* but proceed to Battle with Sticks, Bludgeons, ſetting up loud Shouts, ſomewhat like the Warhoop of the *Indians*, and hurling Stones, Brickbats, Bottles, Glaſſes, *&c.* with tremendous Force on the adverſe Party. They are likewiſe totally Strangers to all Refinements of modern Luxury; Bread and Cheeſe, and Porter being their chief Suſtenance; Gin being only uſed by them when they are low-ſpirited, or are going to be hanged. They do not paint their Bodies with Woad, like the ancient *Britons*, but generally with Kennel-dirt, which lends them a formidable Air in Battle. Thus enured to Danger, it will be no Wonder if the *Mobocracy* at length become Maſters of this Kingdom, which, as I conceive it, muſt ſhortly be the Caſe, unleſs the Vices of People of Faſhion ſhould deſcend to them, and retard them in their Progreſs. Of this, I muſt own I am inclined to cheriſh ſome Hopes, as I am informed, that, in ſome Parts of the Town, they drink, and game and ſwear, and are full as wicked as the better Sort of People. Particularly in *Hockley the Hole*, I am told, that they have a Place called *White*'s Chocolate-houſe, that *clean Lodgings for Travellers* are dearer than ever, and that you cannot any where *Shave for a Penny*, the Depravity of the Times having raiſed the Prices of every Thing there, as well as at the St. *James*'s End of the Town.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

From my own Apartment, Aug. 10.

AFTER a Soliloquy, which I have this Morning held with myſelf, agreeably to the Advice of Lord *Shaftſbury*, the Upſhot was, that I determined to inform the courteous Reader, that the Plan of the *Gray*'s-*Inn Journal* is now drawing towards a Concluſion, and in the Courſe of a few Papers more, *Ranger* muſt ſubſide into an abſolute Silence. Whether he is then to ſink into Obſcurity, like many other evaneſcent Productions,

ductions, or whether a new Edition of theſe Papers, in ſmall Volumes, will hinder them from ſharing the Fate of the *Sybils* Leaves, which are generally ſcattered away without any Trace of them left behind, Time only can determine. Thus much *Ranger* thinks proper to ſay on this Occaſion, that he only begs, that the Gale of Indulgence, which has hitherto wafted him through a Sea of Troubles, may not, now he is in Sight of his Harbour, die away, and leave him with ſlackened Cordage and fluttering Sails to come in with diſgraceful Labour, like the baffled Hero in *Virgil*'s Ship-race;

Deriſam ſine honore ratem Sergiſtus agebat.

To continue the Metaphor, when once ſafely landed he hopes to deliver his Freight in good Order and well conditioned, and, in Imitation of thoſe ſkilful Traders the *Dutch*, who are ſaid to deſtroy a large Quantity of their Spice, in Order to enhance the Value of the remaining Part, upon a careful Review of his Stock, it is poſſible he may alſo commit ſome Portion of it to the Fire, being determined that whatever he preſents to the Public, after a long Experience of their Candor, ſhall be as genuine and perfect in its Kind, as his Leiſure and Abilities will permit. And whatever ſhall be the Deciſion of the Public on his Genius or Inability, he will ſtand convinced of their Equity, and will not ſuffer fond Self-love to lodge an Appeal in his own Breaſt; he only hopes, that if the Verdict be found againſt him, it may be, as in the Caſe of *Elizabeth Canning*, with this qualifying Circumſtance; GUILTY of DULNESS, but not WILFUL and CORRUPT.

CHARLES RANGER.

On *Wedneſday* laſt *Abraham Scurvygraſs*, another Accomplice in the *Monthly Review*, was taken at *Pye-corner*, as he ſtood inhaling the Effluvia from a Cook's Shop. He was committed to the proper Goal, by the Magiſtrate.

Alſo the ſame Evening *Robert Mum*, alias *Threethreads*, was apprehended, and is to take his Trial at the next Seſſions of the Court of *Cenſorial Enquiry*, which will commence, in the Beginning of *September* next.

NUMB. 96. GRAY'*s*-INN, *Saturday*, *Aug.* 17, 1754.

Creditur, ex medio quia res arceſſit, habere
Sudoris minimum; ſed habet COMOEDIA *tanto*
Plus oneris, quanto veniæ minus. HOR.

ARiſtotle informs us, that *Homer* wrote a Comic-epic Poem entitled *Margites*, which, to the no ſmall Detriment of ſucceeding Ages, is unfortunately loſt. To this Species of Poeſy, we may ſuppoſe Comedy has the ſame Reference, that the Tragic bears to the Heroic. For my Part, I cannot conceive why a good Comedy has never been ſtiled by thoſe, who are fond of deciding literary Precedence, the greateſt Production of human Nature. Certainly its conſiſting of known and familiar Ideas, ſhould not derogate from its Merit, becauſe on Account of that very Circumſtance, it meets with leſs Indulgence; the Buſineſs of it coming more near to every Man's Breaſt, and, of Courſe, the very Vulgar being, in ſome Meaſure, Judges of the Juſtneſs of the Imitation; whereas, in Tragedy, frigid Declamation lulls, florid Epithets amuſe, lofty Metaphors amaze, and ſonorous Expreſſions elevate and ſurpriſe.

As Tragedy aims more particularly at an Excitement of the ſerious Paſſions, ſo the chief Merit of *Comedy* conſiſts in its Effect on the merry Affections of the human Mind; the former principally awakening Senſations of Terror and Pity, and the latter giving Emotions of a gay Contempt, as it is elegantly called, or in plainer *Engliſh*, making us deſpiſe and laugh at an Object at the ſame Time. To ſucceed in this laſt mentioned Mode of Writing, it requires as fine and as lively an Imagination as any of the other imitative Arts; for as it is manifeſt, that the Tragic Poet then excites in us the moſt intenſe Senſations, when his Expreſſions convey the livelieſt Images to the Fancy, ſo the Comic Poet, when he ſeizes the Imagination with a bright Aſſemblage of ludicrous Ideas, is ſure of agitating thoſe

Paſſions, to which his Art directs him, with an irreſiſtible Power. And therefore this Animadverſion is ſufficient to put an End to that idle Diſpute, which, as we learn from *Horace*, engaged the Learned, *viz.* Whether Comedy might be called Poetry or not:

— — Quidam comœdia necne poema
Eſſet quæſivere — —

It is manifeſt that it is an imitative Art, and different Paſſions being the Objects of its Addreſs, it only makes Uſe of Means different from the more elevated Species of Writing; but ſurely it is full as hard a Taſk to paint ordinary Things, as Objects of more Importance; and, in my Opinion, *Virgil*'s Line which deſcribes an old Woman running acroſs *Dido*'s Apartment with officious Zeal,

Illa gradum ſtudio celerabat anili,

is as picturesque and has as much Merit as the Deſcription of the ambroſial Locks of *Venus*:

Ambroſiæque comæ divinum vertice odorem,
Spiravere. — — — —

The Comic, as well as the Tragic Writer, muſt derive his Force from the true primary Sources of Compoſition; that is to ſay, he muſt learn to ſeize our *Imaginations*, with ſtriking Pictures of human Life; he muſt inſtruct our Reaſon by inſerting ſenſible Obſervations on worldly Contingencies, and he muſt alſo frequently apply himſelf to thoſe Paſſions which it is the Merit of his Art to awaken. In this laſt mentioned Particular conſiſts the real Merit of a well wrought Comedy; in like Manner as the ſerious Drama muſt fill us with Ideas proper to excite Terror and Pity. To obtain either Effect, the Poet is to ſelect ſuch Circumſtances in every Object, in every Paſſion, and in every Action, as will be moſt conducive to his peculiar End, and he is conſtantly to avail himſelf of ſuch Expreſſions as will ſerve to convey the livelieſt Images to the Fancy. When this is rightly performed, whether in the ſolemn or humourous Scene, it is true Poetry, and in either Caſe it is by the Means of a Mode of Eloquence, that the Art produces its deſired Effect. For Ridicule, by which Comedy works, is as much a Mode of Eloquence, as the ſeveral Arts of Perſuaſion, and the ſeveral Figures, which Rhetoric has reduced into a Syſtem for the Excitement of the more ſerious Paſſions.

The Diſpute that ſubſiſted among the Learned for a conſiderable Time, and is perhaps not yet determined, *viz.* Whether Ridicule be a Teſt of Truth, is, in my humble Opinion, extremely idle and frivolous; the Faculty of Reaſon, which compares our Ideas, and ſuſtains or rejects the various Affirmations concerning them, being the ſole Judge of Truth, however complicated the Means may be by which it gains its End. I have often wondered, that neither *Ariſtotle*, *Tully*, nor *Quintilian*, have given a juſt and adequate Definition of Ridicule. To ſay that it conſiſts in raiſing our Laughter at ſome Turpitude, is a very inſufficient Account of the Matter. Mr. *Fielding*, in his Preface to his *Joſeph Andrews*, has thrown ſome Light upon the Matter, but as he places the Source of it in Affectation, he appears to me not to have taken a comprehenſive Survey of his Subject. I apprehend the Ridiculous may be formed, where there is no Affectation at the Bottom, and his Parſon *Adams* I take to be an Inſtance of this Aſſertion.

The beſt and moſt accurate Definition I have ever met with of the Ridiculous is in a Note of Doctor *Akenſide*'s to his excellent Poem *On the Pleaſures of Imagination.* " That, ſays he, which makes Objects ridiculous " is ſome Ground of Admiration or Eſteem connected " with other more general Circumſtances, comparatively worthleſs or deformed; or it is ſome Circumſtances of Turpitude or Deformity connected with " what is in general excellent or beautiful; the inconſiſtent Properties exiſting either in the Objects themſelves, or in the Apprehenſion of the Perſon to " whom they relate, implying Sentiment or Deſign, " and exciting no acute or vehement Emotion of the " Heart." The Effect which the Circumſtances thus ſpecified have upon us he thus defines; " the Senſation

" of Ridicule is not a bare Perception of the Agree-
" ment or Diſagreement of Ideas, but a Paſſion or
" Emotion of the Mind conſequential to that Percep-
" tion."

The Emotions here intended are Laughter and Contempt, and theſe it is the Buſineſs of Comedy to excite, by making ſtriking Exhibitions of inconſiſtent Circumſtances, blended together in ſuch a thwarting Aſſemblage, that a gay Contempt irreſiſtibly ſhall take Poſſeſſion of us. To perform this in all Objects which come before the Comic Muſe, in Men and Manners, in all Actions and Paſſions, requires a very delicate Hand, and it frequently is neceſſary to have an almoſt microſcopic Eye to perceive the latent Inconſiſtency in Circumſtances ſeemingly fair and praiſe-worthy. *Prior* has expreſſed this with his uſual Delicacy;

And tho' the Error may be ſuch
As Knaggs *and* Burgeſs *cannot hit,*
It yet may feel the nicer Touch,
Of Wycherly *or* Congreve's *Wit.*

In producing Portraits of Mankind it is not enough to diſplay Foibles and Oddities; a fine Vein of Ridicule muſt run through the Whole, to urge the Mind to frequent Emotions of Laughter; otherwiſe there will be Danger of exhibiting diſagreeable Characters without affording the proper Entertainment. I think *Ben Johnſon* extremely apt to err in this Point; his *Moroſe*, is a ſurly ill-natured, abſurd Humouriſt, whom we can hardly laugh at, and he ſoon becomes very bad Company. Many of *Johnſon*'s Characters are of the ſame Caſt, while in *Shakeſpear*'s *Falſtaff*, the ridiculous Ideas are placed in ſuch an artful Point of View, that our Merriment can never be reſtrained, whenever Sir *John* appears. *Congreve*, in my Opinion, had a great deal of the ſame Talent, and what I have ſomewhere ſeen objected to him, that many of his Characters are obvious in human Life, is with me a ſtrong Proof of his ſuperior Genius. An Old *Batchelor*, for Inſtance, is very common, but he muſt paſs through ſuch an Imagination as *Congreve*'s to ſupport ſeveral Scenes in the Drama with the moſt exquiſite Pleaſantry; tho' the Character was not new, yet his Management of it has all the Graces of Novelty, and the Situations in which we ſee him are all exquiſitely ridiculous. Perſonages of this Claſs, unleſs artfully conducted, may very ſoon tire an Audience, but in this excellent Poet's Hands nothing ſuffers a Diminution. The ſame, I think, appears in his Sir *Paul Plyant*, in which Character there is perhaps as much Comic Force as in any one Piece on the Stage. Sir *John Vanbrugh* was alſo a perfect Maſter of his Art in this Reſpect, and of this his Sir *John Brute* is a remarkable Proof. The Knight is conſtantly diverting us with an odd whimſical Way of Thinking, which at once ſerves to diſplay his own Foibles, and entertains his Audience with a Pleaſantry of which he ſeems all along totally unconſcious himſelf.

It is therefore by placing the Humours and Foibles of human Nature in a ridiculous Light, that the true Comic Force is created. The Author of *the Pleaſures of Imagination*, whom I have already quoted, has judiciouſly explained each Part of the Definition cited above, and has finely traced the ſeveral Sources from which true Ridicule ſprings. Whoever chuſes to conſider the Matter will find Affectation to be but one Spring, however diffuſive the Streams of it may be. To the Poem itſelf I beg Leave to refer my Readers, and I ſhall diſmiſs this Paper, with obſerving, that the whole Beauty of the comic Diction conſiſts in the Words and Phraſes being ſo choſen as to give to the Mind the moſt lively Impreſſion of known and familiar Images, and at the ſame Time the ſtrongeſt Marks of Character, and each Perſon's peculiar Temper.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Bedford Coffee-houſe, Aug. 17.

THOUGH the Barometer for Wit and Humour has not reached DAMNED HIGH all this Summer, yet it now and then happens that a Perſon of Taſte drops in, with ſomething for the Entertainment of the Company; this was the Caſe Yeſterday Evening, when the following *Elegy* was extremely reliſhed by all who peruſed it.

An Invitation to a Miſtreſs to walk by Moonlight.

An ELEGY.

I.

COME, *Birtha*, let us tread the flow'ry Mead,
Diſtinct with countleſs Gems of pearly Dew,
Now the cool Hours the ſober Evening lead,
And *Phœbe* lifts her Silver Lamp to view.

II.

Here we may rove ſecure of buſy Spies,
Thick as theſe glittering Drops our Kiſſes ſow:
Tho' Heaven an *Argus* ſeem beſet with Eyes,
'Tis a dumb Witneſs of what's done below.

III.

See you yon Stars, ſo eminently bright,
That mix ſo friendly their congenial Rays?
Our natal Stars are met perhaps To-night,
Pleas'd on that Union, which they plann'd, to gaze.

IV.

The Moon, tho' loth to lend her Virgin-beam
To guide the Drunkard to his brutal Joys,
Views with Complacence and ſerener Gleam,
The noiſeleſs Revels of fond Girls and Boys.

V.

See what a twinkling Leer athwart ſhe throws,
Whene'er I preſs thy Lip, or ſnowy Breaſt!
With ſweet Remembrance now ſhe loveſick glows,
How once, like you, on *Latmos* ſhe was bleſt.

VI.

In Sleep's ſoft Chains the quiet Village lies,
And Toil now dozes all its Cares away:
This is Love's Harveſt; let us then be wiſe,
And make our Night as buſy as their Day.

VII.

Soon from the dappled Eaſt the Sun will break,
And we like Elves muſt from his Beams retreat:

From their ſhort Paſtimes let us Warning take
To make the Circle of our Joys complete.

VIII.

Then to our ſeparate Homes, our Courſe we'll ſteer,
You in your Bridegroom happy, I my Bride:
Vowing, when next bright *Dian*'s Orb ſhines clear,
To taſte the Pleaſures of ſweet Even-tide.

* * *

Numb. 97. Gray's-Inn, *Saturday*, *Aug.* 24, 1754.

Anguſtis hunc addere rebus honorem. Virg.
Ampullas & ſeſquipedalia verba. Hor.

HAVING in my laſt offered ſome curſory Remarks upon Ridicule, I ſhall in this Day's Paper take Notice of a Species of Writing, which, on Account of ſome Affinity between them, is often ſuppoſed to be the ſame with the Ridiculous; and yet, upon an attentive View of the Matter, it appears to be a Mode of Compoſition introduced by Men of Genius in Order to fall in with that Propenſity to Laughter, which prevails with all Mankind in general. What I here intend is *Burleſque*; to mark its Boundaries, its Procedure and Extent, will be no improper Subject among theſe Eſſays, which only pretend now and then to glance ſo much Light upon Matters of this Nature, as may ſerve to illuſtrate them to the Unlearned.

It muſt be remembered, that as the *Ridiculous* conſiſts in a Coalition of Circumſtances repugnant to each other in their own Natures, but yet whimſically blended together in any Object, any human Action or Paſſion, to call forth this Inconſiſtency to public View, and to ſhew the heterogeneous Aſſemblage, in ſuch a Manner as to provoke the Mind to laugh at it with Contempt, is to exert the rare and excellent Talent of *Ridicule*, and as this, when well executed, is attended with fine conſequential Effects, the Lovers of *Burleſque* will not wait to diſcover a real Incongruity, but by the Force of their own Imaginations they create it for themſelves, and by obtruding Circumſtances, which perhaps do not belong to the Object, they are frequently very ſucceſsful in rendering Things apparently ridiculous, which to an attentive Eye may not wear the motly Livery, however it may ſerve the Purpoſes of Mirth to inveſt it with it. In Order to explain more fully what is here inſiſted on, it may not be improper to lay before the Reader a few Inſtances of the *Ridiculous*, and alſo of the *Burleſque*, which may in ſome Meaſure ſerve to render this Matter ſtill more intelligible and clear.

When *Fielding*'s Parſon *Adams*, in Diſtreſs at an Inn, retires very gravely with a *London* Bookſeller to raiſe Money upon ſome Manuſcript Sermons, I believe the diſſonant Circumſtances in this Caſe ſtrike very forcibly, and our Laughter is ſtill urged with greater Impetuoſity, when, after having travelled a great many Miles from his own Place of Abode towards *London*, with no other Buſineſs upon Earth, but to diſpoſe of theſe Sermons, we hear the Parſon not being able to find them, very gravely ſay, "I proteſt I believe I left "them behind me." When the ſame Perſonage aſſures us, that he is very rich, and then adds, that he does not ſay it by way of boaſting or complying with worldly Vanity, but to ſhew that he can live well on the Road, and, to confirm this, produces Half a Guinea, the Difference between his Opinion and the ſmall Value of the Piece, and this too from a Clergyman, a Scholar, and in many Things a Man of excellent Underſtanding, produces an Emotion of Laughter attended in this Inſtance with a Contempt for *Adams*'s Want of Knowledge of the World. In like Manner, when *Don Quixote* very gravely ſays, that he has ſeen the Sea, and that it is much larger than the River at *La Mancha*, we cannot help laughing at a Man who has formed his Ideas of Things by what he has ſeen at his own native Place, and to find an inſignificant River compared to the Sea, preſents ſuch a repugnant Conjunction of Images, as muſt neceſſarily operate upon our riſible Faculties.

Theſe Inſtances, which have firſt, among a Thouſand, offered themſelves to my Memory, are true Inſtances of the *Ridiculous,* nothing here being obtruded upon our Imaginations; but in *Burleſque* there are many adventious Ideas called up, in Order to form a motly Concurrence of thwarting Images, and ſo produce the ſame Effect with the really *Ridiculous.* As for Inſtance, if any Object which comes before the *Burleſque* Writer, be low in its own Nature, he immediately bethinks himſelf of conferring on it a mock Dignity, in which it begins to look big, like the Champion at a Coronation, who boldly challenges all Mankind, when he knows no Body will fight him. I have ever been highly pleaſed with a Touch of this Kind in a Note to Mr. *Fielding*'s *Tom Thumb*, where mentioning ſomething of the Soul of Man, he gravely tells us, "*Plato* is of this "Opinion, and ſo is Mr. *Banks*." The Stroke in the *Beggar*'s *Opera* is of the ſame Nature—"There is "nothing ſo moving as a great Man in Diſtreſs." In this Caſe the great Diſproportion between the two Objects ſtrikes our Imagination, and our Laughter burſts out at that which is, without Foundation, ſet in Competition. In the following Paſſage of the Poet, it ſeems to me, there is a ridiculous Appearance intended by giving a mock Majeſty to an Object in the general Opinion not ſo highly exalted:

> *Oh! could I view thro'* London *as I paſs*
> *Some broad Sir* Balaam *in* Corinthian *Braſs!*
> *High on a* Pedeſtal, *ye Freemen, place*
> *His magiſterial Paunch and griping Face.*
> *Letter'd and gilt let him* adorn *Cheapſide,*
> *And grant the* Tradeſman, *what a* King'*s deny'd.*

Thus the ludicrous Aſſemblage is formed by an Aſſociation of Ideas, which we are diverted to ſee joined together. The other Method of *Burleſque* is, if an Object has any Thing reſpectable about it, to join it with Images, not only inferior, but in themſelves contemptible, Mr. *Pope* is very frequent in this Kind of Satyr throughout his *Dunciad*, and *Boileau* is, I think, admirable in both Species of *Burleſque*, in his *Lutrin.*

Our own *Garth* alſo has many beautiful Paſſages in his *Diſpenſary*, where a Ridicule is thrown upon his Heroes by aſſociating with them Images of Things, to which ſome Kind of Turpitude is adherent; thus a Set of *Phyſicians* quarrelling among themſelves are finely placed in a ludicrous Light by the following humourous Simile:

> *Thus often at the* Temple *Stairs we've ſeen*
> *Two* Tritons *of a rough athletic Mien,*
> *Sourly diſpute ſome Quarrel of the Flood,*
> *With Knuckles bruis'd, and Face beſmear'd with Blood;*
> *But at the firſt Appearance of a Fare,*
> *Both quit the Fray, and to their Oars repair.*

Another very common Method of *Burleſque* is by making frequent Application of grand and ſublime Paſſages in our beſt Poets to Things unworthy and mean. *Boileau* is, in my Opinion, the happieſt of all modern Poets in this Particular. As Paſſages of this Nature are frequently miſtaken for an Intent to *burleſque* the Author, from whom the Image is borrowed, it may not be improper is this Place to obſerve, that Parody does not always carry with it any Sneer at the Author parodied. The beſt Lines in *Virgil* may be aptly applied to other Objects, without his being burleſqued, and we find that *Vida*, in his elegant and beautiful Poem on the *Game of Cheſs*, has almoſt in every Line ſurpriſed us with Expreſſions from the *Æneid*, by which Means he gives Spirit and Life to his Poem, animates his imaginary Warriors with human Paſſions, and fills the Fancy with entertaining Ideas of mock heroic Majeſty. The Deſcription of the Havock at a Game of Cheſs is perfectly elegant:

> *Sternitur omne ſolum buxo atque miſerrima cædes*
> *Exoritur; confuſa inter ſeſe agmina cædunt,*
> *Implicitæque ruunt, albæ, nigræque phalanges;*
> *Sternuntur pedites & corpora quadrupedantum.*

The Deſcription of the Queen is alſo highly beautiful:

> *At medias inter acies crudeſcit Amazon.*
> *Candida, plena animis, mediiſque in millibus ardet.*

It is plain, that Mr. *Pope* in his Account of a Game at Cards in the *Rape of the Lock,* has imitated this excellent Poet in his Manner of exalting inanimate Things, which can never carry with it any Air of *Burleſque,* becauſe nothing can be ridiculous, but when a free Agency is applied.

But in *Burleſque*, as in every other Kind of Writing, Truth ſhould be the Foundation, otherwiſe the Superſtructure muſt fall, like *Ariſtophanes*'s Ridicule of *Socrates*, which is now held in Contempt, as will always be the Caſe with every Piece of ill-founded Pleaſantry; becauſe the Object thus attacked muſt be always exceptionable, otherwiſe it can never be eſſentially hurt by a falſe Combination of adventitious Ideas. As there is a ſtrong Propenſity in the Generality of People to this Kind of Humour, Tragic Poets, in particular, ſhould be cautious how, by any Paſſage or Expreſſion, they excite ludicrous Images. If once, in the moſt ſerious Scene, a wrong Aſſociation of Ideas be formed, the Mind is apt to attach itſelf to the Object of its Mirth, and thus a well-imagined Piece may be obſtructed. A very elegant Critic obſerves, that the following Line of *Dryden*,

> *A Star light Morning, and an Ev'ning fair,*

has in it nothing improper, and yet, if any one recollects that a *Star-light Morning* is the Language of a Watchman it may occaſion ſome ſprightly Raillery. On this account, in all the different Species of Compoſition the Writer muſt carefully remember to keep within his proper Boundaries, becauſe the leaſt Excurſion too far may be highly prejudicial, and give Room to ſmall Wits either to point incongruous Circumſtances, or to obtrude them upon the Reader's Imagination.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

From my own Apartment, Aug. 24.

THE Account which I gave lately of my Intentions to abdicate the Office of a public Writer, has been the Occaſion of my receiving ſeveral Letters from ſundry Correſpondents, who have addreſſed me in a Stile reſponſive to their reſpective Feelings on the Occaſion. A great many Coffee-houſes expreſs their Satisfaction at the Thoughts of being eaſed of the weekly Expence of Two-pence, which my Lucubrations coſt them; a few of theſe hoſpitable Gentry declare themſelves ſorry for my approaching Silence, the *Gray*'s-*Inn Journal* being, as they aſſure me, the Life of their Coffee-room. There are many Perſons of ſuch cool and ſerious Underſtandings, that they cannot approve any Thing but what is ſtrictly and literally true; theſe, an ingenious Friend of mine calls, Matter of Fact Men, and by one of this Claſs I am told in very plain Terms, that he's glad I am going to lay down, *a Pox on your true Intelligence*; *there's never any thing of Conſequence in it*; *the grand Mogul may be dead*; *the* Algerines *may make Peace*; *the King of the* Romans *may be choſen*; Dunkirk *may be refitted*; Theodore *King of* Corſica *be held to Bail, and Mr*. Keen *may ſucceed in his Negociations without any Body's being the wiſer for you.* A Perſon, who informs me that he is perfectly vers'd in the Secret of Authorſhip, begs of me to recommend him to my Publiſher, that he may carry on the Paper the enſuing Winter; but in this Point, I muſt deſire to be excuſed, as I ſhould not chuſe to have my Plan eked out beyond its proper Bounds, and I therefore take this Opportunity to entreat that elegant Writer, who has for ſome Time paſt aſſumed the Name of *Ranger*, not to lay any of his Foundlings at my Door, when once I ſhall have made my Bow to the Public. Such a Procedure would be highly illiberal, and I hope I need not ſay any Thing further on this Head. But to the ſoft, the obliging, the lovely, the courtly, the amiable *Clariſſa*, who calls me, you agreeable Devil, and you pleaſant Creature, you muſt go on; what Anſwer ſhall I make? The Honour of making Part every *Saturday* Morning of a Fair one's Tea-equipage has certainly very powerful Inſtigations to perſiſt. But the Truth of it is, my Muſe and I have been like Man and Wife for ſome Time paſt, our Affections are become extremely frigid, and I have had ſo many Curtain

Lectures from her, that I long very earneſtly to keep ſeparate Beds, to ſay a civil Thing to her once a Yeat, and, like a true modern Huſband, to admire every Body's *Muſe* better than my own, even though ſhe be but a battered Drab; and though the World ſhould agree, that my *Thalia* is not entirely contemptible. On this Account, I am at preſent ſuing in the Court of *Parnaſſus* for a Divorce, and as ſhe has not brought me any Fortune to ſpeak of, I ſhall not be troubled to allow her a ſeparate Maintenance. I am aware that malicious Critics will give out, that I was ſeparated *cauſâ frigiditatis*; but, the Public, is always equitable in its Deciſions; and to them I implicitly ſubmit.

CHARLES RANGER.

* * *

NUMB. 98. GRAY'ſ-INN, *Saturday, June* 31, 1754.

Quod genus hoc hominum? Quæve hunc tam barbara morem
Permittit patria? — — — — VIRG.

IT is a general Complaint made by my fair Countrywomen, that the Gentlemen, regardleſs of that Reſpect and Attention which are at all Times due to their Charms, ſhew a great Averſeneſs to their Company. I fear this Charge cannot be controverted, and am ſorry to ſee the Truth manifeſted in the conſtrained Deportment, in elegant Addreſs, and uncouth Attempts at Politeneſs, that almoſt univerſally characteriſe the Youth of this Iſland.

Certain it is, that a frequent, liberal Intercourſe with that more refined Part of our Species, which is happily deſcribed by the Appellation of the *Belle Sexe*, ſo powerfully influences, not only our Manner and Behaviour, but our Way of Thinking, that from thence we acquire a certain Delicacy of Sentiment, which extends itſelf even to the moſt minute Circumſtances of Life. And from hence it is, that our Neighbours,

bours, the *French*, have eſtabliſhed throughout *Europe*, that Character of Politeneſs, which we do not chuſe to be at the Trouble of emulating, as we find it much more eaſy to ridicule and laugh at it. My Lord *Anglois*, while the Profuſion, with which he diſperſes his Guineas, creates Aſtoniſhment in the Mechanics of *Paris*, conſcious of a Deficiency in that Eaſe and elegant Freedom, which he obſerves in every Man of Education whom he meets, ſhuns all good Company; and after reluctantly ſpending three Months between the *Hôtel* and the ſeveral Places of public Diverſion, returns to his native Soil, ſtrongly impreſſed with the moſt contemptuous Idea of the *French*, whom, though he has but barely ſeen, he takes the Liberty to deſcribe as a ſuperficial, volatile Nation, for no other Reaſon, perhaps, than that they are perfectly ſkilled in the moſt entertaining, I had almoſt ſaid, uſeful Art, that Invention can ſuggeſt, which is, to trifle agreeably.

A *Frenchman* has no more Idea of a Party of Pleaſure, without Ladies, than an *Engliſhman* can entertain the leaſt Conception of enjoying himſelf, until they retreat. From thoſe oppoſite Diſpoſitions it ariſes, that the firſt introduces himſelf with a becoming Unconcern into Company, and Maſter of that *Bienſeance*, which diſtinguiſhes the Gentleman, and performs all Offices of Life, without the leaſt Embaraſſment: Whereas nothing is more common among us, than to find Gentlemen of Family and Fortune, who know nothing of the Fair-ſex, but what they have collected from the moſt abandoned Part of it, and can ſcarce reckon a virtuous Family, within the whole Scope of their Acquaintance. It is not unpleaſant to obſerve one of this Claſs, when Chance or Neceſſity has brought him into a Room with Ladies of Reputation. An aukward Reſtraint hangs about him, and he is almoſt afraid to ſpeak, leaſt he ſhould inadvertently bolt out ſomething, which, though extremely ſuitable to the Dialect of *Covent-garden*, would be groſly offenſive to thoſe Females, who had not received their Rudiments of Education in that Seminary. The Gloom that hangs over an *Engliſh* Company, while the Ladies remain, and the reciprocal Reſtraint, that each Sex ſeems to be upon the other, has been frequently a Subject of ludicrous Obſervations to Foreigners; and indeed, the Fair-ones themſelves, *tho' Natives, and to the Manner born,* frequently expreſs Aſtoniſhment, what what Myſteries the Men can have to celebrate, ſo oppoſite to thoſe of the *Bona Dea*, that no Female muſt be preſent at the Ceremony. I am not at Liberty to divulge this important Secret, but will, for the Satisfaction of the Ladies, aſſure them, that they are not of a Nature, vaſtly beyond their Apprehenſion; nay, on the Contrary, may be eaſily underſtood, even by a Miſs in Hanging-ſleeves, provided ſhe has had the Happineſs of a Boarding-ſchool Education.

At the ſame Time, that I condemn my Countrymen for ſeparating themſelves from thoſe, who have the Art of refining every Joy this World affords, I am ſorry to be obliged to obſerve, that the Ladies themſelves do, in ſome Meaſure, contribute to this great Evil. The ſcandalous Practice, ſo prevalent at preſent, of giving up their whole Thoughts, as well as Time, to Cards, has made the Company of Women, pardon the Expreſſion, extremely inſipid to thoſe, who would willingly conſider them as rational Creatures, and do not depend upon ſuperior Skill in the Game of Whiſt for a Subſiſtence. Is it to be imagined, that a Man, whoſe Mind is the leaſt raiſed above the Vulgar, will devote that Time, which he may employ in converſing agreeably either with the Dead or the Living, to thoſe Aſſemblies, where no Ideas enter beyond the reſpective Excellencies of *Garrick* and *Barry*, and the ſeveral poſſible Caſes, ſo profoundly calculated by the incomparable Mr. *Hoyle*? Yet from declining theſe Places, I know many intimate Friends, who have acquired the odious Character of Women-haters, tho' at the ſame Time, they entertain the higheſt Eſteem for that amiable Sex, and ſincerely regret, that the Tyrant Faſhion has put it out of their Power to enjoy more of their Company, than a bare View of their Perſons, agitated by the various and uncertain Revolutions of Fortune's Wheel.

Beſides what I have already mentioned, another Obſtacle, extremely pernicious to Society, proceeds from the exceſſive Officiouſneſs of the female World in cutting out Matches. Mr. *Pope* has obſerved, that *every Woman is at Heart a Rake*, and I believe it is not leſs true, though I fear the Aſſertion which will be much more offenſive to the Virgins of *Britain*, that *every Woman is a Fortune-hunter.* This Character is deſervedly infamous in the male Part of the Creation, and we deteſt the Man, *though of an exceeding good Family in* Ireland, who, aided by the Friendſhip and Confidence of his Taylor, makes a pompous Diſplay of the Breadth of his Shoulders, and the Firmneſs of his Calves; but conceive no Indignation againſt the lovely Nymph, who *undreſſes* herſelf, in the ſame View, with the moſt ſeducing Art, and generouſly, much too generouſly, for her own Intereſt! exhibits every Charm the happy Man will be poſſeſſed of, who takes her to his Boſom. The Idea of entrapping Somebody mixes ſo intimately with the general Caſt of Thought in Women, that they can never diveſt themſelves of it, and if a Gentleman pays that Compliment to their Beauty, which female Pride would never pardon, if he had omitted, they immediately flatter themſelves, that he muſt have a Deſign of Marriage. This Notion once conceived, a Convocation of Aunts, old Maids, diſcreet Friends, prudent Neighbours, *&c.* is aſſembled, when every Circumſtance muſt be diſcuſſed.—— Miſs intimates—" He is very particular to me—what " can he mean?—He looked at me all the Time he " was here—Surely he'll propoſe ſoon—Then did you " remark, Aunt *Betty*, when we talked of Marriage, " what he ſaid? He certainly means to have me."— The Reſult of this Conſultation is, that Miſs muſt carry it with a proper Reſerve, in Order to compel the imaginary Lover to declare himſelf, who, if he be a Man of Experience in the Subtleties of Women, inſtantly ſees through the flimſy Artifice, and diſcontinues his Viſits. I ſubmit to the Candor of every female Reader, whether I have here drawn an ideal Picture.—Can theſe angelic Beings reaſonably expect then, that a Man will chuſe to viſit them, under the diſagreeable Alternative of behaving continually with a ceremonious Diſtance, or running the Riſque of being driven to the Neceſſity of an aukward Explanation? —No; while narrow Sentiments of this Kind prevail, it will be impoſſible to introduce a truly ſociable Converſe between the Senſes, which muſt be effected, on the Part of the Ladies, by an undeſigning, decent Freedom, the inſeparable Companion of real Virtue.— Let them aſſert their own Dignity, and manifeſt a Conſciouſneſs, that they were not created merely to be inſtrumental in the Continuation of the Species, but are endowed with intellectual Faculties, that qualify them for the ſweet Joys of Society. Let them at length ſo far undeceive themſelves, as to think, that a Man may like their Company, admire their Virtues, nay, even their perſonal Charms, and cheriſh the warmeſt Friendſhip for them, without any Intention of addreſſing them on the Score of Love; let them but offer this Violence to the natural Vanity of their Sex, and I will undertake to promiſe, that they will not long have Reaſon to complain of being neglected.—Men of Senſe will then ſeek their Company, and, what I hope, may make ſome Impreſſion on a female Mind, will then think of them as Partners for Life.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Extract of a Letter, dated Crown Coffeehouſe, Bedford-row, Aug. 26.

THE Gentlemen here are greatly concerned at the Thoughts of loſing you, both on Account of the Pleaſure they will be deprived of by the Diſcontinuance of your Paper, and of the perpetual Impertinence they will be ſubject to from Mr. *Shortcough*, who, ſince you firſt gave him a Touch of your Pen, has been reſtrained, by his Fears of another Laſhing, within ſome Sort of Bounds; but ſince you have declared your Intentions of relinquiſhing your Paper, he has tranſgreſſed all Decency, and is every Inſtant committing Outrages againſt Good-breeding and Manners. Since you firſt mentioned him, he has never troubled us at making a Bet when the Odds are in his Favour, with ſaying, "Come, I've a Guinea in my "Pocket, which my Wife knows nothing of."—But he is now returned to his Vomit: *Pride* and *Meanneſs* are ſurpriſingly blended in him, and theſe two oppoſite Qualities diſcloſe themſelves daily by a vain Ambition of being thought rich, and a Poverty of Spirit in doing the loweſt Actions. Though a Pack of Cards will not, at any Ale-houſe, fetch more than a Groat, Mr. *Shortcough* will ſlily ſlip one into his Pocket. He inceſſantly offers Bets, but never makes any unleſs he meats with a *Pigeon*, that gives him the Advantage of Four-pence in the Shilling. It is common, by way of ſhewing him off, to give him a Shilling to lay Half a Guinea, and chuſe his Side; and when he has *five Love*, he has made an even Bet with a Gentleman, who offered it to him in Deriſion. In his Converſation he is elegant beyond Deſcription, and his Phraſes are greatly above any Paſſage in *Swift*'s polite Converſation. "You Son of a B—h; you Dog;—you Raſ-"cal; you hubble-bubble-pated Puppy;—— hang "yourſelf, and drown your Baſtards;—Oh! my G--d, "quoth *Nanny Sayer*, what a Whore am I!—Fatal "FOUR, all the World O'ER;—you, Mr. *Quibus*, "you may kiſs my—Nominativo; Quibus, Quobus, "Quodbus; and ſo forth," With this Sort of Literature does he infeſt the Company the whole Evening, and it is uſhered in with a ſtentorial Voice enough to crack the Cieling.—His Age protects him from the Correction of the Arm, but ſurely cannot exempt him from the coercive Power of a Satyriſt. Pray, Mr. *Ranger*, pick ſuch a Rod out of this Bundle as may hereafter be hung up here *in terrorem*, and you'll oblige, *&c.*

Preparing for the Preſs,

PROPOSALS *for* PRINTING *by* SUBSCRIPTION,

The Hiſtory of the *Grub-ſtreet Society*, in Imitation of *Sprat*'s Hiſtory of the Royal Society; in which ſtrict Juſtice will be done to the Characters of thoſe eminent

Perſonages, who have been worthy Members of that Academy, and due Regard will alſo be paid to the preſent Race of Geniuſſes who do Honour to that auguſt Body. Likewiſe the Bookſellers, who publiſh Works of Defamation for the above Authors will be conſidered as *Grub-ſtreet Publiſhers,* and be accordingly treated with all due Honour.

* * *

NUMB. 99. GRAY's-INN, *Saturday, Sept.* 7, 1754.

> *Quis expedivit Pſitaco ſuum* KAIPE,
> *Picaſque docuit noſtra verba conari?*
>
> PERSEUS.

The Proceedings on the Commiſſion of Oyer and Terminer, and Gaol Delivery, held at the Court of Cenſorial Enquiry, for the Cities of London *and* Weſtminſter, *&c.*

ON *Wedneſday* Morning laſt, between the Hours of Nine and Ten, the Commiſſion was opened, and the Jury, conſiſting of the following Perſons, was impanelled.

The JURY.

George Truewit,
William Taſteful,
Richard Candid,
Martin Solid,
John Impartial,
David Meanwell,
John Claſſic.
George Manly.
Jonathan Truetaſte.
William Telltruth.
Henry Mellefont.
Abraham Clearſight.

William Purl,—Walter Wormwood,—Abraham Scurvygraſs,—Robert Mum, alias *Threethreads,—Oliver Tatoo, Alexander Mc Gregor,* and *John Bobadil,* were indicted, for that they, without having the Love of Truth before their Eyes, but urged on by the Inſtigations of their Malice, have preſumed to paſs their Deciſion, in a Pamphlet entitled the *Monthly Review,* upon all Performances in Literature, ever ſtudious to recommend their own native Dulneſs, or indeed, the Dulneſs of any other Perſon, provided he or his Bookſeller condeſcend to make Intereſt with them, decrying at the ſame Time all Works that have the leaſt Ray of Genius, according as they happen to diſlike the Author's Face, or that of the Bookſeller, who may have purchaſed the Copy, *&c.*

Being all ſeverally aſked, they pleaded *Not Guilty*; then the *Attorney General* of the Court opened the Proſecution with the following Speech.

Gentlemen of the Jury,

The ſeveral Miſdemeanors of the Pſeudo-critics, who now ſtand at the Bar of this honourable Court, are of as glaring a Die as ever came under the Cognizance of a Seat of Judicature, intended to be ſupplemental to the Laws of the Land. It is obſerved by Mr. *Pope*,

> — — — *Leſs dangerous is th' Offence*
> *To tire our Patience, than miſlead our Senſe.*

Now I appeal to the impartial Opinion of every Reader, who has thought it worth his while to turn over the Leaves of the *Monthly Review*, whether more malicious, falſe and ill-grounded Criticiſms were ever ſent Abroad into the World, ſince the Days of *Zoilus*, down to the preſent *Æra* of theſe notable Reviewers? I am perſuaded, Gentlemen of the Jury, that a more groſs Impoſition was never offer'd to the Republic of Letters, than for a Bookſeller, whoſe Sign is juſtly *emblematical* of his Authors, *viz.* the *Dunciad*, to take upon him to dictate to the Public in a Work, conducted by obſcure Hirelings, Country Schoolmaſters, *&c.* Certain it is, that a critical Performance, under the Direction of Gentlemen, and Scholars, written with Taſte, Impartiality and Erudition might be highly ſerviceable to the Cauſe of Literature. A Man, for Inſtance, who ſhould give ſuch an Account of Works of Taſte, as *Pere Brumoy* has of the *Greek* Dramatic Poets, would deſerve to be cheriſhed by the

Public, and the Bookſeller, who ſhould publiſh ſuch a Performance, would acquire Honour and Reputation in his Buſineſs. But as Matters have been managed by the *Reviewers*, it is manifeſt that the Whole is a mere Job, eternally ſwelled out with dull Extracts from dull Authors, calculated to ſerve the Purpoſes of a few Publiſhers, and to miſguide the public Taſte. The frequent Abuſes of the Liturgy, the Arguments for aboliſhing the *Athanaſian* Creed, and the ſcandalous Treatment of many Clergymen of the Church of *England*, are ſtrong Indications of the Hand of a Fanatic; and the idle Strictures of natural Hiſtory, Foſſils, Minerals, *&c.* are infallible Marks of a certain exploded Herbaliſt, who has reduced himſelf to the lamentable Situation deſcribed by a great Genius, when he ſays there is not a more miſerable Figure than a Man who has wrote himſelf down. It is therefore ſubmitted to the common Senſe of Mankind, whether it is not the higheſt Preſumption in a Set of Hirelings to impoſe on the Judgment of their unfortunate Readers by a groſs Miſrepreſentation of all Compoſitions, according as they are directed by a Spirit of Malevolence or Partiality; to uſurp the Seat of Criticiſm without declaring who and what they are, without producing their Credentials, to ſhew the World by what Authority they act, and without previouſly giving undeniable Proofs of their own Ability and Taſte, according to the Statute of Mr. *Pope*,

> *Let ſuch others, who themſelves excel,*
> *And cenſure freely, who have written well.*

That not one of the Authors of the *Review* have *written well*, will appear in their Works, if they are any where to be found. I ſhall now proceed to examine the Witneſſes, and make no Doubt but the Gentlemen of the Jury will find a Verdict againſt the Writers of Calumny and Detraction.

Moll Redfiſt ſworn.

Q. Do you know the Priſoners at the Bar?

A. Yes, I know them all very well.

Q. How come you to know them very well?

A. They came to do Journey-work where I was at Service.

Q. What Sort of Journey-work?

A. They were locked up in a Garret, writing all Day long, and I uſed to carry them up their Water-gruel; and they often complained there was not Butter enough in it.

Croſs-examined. Can you take upon you, Miſtreſs,—you know you're upon your Oath—I ſay can you ſwear to their Perſons?

A. I can.

Croſs-examined. What Butter did you put in their Water-gruel?

A. It was *Cambridge* Butter, and I know them all. He in the blue Silk, his Name is *Bobadil,* he uſed to make Love to me, and told me he got ſeven Shillings every *Saturday* by writing the *Inſpector*, and that he underſtood Oyſters and Cockle-ſhells better than any Body, and that he was a fine Man.

Croſs-examined. Do you know what he uſed to write?

A. They uſed to call it, the *Monthly Review.*

Call John Heeltap.

Heeltap ſworn. I am a Cobler, an't pleaſe ye, and I wrote a Letter to the People of *England*—and I would be glad to thrive—and ſo I went to the *Reviewers* to bid 'em give me a good Word——

Q. Where did you find them?

A. At Work in a Garret, an't pleaſe you, and I aſked for a Motto.

Q. Did they give you one?

A. He in the blue Silk, an't pleaſe ye, deſired me to take *As in Præſenti*, and ſaid it was out of *Virgil*—but I had learnt as far as that when I was at School, and ſo I did not take it, but they promiſed me a good Word.

Q. Did you give 'em any Thing for it?

A. I gave 'em a Crown an't pleaſe you, becauſe I would be glad to thrive.

Call Edmund Groundivy.

Council. *Edmund Groundivy*,—you are admitted an Evidence.—Declare to the Court what you know of the *Monthly Review*.

Groundivy. I was one of the Gang, and did the Monthly-liſt.—Every one had his Share allotted him. *Oliver Tattoo* wrote the Republican Principles; *Mc Gregor* abuſed the Church of *England*, called for a Reformation of the Liturgy, and was for aboliſhing the *Athanaſian Creed.* It was he that abuſed the Clergy of the Church of *England*, and called ſome of them Enthuſiaſts, *&c.* *Mc Gregor* alſo explained *Latin* Sentences to the reſt, and Mr. *Bobadil* dabbled in natural Hiſtory, and the *Belles Lettres*.

Q. Does any Body direct you when to praiſe or diſpraiſe?

A. If the Bookſeller lives in *Pater-noſter-row*, or has any Connection with the Publiſher, and happens to have bought the Copy, we are ſure to praiſe; we have a general Liſt of Things to be abuſed, hung up in the Garret, and we always go according to that for Abuſe.

Q. Do you remember the Liſt?

A. I remember ſome of it. It begun thus,

To be Abuſed,

Mr. *Smart*, whenever he publiſhes.

The Author of the *Gray*'s-*Inn Journal*, whenever he publiſhes.

The Author of *Barbaroſſa*.

All Writers in Favour of the Church of *England*.

The Liturgy, the *Athanaſian* Creed, *&c.*

Paul Whitehead, Eſq; whenever he publiſhes a ſpirited and manly Satyr; and, in ſhort, true Genius and Taſte, whenever they appear.

Here the Proſecution reſted; the Council for the Priſoners produced a Commiſſion from *Grub-ſtreet*, but it was over-ruled by the Court, who told them, that no *Grub-ſtreet* Commiſſion could authorize a Rebellion againſt Candor, Taſte, and Truth. They then offered an Extract of a Letter from *Oxford*, but, upon ſtrict

Enquiry, the ſaid Letter was found to be a Forgery, no Individual of that Learned Body being capable of holding an Intercourſe with obſcure, hackney Scriblers, who deal out Malice and Invective by the Sheet. Whereupon the Council againſt the Proſecution, declared, they had nothing further to offer in Favour of their Clients, and the Judge proceeded to give his Charge to the Jury, declaring the *Monthly Review* to be an Inſult on the Underſtandings of all the good People of *Great Britain,* calculated to ſerve the Purpoſes of Bookſellers, and gratify the Reſentment of *bad Authors*, who, as Mr. *Pope* obſerves, are generally *bad Men.*

He declared the arbitrary Proceeding of the Priſoners at the Bar to be very like the Declaration of a Perſonage in *Moliere*'s Play, called *Les Femmes Sçavantes*, who ſays, very pleaſantly, "By our own Laws "we will be the ſole Judges of Compoſition; by our "Laws every Thing in Proſe and Verſe ſhall be ſubmitted to us; no one ſhall be allowed Wit, except "ourſelves and our Friends; we will make it our "Buſineſs to find Fault and detract, till at length we "ſhall find ourſelves the only People capable of fine "Writing."

Nous ſerons par nos loix les juges des ouvrages;
Par nos loix, proſe & vers, tout nous ſera ſoumis;
Nul n'aura de l'eſprit, hors nous & nos amis.
Nous chercherons par tout à trouver à redire,
Et ne verrons que nous qui ſachent bien ecrire.

And it was therefore recommended to the Jury to bring in a Verdict for the Proſecution, which they accordingly did, without withdrawing from the Court. In Conſequence of which, Sentence was pronounced as follows.

You *William Purl,—Walter Wormwood,—Abraham Scurvygraſs,—Robert Mum*, alias *Threethreads,—Oliver Tattoo,—Alexander Mc Gregor*, and *John Bobadil*, are to go back to the Gaol from whence you came; there you are to be locked up from the Uſe of Pen, Ink, and Paper, for the Space of three Years, during which

Time, you are to be placed in the Pillory on the firſt Day of every Month (unleſs it ſhould fall on a *Sunday)* for the Space of two Hours; after which you are to whipped through *Grub-ſtreet*, and ſo the L—— have Mercy on your Souls!

Purl, *Wormwood* and *Mc Gregor* petitioned to be hanged, in Imitation of one *Tutchin*, celebrated in the *Dunciad*, but they were told, that like him they ſhould be *flagrant from the Scourge below*; *Bobadil* pleaded his *Belly*, but it being upon Record that he had uſed the ſame Plea once before, it was rejected; whereupon he ſeemed to be hardened in Malevolence, and declared he would, as ſoon as an Opportunity offered, write a CRITICAL REVIEW †, for which he is undoubtedly very well qualified, as he has been an Enemy to every Thing praiſe-worthy for a long Time paſt, and has dealt more in anonymous Scandal, and other ſiniſter Artifices, than any other Scribler of the preſent Age.

Adjourned to Wedneſday *the* 18*th.*

† *A notable Performance with this Title, has been lately publiſhed by Mr.* Baldwin *in* Pater-noſter-row, *in which may be ſeen infallible Traces of that egregious Author, the* Hero *of the* Hilliad.

* * *

NUMB. 100. GRAY'*ſ*-INN, *Saturday, Sept.* 14, 1754.

Naturaliter audita viſis laudamus libentius; & præſentia Invidiâ, præterita veneratione proſequimur: & his non Obrui, illis inſtrui credimus.

VELL. PATERCULUS. Lib. 2.

THERE is not a more favourite, or a more trite, Subject of Declamation, than the Degeneracy of the Times. Each Individual of Society, charitably judging himſelf excepted from the general Reproach, aſſumes a Privilege to inveigh againſt the Vices of the Age, and the total Decline from thoſe Virtues, which immortalized the exalted Characters of Antiquity,

quity, and enabled the Anceſtors of the preſent Race of *Engliſhmen*, to deliver down to Poſterity a Conſtitution, which ſtill renders them the Envy of the World.

This ſplenetic Humour of decrying the Moderns, is become ſo univerſal, that all Ranks and Orders of Men, ſeem more or leſs infected by it. The Divine pathetically bewails the ſhameful Neglect of Religion. The Patriot laments, that Venality and Corruption have irretrievably extinguiſhed the genuine Spirit of Liberty. The Philoſopher ſighs, that Enthuſiaſm and Superſtition ſhould have uſurped the Throne of free Enquiry, and debaſed the intellectual Faculties. The Fair complain, that the diſſolute Inclination of the Men compel them to drag out an uncomfortable Life in Celibacy; while the Men, in their Turn, pour out the moſt bitter Inveſtives againſt the Extravagance and Diſſipation of the other Sex, which, they would have the World believe, are riſen to ſuch an Exceſs, that the Word Matrimony carries with it the Idea of Bankruptcy and Ruin. Nay ſo far has the Influence of this Infatuation reached, that it is become very common for even Stock-jobbers to aſſert, "that Things are not now, as they "have been—nothing is to be done now—the Broker-"age in and out runs away with all the Profit; where-"as, in King *William*'s Time, when the Government "was diſtreſſed for Money, and neceſſitated to give "Six *per Cent.* upon a Loan, great Strokes were to be "made."

In Order, therefore, to ſhew the Unreaſonableneſs, as well as Diſingenuity, of this epidemic Diſſatisfaction with the Age, in which I had the Happineſs to be born, I ſhall endeavour to demonſtrate, and, I flatter myſelf, I ſhall be able to do it, beyond all Poſſibility of Doubt, that the now exiſting Inhabitants of *Great Britain*, ſo far from being inferior to their illuſtrious Predeceſſors, do at this Day ſurpaſs the Ancients in all the admired Virtues and Qualifications, which the moſt enthuſiaſtic Idolizer of Antiquity ſhall be able to point out.

In the firſt Place, *Socrates*, *Plato*, *Cicero*, and ſome few others of remote Antiquity, are frequently celebrated for that amazing Strength of Mind, which enabled them to detect the Impoſtures of the Religion, eſtabliſhed in the Country where they were born, and empowered them to break through the Impediments, which Superſtition and Prieſtcraft had placed in the Avenues to Truth. But ſurely the inſignificant Number of Inſtances, that ancient Hiſtory furniſhes, of thoſe truly-philoſophic Characters, however reſpectable the Names may be, will little deſerve our Attention, when we conſider how infinitely the preſent Age eclipſes their Claim of Superiority, in this Reſpect. Is there a Gentleman at this Day, any Way converſant in polite Life, who does not entertain the greateſt Contempt for the Prejudices, or Faith (as it is vulgarly called) in which he was educated? Are not the Coffeehouſes about *Temple-bar*, nay, even in the City, ſo many Seminaries, where our Youth diſcuſs the moſt important Queſtions of Philoſophy, and explode the Errors impoſed on Mankind for ſo many Centuries? Nor is this Knowledge, as among the Ancients, the Reſult of tedious Enquiry and Meditation, but entirely intuitive, being moſt eminent in thoſe, who are almoſt totally void of the leaſt Acquiſition in any Branch of Literature, and indebted to Nature alone for their aſtoniſhing Diſcoveries.

The Advocate for Antiquity will, perhaps, thunder out an Eulogium on the exalted Virtue and Patriotiſm of *Cato*, *Brutus*, and ſeveral other illuſtrious *Romans*, who, prodigal of Life, diſdained to ſurvive the Liberties of their Country. But certainly there can be no Room to run a Parallel, the Advantage is ſo obviouſly on the Side of the Moderns. Thoſe ingenious Hiſtorians, the Daily News-writers, in every Page of their Works afford us Examples of the nobleſt Diſregard of Death. The *Roman* voluntarily quits the World, becauſe he could not bear to be a Witneſs of the Slavery of his Country; but the *Engliſhman* puts a Period to his Exiſtence, becauſe the Fogs of *November* depreſs his Spirits, and he ſcorns to be compelled to live longer, than Life continues agreeable. How noble is this Spirit of Freedom! which is not confined to People of Birth and Education, but extends itſelf to the loweſt

Mechanics, inſomuch, that my Lord is not more ready to diſcharge a Piſtol through his Brain, than his Barber. In ſhort, the Point is ſo extremely clear, that it would be quite ſuperfluous to labour at the Proof of it, and I may venture to aſſert, that no Nation, of which Hiſtory has preſerved the leaſt Record, has any Pretenſion, to diſpute the Glory of Suicide with *England.*

I am aware, that great Streſs may be laid upon the literary Merit of the Ancients, and expect to hear the Names of *Ariſtotle*, *Longinus* and *Quintilian* thrown out, with an exulting Air of Triumph. Far be it from me, to attempt to derogate from the long eſtabliſhed Fame of thoſe great Men. Undoubtedly, they were very good Critics for the Times, in which they lived; but with all due Reſpect to thoſe celebrated Geniuſes, we may take the Liberty to ſuppoſe, that the Art of Criticiſm muſt be now much better underſtood, than it poſſibly could be in their Days, as it is much more univerſally ſtudied. Attorneys Clerks, Mercers Apprentices, and Merchants Book-keepers in this Year 1754, *credite poſteri*, are thoroughly qualified to pronounce, in the moſt deciſive Manner, upon the Merit of all literary Compoſitions, particularly dramatic Poetry, the nobleſt Province of polite Learning; not to mention, that we have found out the Abſurdity, and ſhook off the Reſtraint, of thoſe Fetters, which the Stagyrite would rivet on us, and transferred them to our *Gallic* Neighbours, a Nation inured to, and patient under, Slavery.

Should any diſcontented, or diſappointed Politician, after poring over *Livy*, inſinuate, that Mankind are not now, as they were in the Times of the *Roman* Republic, when private Conſiderations always gave Way to the public Good, I would only deſire ſuch a phlegmatic Murmurer to look through the Kingdom, and obſerve what a Number of Gentlemen have impaired their Eſtates, and deſtroyed the Tranquillity and Happineſs of their Families, in Order to procure a Seat in the Repreſentative-aſſembly of the Nation; undoubtedly with no other View, but that they might be watchful over the Liberties of their Country.

Some mercantile Cynic, diſſatisfied with an unruly Son, who finds more Charms within the Regions of *Covent-garden*, than the Counting-houſe, will perhaps pay little Regard to what I have hitherto advanced, and exclaim, "that the Spirit of Induſtry is quite loſt, and "People of this Age regard nothing but Pleaſure."—But the Injuſtice of this Cenſure would evidently appear to this narrow-minded Citizen, if, the next Time he went to the Pit at *Drury-lane* with his Wife and Daughters on a *Saturday*, he would take the Trouble to make Enquiry, concerning the moſt gay and brilliant Perſonages in the Boxes. He could then be informed, that they are Gentlemen, by Way of Eminency, diſtinguiſhed by the Appellation of *Knights of Induſtry*, who, without any viſible Means of Subſiſtence, enjoy all the Pleaſures of this Metropolis, in the moſt elegant Manner, and run into Expences, which few Men of *real* Fortune can ſupport.

Let us now turn our View to the amiable Sex, and enter into a Compariſon between the Females of ancient Times and the preſent Ladies of *Great Britain.* In what an honourable Light will our Country-women appear? In vain ſhall the Pedant, who derives his Knowledge ſolely from Books, harangue upon the conjugal Attachment of *Roman* Matrons, while we can mention numberleſs *Britiſh* Wives, who, at this Day, with unexampled Unanimity, go Hand in Hand with their Huſbands, in Purſuit of the grand Buſineſs of Life, I mean Gaming; which Mr. *Pope*, in his uſual emphatic Manner, calls *the Nation's laſt great Trade.* Nor ſhould the Candor and Diſintereſtedneſs of the Virgins of this Iſland want that Encomium, which Juſtice cannot refuſe. *Plutarch* informs us, that *Lycurgus* ordered the *Spartan* Nymphs to appear at the public Exerciſes, in Garments, made with artificial Openings, in different Parts, in Order that the *Lacedæmonian* Youth might be captivated, by a ſeemingly accidental Diſcovery of their Charms. But our Fair-ones, diſdaining ſo diſingenuous a Proceeding, and ſcorning to take Advantage of the Illuſion of Imagination, which, inflamed by a tranſient Glimpſe, is apt to form enthuſiaſtic Ideas of hidden Beauty, *ſhew Things as they really are*, and by making a generous Diſplay of all their Charms, leave no Room to their future Huſbands, to complain, that they were deceived in their Expectations.

Theſe Examples, which I have brought in Support of the Propoſition I undertook to prove, will ſufficiently evince to every impartial Mind, that the pretended Preeminence of *Greece* and *Rome* over *Britain*, has no other Foundation, than Prepoſſeſſion and Envy; and all unprejudiced Readers muſt acquieſce in the Truth of the Obſervation, made, with great Inſight into human Nature, by the elegant Hiſtorian, from whom I have taken the Motto of this Paper—*We are naturally more ready to do Juſtice to what we hear of than to what we ſee; cotemporary Merit excites our Envy, but that of ancient Time our Veneration: We do not think ourſelves eclipſed by the latter, but conſider the former as a reproachful Leſſon to us.*

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Court of Cenſorial Enquiry, Wedneſday, Sept. 11.

PUrſuant to Adjournment the Court met this Day, when *William Quibble* was indicted, for that he, without having the Fear of the God of Wit before his Eyes, the *Bedford* Coffeehouſe did enter, and then and there ſeveral Puns did make to the great Annoyance of the Company, *&c.*

The Cauſe was opened by Counſellor *Truewit*, who urged, that Punning is the meaneſt Exerciſe of the human Faculties; that though *Bohours* has eſtabliſhed it for a Rule that the moſt brilliant Thought, muſt upon Examination loſe its Luſtre, unleſs Truth be the Foundation of it, the Perſons, who have contracted this Imbecility of Mind, depend always upon ſome falſe Turn to recommend themſelves, and that therefore a Propenſity to Punning is not only a Sign of the moſt flimſy Intellectuals, but alſo an Affront to the Underſtanding of every Perſon to whom it is offered.

Iſaac Solid. I was ſitting at the *Bedford* Coffeehouſe, and I enquired what Time of the Day it might be, and the Priſoner at the Bar anſwered me, that his *Paſtime* was *ſpoiled.*

William Senſible. I was at the *Bedford* Coffee-houſe at the ſame Time, and he was making his Brags that he had been in a *Field-bed* with a young Lady, whoſe Brother was preſent, and, being called to an Account about it, he then ſaid, he meant it only in Joke; that he happened to lie down in *Marybone* Fields when ſhe was walking there, and ſo was in a *Field-bed.*

William Aſhley. I am a Shoemaker, and the Priſoner at the Bar deſired me to let him have a *neat Pump*—I neglected the Buſineſs of my other Cuſtomers, and when I brought it Home on *Saturday* Night, he told me, he meant a *Water-pump,* and offered me for my Trouble a Draft upon *Aldgate-pump,* and then fell a laughing at me.

Priſoner's Defence.

I look upon a good Pun to be an agreeable Effort of the Mind, but, if it ſhould appear to the Jury that I am guilty of any Tranſgreſſion, I hope this *pitiful* Bench will take my Caſe into Conſideration. Guilty.

Then the Judge ordered him to perform a *Quarantine* before he offered to enter into Society again, and during the Time of his Penance, he was commanded to ſtudy Mr. *Locke*'s Chapter upon Judgment, which it was hoped might ſerve to give him a due Senſe of his Error, and a Reliſh for ſomething more ſolid than the frivolous Amuſement he had hitherto addicted himſelf to.

Adjourned.

⁂

NUMB. 101. GRAY'*s*-INN, *Saturday, Sept.* 21, 1754.

Si Veteres ita miratur laudatque, — —
Ut nihil anteferat, nihil illis comparet; errat.
HOR.

To CHARLES RANGER, *Eſq;*

SIR,

I Cannot but very much approve that Spirit of Patriotiſm, which ſeems to have inſpired the Eſſay of laſt *Saturday.* The Generality of Mankind are ſlaviſhly attached to eſtabliſhed Prejudices, and it muſt be a ſtrong and manly Genius, that will dare to examine received Opinions, and boldly aſſert the Truth againſt popular Sentiments and vulgar Error. This, Mr. *Ranger*, you have performed very eminently in your laſt Paper; and as I entirely coincide with your Way of thinking, I beg Leave to addreſs this Letter to you, as a Supplement to what you have there advanced.

I muſt avow that I entirely agree with you, that the Moderns have in every Thing greatly exceeded the admired Ancients. If the latter boaſt their *Plato*, we have our Lord *Shaftſbury*; and if the Death of *Cato* is juſtly ſtiled by the Poet, *Catonis nobile Letum*, becauſe he would not ſurvive the Loſs of Liberty, is it not much more heroic in a modern Cobler to diſpatch himſelf, for no other Reaſon but that he does not like the Weather, or in a Nobleman to cut his Throat, becauſe he has loſt the odd Trick at Whiſt? In Addition to this, it muſt be conſidered that few Inſtances of this Sort of Fortitude are recorded among the *Romans*; whereas I am credibly informed by a very ſenſible Man, and one of the *Coroner*'s *Inqueſt*, that there does not paſs by a ſingle Day, without his being called to ſurvey the glorious Reliques of a ſelf-devoted Taylor, Shoemaker, *&c.* The ſame Perſon aſſures me at the ſame Time, that not a tenth

Part of thoſe exalted Minds have the due Honours paid to their Memory by the public News-papers, but are permitted to remove themſelves from human Life in the ſame Silence, as if they had quietly paſs'd through Nature to Eternity, and never dared to fly in the Face of their Maker. But to ſet this Matter in the cleareſt Point of View, I ſhall here draw up a Catalogue of whatever may ſeem to give the Ancients a Claim to our Preference, contraſted with a Liſt of modern Improvements, upon a fair Inſpection of which, I flatter myſelf, the Laurel will, by every impartial Reader, be adjudged to the preſent Age.

Ancient Catalogue.	*Modern Catologue.*
1 *Ariſtotle.*	1 Doctor *Hill.*
2 *Hippocrates.*	2 Doctor *Rock.*
3 *Socrates.*	3 *Whitfield.*
4 *Tully.*	4 Orator *Henley.*
5 *Cato Uticenſis.*	5 *Engliſhmen* that hang and drown themſelves.
6 *Epictetus*'s Morals.	6 *Theo. Cibber*'s Diſſertations.
7 The *Stoics*, the *Sceptics*, the *Peripatetics*, the *Academics*, the *Epicureans*, *&c.* *&c.*	7 The *Theiſts*, *Mandevillians*, *Muggletonians*, the *Robin Hood* Society, *&c.*
8 *Dionyſius Halicarnaſſenſis*, *Longinus*, *Quintilian.*	8 The Authors of the *Monthly Review.*
9 A Seceſſion of the *Romana* Plebs.	9 An *Engliſh* Mob.
10 The Eleuſinian Myſteries.	10 Free Maſonry.
11 *Balnea Romana.*	11 The *Covent-garden* Bagnios.
12 The *Olympic* Games.	12 *Newmarket* Races.
13 *Plato*'s *Sympoſion.*	13 The Club at *White*'s.
14 *Senatus Populuſque Romamanus.*	14 O! the Roaſt Beef of *Old England.*

Without adding any ſupernumerary Articles, I think, it is manifeſt from the above State of the Caſe, that the Moderns can eaſily balance the Scale with the ſo much celebrated Ancients. But the Matter does not reſt here, Mr. *Ranger*; I am convinced we can throw in ſeveral Circumſtances which will greatly entitle us to the Pre-eminence. As for Inſtance, I do not find that they had an *Atheiſt* among them; and ſurely the Character of an *Atheiſt* muſt, in the Eyes of all Men of Senſe, do very great Honour to the preſent Age, the Tenets of his Philoſophy being entirely new, and ſuch as were not diſcover'd by *Plato*, *Tully*, *Socrates*, or any of the ancient Philoſophers: That happy Diſcovery being reſerved for the preſent Age, ſo much enlightened, as a great Genius ſays, in all true Philoſophy. Add to this, what has been already urged on a ſimilar Occaſion, the Ancients were totally ignorant of the Laws of *England*, and, I believe, it cannot be denied, but the common Law of *England* is by many Degrees preferable to the Laws of *Solon*, or any other Legiſlator, as it is founded upon the ſure Baſis of common Senſe, intelligible to the meaneſt Capacity without much Study, and full as eaſy in the Practice as in the Theory. I muſt acknowledge that I have read in *Livy* and *Salluſt* ſome random Accounts of the Contempt the Candidates had in *Rome* for Money upon all Elections for the Conſulſhip, the Tribuneſhip, *&c.* this Procedure among them was ſtiled by the Ill-natured by the Name of *Ambitus*, and by the Rigid among the Moderns Bribery and Corruption; but, to diveſt Things of odious Appellations, the public and benevolent Spirit of our Countrymen at a general Election cannot be paralelled any where in the *Roman* Page. The Ancients occaſionally make a Murmur concerning a Matter which they call *nequiſſima fænora*, but it will need no Force of Argument to prove, that Uſury has attained to a greater Degree of Profuſion among the Moderns. How many young Heirs are ruined with us before they come to Years of Diſcretion? Not to mention that they had not the fainteſt Idea of the *Stocks*, *Jonathan*'s Coffee-houſe, *Change-alley*, the *South-ſea-houſe*, the *India-houſe*, *Reſ-*

Reſcounters, *Directors*, *Brokers*, *&c.* That the *Romans* were a very expenſive People, is very well known to Mr. *Ranger*, and every one who has dipped into *Vertot's* Revolutions, or the famous *Monteſquieu's* Cauſes of the Declenſion of the *Roman* Empire; notwithſtanding this, I have the Pleaſure to congratulate my Countrymen on our owing ſo many Millions of Money; and I perſuade myſelf, every one of my Readers will allow, that the national Debt gives us a very great Advantage over the Ancients. I am not ignorant that *Salluſt* mentions *publicè Egeſtatem*, *privatim Opulentiam*, *public Penury* and *private Opulence* But, Sir, I appeal to you whether we have not both theſe more glaringly than appears any where in the *Roman* Hiſtory. Tho' I ſhould be ſorry to be guided by a national Partiality in this Matter, yet I cannot but think our *national Debt* is as remarkable a Thing as I ever read of in Hiſtory; and as to private Wealth the infinite Sums of Money laid out in artificial Falls of Water, artificial Canals, and indeed in artificial Wine, *&c.* moſt evidently evince our Superiority. Moreover, I apprehend, the Ancients were entire Strangers to Routs and Drums; not to mention two or three hundred Card-tables in one Houſe. I do not think that they ſeem to have the fainteſt Idea of an E. O. Table, of *reverſing*, of *forcing*, of *fineſſing*, of *ſeeſawing*, and the many elegant Turns in the Game of Whiſt. *Picquet*, *Brag*, *Backgammon*, *Cribbage*, are not even mentioned in the ſlighteſt Manner, and, I flatter myſelf I may ſay, without the Danger of a Controverſy, that the Diſcoveries made by Mr. *Hoyle* in the Doctrine of *Chances*, by far exceed their deepeſt Reſearches in the Mathematics.

To give the Argument another Turn; the Beauty, the Elegance and Manners of our *Britiſh* Ladies give a ſurpriſing Luſtre to the preſent Age. *Horace* informs us,

Matronæ præter faciem nil cernere poſſis,
Cætera, ni Catia eſt, demiſſâ veſte tegentis.

A Matron never ſhews any Part of her Perſon except her Face, they being all ſtudious, unleſs it be *Catia*, to cover the reſt of their amiable Bodies with a Garment. *Catia* it ſeems then is a ſingular Inſtance; but how different is the Conduct of the Matrons of the modern Times? They have all happily emerged from the Ruff of Queen *Beſs*, and their chief Endeavour is to diſplay all their Charms to full View. Had this Faſhion prevailed among the ancient Ladies, I conceive, a *naked Venus* would not have been ſo great a Rarity. Indeed in *England* ſome Remains of this falſe Modeſty prevailed not very long ſince, in Conſequence of which Mr. *Pope* has finely ſaid,

> *If* Queenſbury *to ſtrip there's no compelling,*
> *'Tis from a Handmaid we muſt take an* Helen.

But happily future Painters will not be reduced to ſuch Difficulties, as the modern Ladies are daily ſtripping as faſt as they can, and the viſible Approaches of the amiable Sex to a general Nakedneſs cannot fail to give a Luſtre to my fair Countrywomen beyond all *Greek* and *Roman* Fame. The Tendency to undreſſing is ſo ſtrong at preſent, that I make no Doubt but the Time will come in a Period not far diſtant, when Miſs in her Teens will cry out, " Lard, Mamma, I have been " reading the *World* or the *Gray's-Inn Journal*, but " they are ſo full of hard cramp Words, I can't think " what to make of 'em—Pray, Mamma, what can " they mean by Stays?"—" Really Child, ſays Mam- " ma, I can't ſay for certain, but if one may conjec- " ture, I ſhould imagine, that in thoſe Days the Women " wore ſomething about their Bodies as high from the " Waiſt up as the Pit of their Stomach."—" He! he! " he! Mamma what a ridiculous Faſhion that muſt be! " What has a Woman a fine Skin for but to ſhew it? " or if ſhe has not a fine Skin, what has ſhe Paint for " but to make a fine Skin? And then, Mamma, what " could the Petticoat be?"—" Why Child, it looks as " if in thoſe Days they wore a Covering for their Limbs " down from the Waiſt as low as the Ankle."—" He! " he! he! ſays Miſs, what has a Woman Legs for but " to ſhew 'em? And then, Mamma, I ſuppoſe by Crown- " whiſt that the People in thoſe Days were ſo penuri-

"ous, and ſo pitiful, and ſo careful as only to play for "Crowns?"—"Yes, Child, ſays Mamma, that is pretty "plain, and keeping *Sundays* was then made a Crime, "and three hundred Card-tables was then counted a "Thing of Conſequence."—"Well, Mamma, I am "as glad as any thing I was not born in thoſe grave, "formal Times."

This, or ſomething not unlike it, will moſt aſſuredly be the Language of the riſing Generation, and if Improvements are made in other Branches, ſuch as the *national Debt*, *Atheiſm*, *&c.* I perſuade myſelf, that whatever the Admirers of the Ancients may urge at preſent, our Superiority will then be inconteſtible.

Pleaſed with the Proſpect of this happy Period, I will here lay down my Pen, and ſubſcribe myſelf Mr. *Ranger*'s

Moſt Obedient and very Humble Servant,

A Modern Philosopher.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

INSTEAD of giving any Articles from different Quarters of the Town this Day, I ſhall be guilty of an Anachroniſm, which I perſuade myſelf the Reader will excuſe, as it is to introduce the following elegant Copy of Verſes, written by Mr. *Garrick*, on one of the firſt poetic Geniuſes of this Age entering into Orders.

Upon Mr. Mason's *taking Orders.*

TO *Holderneſſe*, the Muſes three
Of *Painting*, *Muſic*, *Poetry*,
To him, their long-lov'd Patron, Friend,
In grievous Pet this Letter ſend——

Give ear, my Lord, while we complain,
Our Sex to you ne'er ſigh'd in vain.
'Tis ſaid—A Youth by you befriended,
Whom to your Smiles we recommended;
Seduc'd by you, abjures our Charms,
And flies for ever from our Arms!

Could *Darcy*, whom we lov'd, careſs'd,
In whoſe Protection we were bleſt,
Could *he*, to whom our Sire imparts
That Secret rare to taſte our Arts,
Could *he*, ungrateful, and unkind!
From us eſtrange our *Maſon*'s Mind?
Could *he*, who ſerves and loves the Nation,
So little weigh it's Reputation,
As in this Scarcity of Merit,
To damp with Grace poetic Spirit?
But be aſſur'd your Scheme is vain—
He muſt, he ſhall be our's again:
Nor Crape nor Lawn ſhall quench his Fires,
We'll fill his Breaſt with new Deſires!
In vain you plead his Ordination,
His Caſſock, Gown, and grave Vocation,
Whate'er he now has ſworn, he ſwore,
With ſtronger Zeal to us before:
He paſs'd our Forms of Conſecration,
His Lips receiv'd our Inſpiration;
To him were all our Rites reveal'd,
From him no Myſt'ry was conceal'd——
Each kindred Pow'r obey'd our Call,
And grac'd the ſolemn Feſtival!
The *Loves* forſook their *Cyprian* Bow'rs,
And round his Temples, wreath'd their Flow'rs:
The *Graces* danc'd their myſtic Maze,
Our *Father* ſtruck him with his Rays;
And all our *Siſters*, one by one,
Gave him full Draughts of Helicon!
Thus bound *our* Servant at the Shrine,
* *Ordain'd* he was, and made *Divine!*

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* *The* Ordination *and* Divinity *mentioned in the above Line has been, ſince this Prediction, eminently diſplayed in four Odes, to* Memory, Independency, Melancholy, *and on the* Fate of Tyranny.

NUMB.

Numb. 102. Gray's-Inn, *Saturday, Sept.* 28, 1754.

Lausus *Equum domitor.* Virg.

IT is obſerved by *Horace*, that in a long Work an Author may very lawfully indulge himſelf with a Nap; on this Account I ſhall make no Apology for having been occaſionally caught nodding; on the Contrary, I ſhall make an Account of the various Occurrences, I lately met with in my Sleep, the Subject of this Day's Paper.

I dreamt, that, being on board a Merchantman, upon a Voyage, which indiſpenſible Buſineſs obliged me to make, we were drove by Diſtreſs of Weather far to the Southward in the *Great Pacific* Ocean, and that, in the Night-time, we were ſuddenly thrown on the Shore of an Iſland totally unknown to the Ship's Crew. While they were, next Morning, all Hands at Work to get off the Ship, I adventured farther up into the Country, and had not journeyed far, when I perceived myſelf to be in the Land of the *Houyhnhnms*, mentioned by Capt. *Gulliver*, in his *Travels*, and in a little Time methought I met with the ſame Maſter *Houyhnhnm* with whom that accurate Traveller ſo long converſed. As he had before ſeen one of my Species I was freed from the diſagreeable Circumſtances of being ſtared at, and ſhewed about, in the Manner we do a tall Man or a ſhort Woman in *England*. The Maſter *Houynhnhnm* immediately took me into a private Apartment, and began to queſtion me concerning the State of *Europe*, and that of *Great Britain* in particular. He aſked me, whether the ſame Vices were ſtill in Faſhion among us, and more eſpecially whether that Liſt of Enormities, which *Gulliver* had mentioned to him were ſtill continued in Practice; ſuch as *Robbing*, *Stealing*, *Cheating*, *Pimping*, *Forſwearing*, *Flattering*, *Suborning*, *Forging*, *Gaming*, *Lying*, *Fauning*, *Hectoring*, *Voting*, *Scribling*, *Star-gazing*, *Poiſoning*, *Whoring*, *Canting*, *Libelling*, *Free-*

Freethinking, and the like. I told him they flouriſhed with as much, if not more Vigour, than ever, and that two of them, *viz. Gaming* and *Libelling* encreaſed and gathered Strength every Day; that there are ſeveral in the Metropolis of *Great Britain* who profeſſedly live by them; that in Order to carry on the former, *viz.* Gaming, with Alacrity, there are ſeveral Societies formed, where they meet with a Deſign upon one another's Pockets, which was introductory of another Crime, not mentioned by *Gulliver*, viz. *Suicide*; this I took ſome Pains to explain, and then he fetched a deep Groan at the Pride and Arrogance of human Nature. I added, that the *Female Yahoos* amongſt us were all turned abſolute Gameſters, and kept Routs, Drums, Hurricanes, *&c.* for the Purpoſes of Play. I remember I had a very ſenſible Pleaſure in calling the fair Gameſters by the Name of *Female Yahoos*, becauſe I really think that Term very aptly appropriated to them, when they relinquiſh their native Delicacy, and become a Prey to all the tormenting Paſſions of Gaming. I further informed the Maſter *Houyhnhnm*, that Libelling is now in greater Vogue than ever, and that a Society was formed for that Purpoſe by a Set of Scriblers, who call themſelves *Critical and Monthly Reviewers*, and from their obſcure Haunts attack the Reputation of every Man, whom they diſlike for no Motive, except that ſtrong Antipthy which Dulneſs and Malice always have to Genius and a fair Fame. The worthy *Houyhnhnm* here fetched a ſecond Groan, hurt by a Reflection on the Baſeneſs of human Nature: He then enquired about his former Acquaintance, Capt. *Gulliver*, and ſaid he looked upon him to be exempt from all the mean ſordid Vices of his Species. Whereupon I informed him, that *Gulliver* was only that celebrated Perſon's travelling Name; that in *Europe* he was known by the immortal Name of Doctor *Swift*; as I am particularly fond of the Writings of that great Genius, and never travel without them, I informed the *Houyhnhnm*, that I had his Works in my Cheſt, and if he would permit me to return to the Ship, I would have the Honour of preſenting them to him. This Propoſal was perfectly agreeable, and in a little Space of Time I came back with that elegant Edition of *Swift*'s Works lately publiſh'd by Mr. *Hawkſworth.* In a few Days he read over the beſt Part of his Works, and was delighted with moſt of them, but more particularly with the faithful Account of the Converſation he formerly had with him, which, he ſaid, was ſet down without the leaſt Deviation from Truth. He added, that the Account prefixed by Mr. *Hawkſworth*, of the Author's Life was an admirable Compoſition. "I obſerve, ſaid "he, that my old Acquaintance *Gulliver*, or *Swift*, "was at once an Inſtance of the Dignity and the Imbecility of human Nature; and the Writer of his "Life, I am perſuaded, muſt have both a clear Head "and a good Heart, becauſe his Stile is properly con-"ciſe, and always clear, ſtrong and harmonious, and "it is with a very perceptible Regret that he ſpeaks of "the Infirmities of his Author; he ſeems tenderly to "fling them into Shades, to ſoften away every thing "unamiable, and to place his good Qualities in the "moſt glaring Light." Finding the worthy *Houyhnhnm* to be very much pleaſed with this Performance of Mr. *Hawkſworth*, I made him a Preſent of the *Adventurer* in four Volumes, which he received with a ſeeming Avidity, and chancing to light upon the Eaſtern Story of *Carazan*, the *Merchant of Bagdat*, he confeſſed himſelf delighted with the Moral which it inculcates, and amazed at his Warmth and Sublimity of Imagination.

The *Houyhnhnm* obſerved, when I preſented the above Books to him, that I dropt a Paper, and in ſome Confuſion haſtily ſnatched it up. This Paper was no other than Mr. *Pons*'s Liſt of the Horſes than run at *Newmarket*, which I was deſirous to conceal from him, but being urged to ſhew it, he laughed at the Whimſicalneſs of the Conceit, as he ſuppoſed it to be, and he wondered Mr. *Pons* would ſay the Thing which was not. I aſſur'd him of the Veracity of the Account, and told him, however incredible it might appear, that *Jockeys* rid Horſes, or *Houyhnhnms*, at full Speed for Wagers in many other Place in *England*, and that even the firſt Noblemen would frequently ride their own Horſes, and appear at a great Meeting no better than *Jockeys* and *Grooms*. To convince him further of the great Perfection we have attained in the Management of Horſes, I produced to him *A New Syſtem of Horſemanſhip from the* French *of Monſieur* Bourgelat, *By* Richard Berenger, *Eſq*; He at firſt laughed at the Impracticability of the Scheme, but upon my aſſuring him, that the Whole was founded on the juſteſt Obſervation, he immediately ſent for another *Houyhnhnm*, and ordered me to mount him, in Order to ſhew him the Efficacy of the Rules. In vain I endeavoured to decline it by Apologies for my own Want of Dexterity; to encourage me he bid the *Houyhnhnm* not do me a Miſchief, and I was obliged to vault into the Saddle, where I fixed myſelf upon the *Twiſt*, *with a proper Graſp or Hold*, and *that too without employing any Strength, but truſting entirely to the Balance of my Body*. *I employed a quick and feeling Hand*, and then made him advance, go back, turn to the right and left according to my own Will and Pleaſure. The Maſter *Houyhnhnm*, was ſurpriſed to ſee me have ſo abſolute a Command; the *Volte*, the *Demivolte*, the *Gallop*, the ſeveral *Paſſades*, the *Terre-a-terre*, the *Mezair*, the *Curvet*, *&c.* were Matters of Aſtoniſhment to him, and when I alighted the *Houyhnhnm*, which I rode, declared that ſeveral Times, his Pride being picqued, he attempted to fling me, but that by a quick Turn of the Wriſt, he found his Power totally taken away from him. The Maſter again carried me into his Apartment, and after expreſſing a due Degree of Aſtoniſhment, "Surely, ſaid "he, the Perſon who can thus, in ſo elegant and perſpicuous a Manner, put together a Syſtem of Rules "for ſubduing the noble Race of *Houyhnhnms*, muſt "make great Attainments, whenever he turns his "Thoughts to other Matters." I anſwered, that his Conjecture was perfectly juſt; that the Author had publiſhed that Performance becauſe Riding is his favourite Excercife, and that it is to be hoped he will ſome Day handle other Topics, with that Taſte and Delicacy with which this Compoſition ſhews he can treat ordinary Things.—" No Doubt, ſays the *Houyhnhnm*, when he thus touches on what it ſeems in " *England*, is but the common Buſineſs of Life, but " he muſt diſplay great Elegance, when he diſcuſſes " Matters of more Refinement. I own I ſhould be " glad to converſe with him, tho' I conſider him as a " kind of Enemy, and I hope he is a ſeafaring Man, " that I may have ſome Chance of ſeeing him here " one time or other." Upon hearing the Author was deſigned by Birth, Genius, and Education to ſhine in another Sphere, he declared himſelf ſorry, and in Compliance with my Requeſt, gave me Leave to return to the Ship, which was by this Time got off the Shore. I therefore kiſſed his Hoof, which he raiſed for me, as he formerly did to *Gulliver*, and after deſiring his Compliments to the Editor of *Swift*'s *Works*, and the Author of the *Syſtem of Horſemanſhip*, he diſmiſſed me with a ſerious Admonition to avoid the Meanneſſes and the ſeveral ſordid Vices of human Nature. Whereupon I took my final Leave, and returned to my Companions. We ſailed with a proſperous Wind, and meeting but few Accidents in our Voyage, in a ſhort Time, arrived at *Graveſend*. My Joy at finding myſelf once more in *Old England* was ſo great, that I expreſſed myſelf in the Language of the Country I came from, and awakened out of my Sleep crying out HOUYHNHNM.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

From my own Apartment, Sept. 28, 2754.

AS this is the laſt Opportunity I ſhall have of giving Articles of true Intelligence, I have determined to give the Precedence in this Day's Paper, to a ſuccinct Account of the Proceedings at a Court of Cenſorial Enquiry againſt the Author of this Paper. I flatter myſelf, that by theſe Means the Exceptions which may have been taken to theſe little Compoſitions, will be ſtated in a fair Light, and the Writer's Conduct throughout his Undertaking, put beyond the Reach of Calumny or Detraction.

Court of Cenſorial Enquiry, Wedneſday, Sept. 26.

This Day CHARLES RANGER, Eſq; appeared at the Bar of this Court, upon an Indictment found againſt him, for that he wantonly and indiſcreetly, from Time to Time in his *Gray*'s-*Inn Journal*, made too free with Characters which had not offended him, to the great Uneaſineſs of the Perſons ſo attacked, and againſt the Statute recorded by *Horace*, *Sublato jure nocendi*, *&c.*

Ranger objected to ſeveral who were ſummoned to be on the Jury, offering various Reaſons as Occaſion required, ſuch as *Dulneſs*, *Ignorance*, *Prejudice*, *&c.* At length this Point being adjuſted, the Cauſe was opened by Counſellor *Feſter*, who ſpared neither Elocution nor Eloquence to inflame the Mind of the Court, and the Gentlemen impanelled againſt the Priſoner at the Bar. Many Inſtances, he inſiſted, could be pointed out of perſonal Reſentment, and Malice prepenſe, *&c.* After which, ſeveral Paſſages of *Ranger*'s Writings were read in Court, and ſeveral Witneſſes appeared to enforce the Charge exhibited againſt him.—Among theſe were *Quinbus Fleſtrin*, from the *Bedford* Coffeehouſe; *Bob Nankeen*, *Nat Pigtail*, *Harry Lapeel*, *Jack Oakſtick*, *Jemmy Scratch*, from the City; Mr. *Mac Gregor*, Mr. *Broadbrim*, Mr. *Shallow*, *&c.* from the Robinhood Society; Monſ. *Bourguignon*, Monſ. *Languedoc*, Monſ. *Bernard*; Monſ. *Soup meagre*; *&c.* from *Tom*'s in *Cornhill*, and *Slaughter*'s in *St. Martin*'s *Lane*; *Moſes Aminadab*, *Selim Levi*, *Rubens Shylock*, &c. from *Duke*'s-*place*; and ſome others from various Parts of the Town; all theſe depoſed, that the Priſoner had indulged himſelf in frequent Strokes of Pleaſantry upon them, and they therefore hoped the Jury would bring in a Verdict accordingly.

Priſoner's Defence.

May it pleaſe this honourable Court, and you Gentlemen of the Jury.

The Imputation of wantonly making free with Characters that had not given any perſonal Offence, is a

Point I muſt ſpeak a few Words to, becauſe I think it a very fallacious Argument, and if it be ſuppoſed to carry any Weight, it may be ſufficient to tie up the Hands of every Satyriſt. It is not neceſſary, that a ridiculous Character ſhould tread upon an Author's Toe, or offend him in ſome other Manner; without that, he is free Game for every Sportſman of the Quill; and that this is Mr. POPE's Opinion appears from the following Lines;

And muſt no Egg in Japhet'*s Face be thrown,*
Becauſe the Deed he forg'd was not my own?

I muſt farther declare before this honourable Court, that I never ſaw one of theſe Gentlemen, who have appeared againſt me, in my Life.—Their Faces, their Perſons, their Characters, are are me perfectly unknown: And therefore I preſume, it may be fairly inferred, that I never meant to give the leaſt Annoyance to any one in particular—They were all Perſonages of my own Creation, and ſomething like them I imagined might exiſt in Nature, and therefore I fancied I had a Right to laſh or banter any Vice or Folly under imaginary Names, without intending a perſonal Application in any one Inſtance. Having ſaid thus much, I think it unneceſſary in ſo plain a Caſe to take up the Time of the Court, to whoſe equitable Deciſions I implicitly reſign myſelf.

Hereupon the Jury withdrew, and in a few Minutes brought in their Verdict NOT GUILTY, to the great Satisfaction of *Ranger* and his Friends, and the Diſappointment of the Group of Witneſſes mentiond above. The Lord Chief Juſtice of the Court then broke his Staff, declared his Commiſſion to be annulled, and the Cenſorial Court was finally diſmiſſed.

NUMB. 103. GRAY'ſ-INN, *Saturday, Oct.* 5, 1754.

Frange miſer calamos, vigilataque prælia dele,
Qui facis in parvâ ſublimia carmina cellâ;
Ut dignus venias hederis, & imagine macrâ. JUV.
Nec luſiſſe pudet, ſed non incidere ludum. HOR.

A Spirit of Enterprize adminiſters to the Heart, in which its Pulſations are felt, the ſtrongeſt and moſt glowing Pleaſures our Conſtitutions can admit; Doubts and Fears may ariſe, but they are ſoon quenched by ſanguine Hope; Succeſs hovers o'er the young Schemiſt's Head; Fame ſtands in a Corner of the Picture, which fond Fancy has framed, blowing her immortal Trumpet, and Happineſs and gay Serenity dart in ſprightly Vibrations through his Soul. Happy, were the golden Dream never to evaporate! but Clouds ariſe that blot the intellectual Radiance, and as ſoon as the Beams of Imagination are diminiſhed, the Paſſions, like Flowers at the ſetting Sun, imediately are contracted, the Spirits, that expanded every Nerve, ſink in their Channels, ſubſide into Languor, and Satiety takes Poſſeſſion of the Mind. I remember, to have met with a Story of a Prime Miniſter to *Pyrrhus*, who ſeems to have had a ſhrewd Turn of Humour. When the King happened, in the full Rapture of Expedition, and his Imagination dilated with Ideas of future Conqueſt, to expatiate at large upon the various Incidents of his growing Enterprize: “Pray, Sir, “(ſays he) what does all this tend to? Why, cries “Monarch, I ſhall add the neighbouring Nations to “my Dominions.—Well! and what then, pray? “Why then I ſhall declare War againſt the adjacent “States.—And what then, Sir? I ſhall proceed in my “Conqueſts, and the next Province ſhall receive my “Yoke.—And what then, Sir? Why their Neigh- “bours ſhall alſo pay Tribute—This is very well, my “Liege, and what next?—Thus I ſhall gradually ex-

" tend my Victories till I become Maſter of the Globe. " —And what then?—Then—why,—then I'll ſit " down and crack a Bottle with my Friends—And " pray, Sir, why not do ſo now?" This Paſſage has always appeared to me to carry with it a very fine Stroke of Satyr, and I am inclinable to think, that if the greateſt Hero of Antiquity, were to make up the Account of his Happineſs, he would find it not one Jot more than is here implied.

But among all the various Adventurers who muſt feel this Truth, there is no Set of *Quixotes* who experience it more powerfully than the Race of Authors. What Happineſs does not the periodical Writer enjoy in the firſt dawning of a new Plan? In Proportion as one Idea awakens a new Train of pleaſing Images, and the Deſign opens to his View, what Senſations unfelt before? What Chearfulneſs, what Fancy, what luxuriant Wit? And when a Sheet, yet wet, is ſent him from the Preſs for his Inſpection, how his Heart bounds to ſee himſelf in Print!—the Fineneſs of the Paper!—How it pleaſes him!—The Elegance of the Type!—How its Symmetry ſtrikes the Eye!—The Correctneſs of the Compoſitor!—How juſt and how exact!—Fluſhed with theſe Ideas, the Imagination expands itſelf, and, in the Fulneſs of Self-admiration, he addreſſes himſelf in the Words of *Hamlet*—— " What a Piece of Work is Man! How noble in " Reaſon! How infinite in Faculties!"—And yet paſs but a few Hours, and how changed is every Trace of Reflection! The Critics gather round him, and, like the Harpies in the third *Æneid*, they break in upon his Meal, and like them too, they denounce Penury and Famine. The Learned meet his Work by Chance; they ſpeak of it, but not with ſufficient Warmth, becauſe Men of Senſe never admire, and only approve. He then runs up and down among the Pamphlet-ſhops; in many they have not heard of it; he calls for it in Coffee-houſes, " Sir, we don't take it in" In Places where it is uſed, he ſees it twiſted into a thouſand different Shapes, the Paper and Print neglected, and the Stile unreguarded; the Waiters throw it among the common Lumber, and Gentlemen keep Snuff in it Theſe, and many other Indignities, ariſe to mortify an Author's Pride; and beſides all this, the Novelty of the Performance will wear off with him, as well as his Readers, and even Fame, ſuppoſing the good-natured World allow him his full Portion, will thrill, by Degrees, with feebler Impulſe to his Heart-ſtrings, and in the Concluſion, I believe, he will find, that, Hero-like, he cannot drink his Bottle with greater Pleaſure than when he firſt ſet out.

Add to this, that there is a Concurrence of Circumſtances, which never fail to render the Profeſſion of an Author more uneaſy than any other Station in Life.

The courtly *Roman* Satyriſt has attacked, with all the elegant Touches of his delicate Raillery, that prevailing Spirit of Uneaſineſs, which renders People diſcontented with their own Situation in Life, and envious of the apparent Felicity of their Neighbours; but in the Liſt of Malecontents, which he has produced, I have often wondered, that he has not thought proper to enrol the Race that write. The Occaſion of this might poſſibly be, that Authors have more ſolid Reaſons than any other Claſs of Beings, to repine and murmur at their Occupation, and to wiſh that Fate had aſſigned them an Employment, in which they might partake more of the Eaſe and Enjoyments of Life.

And indeed, conſidering the great Diſproportion of Intenſeneſs between the Labours of the Mind, and thoſe of the Body, I do not know whether *Juvenal's* Advice to be an Auctioneer rather than a Poet, is not entirely eligible; for it is certain, that thoſe nice Faculties of Perception, of which the literary Enthuſiaſt is poſſeſſed, as they are the Inlets of our moſt refined intellectual Pleaſures, ſo they are alſo, from the Quickneſs and Delicacy of their Feeling, ſuſceptible of the moſt acute Degrees of Pain, and in the ſame Proportion that they adminiſter to Happineſs, they may alſo improve and ſharpen the Edge of Miſery; in like Manner as the String, from which the ſkilful Artiſt elicits a delightful Strain of Muſic, is alſo capable of returning the diſagreeable Sounds of jarring Diſcord.

Of this Truth, I believe every Writer is convinced, who is actuated by an honeſt Ambition to acquit himſelf with Honour in his Calling; for I by no Means intend to ſpeak at preſent of thoſe vain Scriblers, who are for ever happy in their own Self-admiration, and who are intirely Strangers to the Agitations of Mind, attendant on a Genius, ſtudious of correcting and poliſhing his Piece. In fine Writing, there are ſo many intricate Points, which demand Attention, that it muſt be with the utmoſt Solicitude the Taſk is ever accompliſhed. Juſtneſs of Conception, and Truth in every Turn of Wit, are indiſpenſible Requiſites; nothing can excuſe the Want of Delicacy of Sentiments; the Sallies of Imagination, and the frolic Gambols of Invention muſt be reſtrained by Severity of Judgment, and all muſt be expreſſed with Perſpicuity and Strength of Diction. Beſides this, a proper Arrangement of Periods, following one another with graceful Variety, muſt unite the Whole into Harmony, as the Painters expreſs themſelves, when they give the laſt finiſhing Hand to their Colouring, and throw that general Glow upon their Piece, which at the firſt Glance ſtrikes the intelligent Spectator. But the Truth of it is, the Traces of a Mind, which can think with Clearneſs and Vigour upon any Subject, and purſue a Series of Ideas, one emerging from another, and tending gradually to form an intire Whole, are ſo ſeldom diſcovered, that there is Reaſon to think it an Accompliment unattainable, without the moſt aſſiduous Efforts of Study, and many Moments of Care and Anxiety.

An honeſt and fair Fame is among the Inſtigations, which incite an Author to undergo all this mental Fatigue; but even that very Inducement is of ſo unſtable a Nature, the Acquiſition of it ſo uncertain, and the Tenure ſo precarious, that I believe, what at firſt looked ſo inviting to the Imagination, becomes at length the Writer's greateſt Torment Add to this, the great Hardſhip of pleaſing that Multiplicity of Appetites, with which Mankind abound, and the ſtill greater

Difficulty, which every Man of Genius experiences, to pleaſe his own private Taſte. Mr. *Pope* tells us, in the general Preface to his Works, that he never wrote up to his own Ideas of Poetry; and *Boileau*, who is ſecond to no Man for ſound Senſe and Judgment, obſerves, that an Author of Elevation in his Conceptions, is continually diſcontented with his Performances, is pleaſing to all the World, except himſelf, and, while his Wit is every where admired, that, for his own inward Quiet, he ſincerely wiſhes he had never dipt his Pen in Ink.

Mais un Eſprit ſublime, en vain veut s'elever
A ce degré parfait qu'il tache de trouver;
Et toûjours mécontent de ce qu'il vient de faire,
Il plait à toute le monde, et ne ſauroit ſe plaire;
Et tel dont en tous lieux chacun vante l'Eſprit,
Voudroit, pour ſon repos, n'avoir jamais ecrit.

I have been led into this Tract of Thought by a Review of my own Senſations, ever ſince I undertook the anxious Character of a public Writer, which I have now ſuſtained for the Space of two Years, and having ſwelled theſe Eſſays to a ſufficient Number, I purpoſe next *Saturday* finally to take Leave of my Readers. In doing this, I muſt own, that I perform a kind of Self-denial, as I ſhall then break off an habitual Intercourſe with the Public, from which I have occaſionally deduced a very ſenſible Pleaſure, as I have experienced that theſe Papers, ſuch as they are, have, from Time to Time, conduced to the Entertainment of the Town. On this Account I ſhall abdicate with Reluctance; but the Line, which I have quoted in my Motto from *Horace*, has for a long Time ſtared me in the Face. "The Shame does not lie," ſays he, "in "playing the Fool, but in not diſcontinuing it," in the Juſtice of which Sentiment I acquieſce, and as becomes me, conform to the Precept.

⁂

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

The Effects of Charles Ranger, *Eſq; to be ſold by Auction at Mr.* Langford's *in the great Piazza* Covent-garden, *being a complete Liſt of all ſuch Houſhold Furniture, Books and valuable Pieces, as the ſaid* Ranger, *determined to leave off Trade, thinks proper to leave behind him; the Whole very proper for any Adventurer, who has a Mind to ſet up for himſelf.*

HOUSHOLD FURNITURE.

In the Bed-chamber.

A Very good Flock-bed, with Tape-tied Curtains.
A Poker, with the Head left.
A Grate, with three Legs.
Two Chairs, one of them warranted ſound.
A Pair of Bellows, wants the Muzzle.

In the Study.

A Tea-cup, with Ink in it.
A Common Place-book.
A *Gradus ad Parnaſſum*, for Mottos.
One Volume of the Spectator.
Two Leaves of an Elegy, written in a Country Church-yard.
And all the *Gray*'s-*Inn Journals.*

In the Dining-room.

A Bureau, with nothing in it.
A Peck of Sea-coals in the Bottom of the Cupboard.
Six Chairs, two of them with four Legs.
One Table, the Flap broke.

Collection of valuable Pieces.

Honour and Honeſty, an *Antique.*
A Scene at *White*'s, a *Night-piece.*
The national Debt diſcharged, by a *Flemiſh Maſter.*
Exchange-alley, by a *Dutchman.*

A Deiſt in a Fever, with a Clergyman at his Elbow, *warranted original.*
Ditto, dying by *Moonlight.*
A Miſer's Feaſt, in *Water-colours.*
A celebrated Beauty, *enamelled.*
The Day of Judgment, a *chiaro oſcuro.*
A true Patriot, *very ſcarce.*
The Creation, in *Moſaic Work.*
A Coquette, a *Kitcat.*
Vice and Virtue, in *black* and *white.*
A General Election, *from an Original in the Poſſeſſion of an eminent Stateſman.*
Eternity, *a Perſpective.*
A Party at Hazard, in *black and white from the Life.*
Selim's Viſion, a *Chineſe* Piece.
Friendſhip, an *Allegorical Piece.*

With many other Curioſities, too numerous to inſert. The Whole to be viewed until the Day of Sale, and Catalogues given *gratis.*

NUMB. 104. GRAY'ſ-INN, *Saturday, Oct.* 12, 1754.

Hic labor extremus, longarum hæc meta viarum;
Conticuit, factoquè hic tandem fine quievit.

VIRG.

AS I am now arrived to the concluſive Eſſay of the *Gray*'s-*Inn Journal*, the Maſk muſt be dropped; and the aſſumed Character of the Gay *Charles Ranger* muſt at length dwindle into that of the real Author, who begs Leave this Day to addreſs his Readers in his own Name.

I remember the Introductory Paper to this Undertaking embarraſſed my Imagination, more than any ſucceſſive Compoſition; as coming into Company is ſometimes attended with uneaſy Flutterings, which are afterwards effaced by Habit. As I am alſo deſirous of going off with as good a Grace as poſſible, I cannot but be a little ſolicitous about the Manner of my Exit. In the ſocial Intercourſe of Life, I know as little Ceremony ſhould be uſed, as the Nature of all Things will admit; but the periodical Writer, cannot withdraw, without making his Bow to the Public.

Two different Forms of Writing have offered themſelves to me upon this Occaſion. The firſt has been practiſed by ſeveral Gentlemen of the Quill, and conſiſts in a declamatory Stile againſt that Degeneracy of Taſte, which has too fatally prevailed in the preſent Declenſion of Literature. In Addition to this, I might indulge myſelf in a Vein of Invective againſt the general Diſpoſition to Gaming, and many other unavailing Amuſements, which have called off the Attention of the better Sort of People from all literary Productions. I might further expatiate in a Strain of Raillery on the Fair, and might urge, that Woman is very juſtly defined by the *Greek* Philoſopher, "*An Animal delighting in Finery*," and that is not in the Power of the beſt Writers of the Age, to attract the Attention of that wandering Sex, who are evermore entertained with the Chit-chat, which iſſues from their own pretty red Lips, than with a Peruſal of a Compoſition, calculated to retrench their Follies, to regulate their Fancy, to improve their Intellectuals, and to encourage them to the Acquiſition of thoſe mental Beauties, ſuch as Sweetneſs of Temper, Affability, and good Senſe, which will be always ſure to confer upon them the moſt permanent Embelliſhments, and will prove the beſt Waſh for the Complexion, and an infallible Preſervative againſt the Encroachments made upon the Tincture of the Skin, by Envy, Malice, Tea, Scandal, and painful Watchings at a Gaming-table. After this I might pompouſly declare, that I now decline taking any further Trouble with thoſe incorrigible Angels; that I conſign them entirely to their Hair-cutters, their Dancing-maſters, and, what is ſtill worſe, to their own ungoverned fantaſtic Appetites. But this Form of Compoſition is inconſiſtent with my preſent Purpoſe, as I ſhould be glad to lay down the Pen in the good Graces of all my Readers.

The ſecond Method of Addreſs which occurred to me, was that uſed by the excellent and humourous Author of the *Tale of a Tub.* After his Example, I have been tempted to return Thanks, in the moſt ſolemn Manner, to his Majeſty's moſt honourable Privy-council, to the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, to the Honourable the Houſe of Commons, to the Gentlemen of the Royal Society, to the Worſhipful the Board of Aldermen, to the Club at *White's*, to the Critics at the *Bedford*, to the Connoiſſeurs at *Sam's*, to the Society of *Grub-ſtreet*, and, in ſhort, to all Degrees and Ranks of People, for the juſt and favourable Reception they have been pleaſed to afford to the moſt delectable, humourous, and inſtructive Lucubrations, that we have publiſh'd in this our *Gray's-Inn Journal*, which has been the Delight of the choice Spirits of the Age, the Terror of all Offenders againſt Decency and Good-manners, and which has aſcertained to the Author an immortal Reputation;

Jamquè opus exegi quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignes,
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetuſtas.

But having conſidered this Matter with ſufficient Deliberation, I have judged it eligible to decline both the Species of Writing above exhibited. The Truth of it is, as on the one Hand I am not ſo ſelf-ſufficient as to arrogate to myſelf any extraordinary Pride from the Degree of Succeſs I have met with; ſo on the other, I do not think I can reaſonably find any Fault with the Diſpoſition of the Public to the preſent Writer. I have all along ſteered between the two Extremes of partial popular Applauſe, and a general Neglect; and I have therefore no colourable Pretence to expreſs the leaſt Degree of Diſcontent at Parting, nor vain-gloriouſly to exult at the Applauſe, which has been occaſionally allowed to me.

I am too ſenſible, that a ſmall Portion of Fame can be attributed to the Productions of a young Author, hurried down the Stream of Diſſipation, interrupted by Avocations of a thouſand Sorts, ſeldom enabled to write at Leiſure, frequently obliged to diſmiſs the uncorrected

Sheet to the Preſs, rarely happy enough to have written up even to his own Taſte, and often checked in his Career by the Timidity of an Adventurer, who was always diffident of his own Abilities, and was ſenſible how far ſo young a Writer muſt be from thoſe ſtrong Powers of Mind, which, when matured by Age and Application, animate and embolden Genius, give Authority to Criticiſm, add Strength to Compoſitions of a graver Caſt, and inſpire an Author with a due Degree of Confidence in his Deciſions, upon all Occurrences in human Life, as likewiſe upon all Topics of Taſte and Erudition.

Though unattended with theſe Advantages, it is, however, ſome kind of Satisfaction, that I have been able to procure myſelf an Audience once a Week for two Years together, from perhaps ſeveral Thouſands in *Great Britain*; and, on this Occaſion, I cannot help taking to myſelf a ſecret Pleaſure from the Reflection, that I have given a kind of Weekly Memorial of my Exiſtence, and ſome ſort of Proof, that my Time has not been thrown away in a Manner totally unavailing. *Salluſt* has a fine Sentiment, which has made a very deep Impreſſion on me. *Verum enimvero is demum mihi vivere, & frui animâ videtur, qui aliquo negotio intentus, præclari facinoris aut artis bonæ famam quærit.* "He may be ſaid to live, ſays that excellent Writer, "and to enjoy the Functions of his Soul, who, engaged in a laudable Occupation, endeavours to diſtinguiſh himſelf by ſome ſplendid Action, or by the "Acquiſition of Fame in ſome liberal Art." That I have in the laſt Way made myſelf conſpicuous, I cannot perſuade myſelf in my moſt ſanguine Moments; but I ſhall always enjoy the Pleaſure of a well-meant Endeavour, and, when I look back to the Commencement of this Undertaking, and review the Means by which I have kept my Paper alive, I will not be ſo prudiſh as to conceal a Degree of Self-approbation.

The Plan, on which I have wrote, however feeble the Execution of it may be, I am inclined to believe is not void of Merit. In the Eſſay, there was Room for all Kinds of fine Writing, and in the News, there was ample Room to entertain the Fancy with Touches of Humour upon the various Occurrences of human Life. That this Scheme has not been better cultivated in all its Parts, muſt be imputed to my having wrote ſingly and alone; and this Conſideration will, I hope, render all Inaccuracies more excuſable.

When I ſay, that I have wrote alone, I do not mean that I never received any Aſſiſtance. On the Contrary, I think it incumbent on me to acknowledge, that a particular Friend, who muſt be nameleſs, has furniſhed me occaſionally with ſeveral humourous Paragraphs of News, written with a Delicacy of Humour peculiar to himſelf; and, I will add, that I never withdrew from his Converſation, without ſome Hint for the Entertainment of my Readers. To this Gentleman I am indebted for a Letter from an *Engliſhman* in *Paris*, No. 14; for a Scene at *Jonathan*'s *Coffee-houſe*, No. 19; for an Eſſay on Theatrical Parties, No. 31; for an Eſſay on the modern Faſhion of viſiting, No. 34; for a ſecond Scene at *Jonathan*'s, No. 57; and for the Eſſays in 98 and 100. That I have not received more from him, I have often thought it both a Loſs to the *Gray*'s-*Inn Journal* and the Public; as he poſſeſſes an elegant Facility on every Subject, I ſincerely wiſh I had been able to prevail upon him, againſt his natural Indolence, to afford me a great deal more of his Aſſiſtance.

A Paper upon what may be called Imitation in Writing, and an Eſſay towards fixing the Standard of modern Criticiſm, together with ſome occaſional Strokes of Humour in the True Intelligence, were the Contributions of another ingenious Gentleman, whoſe Friendſhip, I am convinced, would have inclined him to do ſomething towards raiſing the Eſtimation of this Paper much higher, had not Avocations of more Conſequence to himſelf, and the Public, demanded the Exertion of his excellent Abilities in another Way.

I muſt take this Opportunity to thank the Author of a Letter, occaſioned by my Criticiſm on King *Lear*, which was ſent in the Warmth of Friendſhip, and, in my Opinion, was written alſo in the Warmth of Genius. An ingenious Eſſay on *Phyſiognomy*, was alſo a Preſent from the Author of *Philoclea*; the Letter, No. 12, upon a

Paſſion for cleaning the Ladies Teeth, is a *Jeu d'Eſprit* by a Gentleman of a very elegant and lively Fancy. And now and then, in the News there are either Articles ſent by unknown Hands, or Paragraphs raiſed upon their Hints. But of theſe the Number is extremely ſmall; for every Thing elſe *Ranger* himſelf muſt ſtand accountable.

I have now, I think, faithfully mentioned all the Aſſiſtance I received in the Courſe of this Paper, and upon this Appearance of Matters, I believe, it will be found very ſhort of the Advantages enjoyed by ſome of my Brother Writers. I have not had the Happineſs of being puff'd in any of our common News-papers, or in that entertaining and truly uſeful Work, as Mr. *Griffiths* calls the *Monthly Review.* I have never been able to entertain the Town with the Writings of People of Faſhion, nor to lay before them an *Eſſay written by a Perſon of Honour*; I could never boaſt the Friendſhip of the Nobility, nor has any Lord ſent me a Paper, and upon Publication bought up a thouſand Copies, to ſhew me how well his own Performances ſell. I muſt, however, own, that I have always exerted my utmoſt Abilities, and have put every Thing out of Hand with as much Care, as the Nature of periodical Productions, the Author's Spirits, and other Circumſtances, would permit. I have ever had as great a Reſpect for the Public, as *Tully* profeſſes for a *Roman* Aſſembly, and I agree with him when he ſays, *nihil huc niſi perfectum ingenio, elaboratum induſtriâ afferri opportere.* At the ſame Time, I hope, it will be conſidered, what Mr. *Pope* obſerves with great Propriety, that the Public ſhould not expect that an Author's whole Time ſhould be ſpent in poliſhing and retouching for their Pleaſures.

Beſides, why may not a Perſon rather chuſe an Air of bold Negligence, than the obſcure Diligence of Pedants, and Writers of affected Phraſeology? For my Part, I have always thought an eaſy Stile more eligible than a pompous Diction, lifted up by Metaphor, amplified by Epithet, and dignified by too frequent Inſertions of the *Latin* Idiom. I am therefore inclined to flatter myſelf, that my Expreſſion has been natural and unambitious;

and that my Arrangement has been grammatically juſt, unperplexed and clear, and that upon all Occaſions I have written with ſome Degree of Purity.

Upon the Whole, if I cannot boaſt of having produced edifying Strains of Morality, Diſſertations of uncontrovertible Criticiſm, and Papers of exquiſite Mirth and Humour, I hope, at leaſt, the whole Plan has been conducted with a ſtrict Regard to Decency, and without any Offence againſt Virtue or good Manners. To this Circumſtance, I believe it in a great Meaſure owing, that I have been ſo favourably received by the Town; but be the Cauſe, what it may, I ſhall always retain a grateful Senſe of their Indulgence, and in whatever Way, hereafter I may endeavour to entertain them, I ſhall think they have a Demand upon me for the moſt vigorous Exertion of my Abilities, and, let my Succeſs be as it will, I at leaſt hope, I ſhall have Judgment enough not entirely to miſtake my Talents.

Having avowed theſe Sentiments I ſhall conclude, without any ſtudied Flouriſh of Period, and I remain with great Reſpect to all my Readers in particular, and to the Public in general,

Their moſt obliged, and moſt obedient Servant,

Taviſtock-row,
Oct. 21,
1754.

ARTHUR MURPHY.

F I N I S.